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Announcing The Annual Baby Number

Baby Experts on every angle of baby's life have made May McCALL'S MAGAZINE, published in April, the most interesting and the most practical "Baby Number," we have issued so far.

Bargaining for My Babies. This remarkable self-revelation of a man who signs himself "A Bachelor with an Ideal," will make you think. Perhaps to most men, just as to all women, babies are realities years before their arrival, and they are merely too shy to tell us about it. Here is one man who knows babies have rights.

The Long-Distance Mother, by Lois Willoughby. A kiss by wire, figuratively spanking by 'phone, a bedtime story by mail is the ingenious arrangement of several prominent actress mothers. One of the lively "how" articles in May McCALL'S MAGAZINE.

Other Practical Baby Articles include: "Babies' Rights," by Sidonie M. Gruenberg, a specialist on child psychology: "The Mother's Helper," by Helen Christine Bennett; "Amusing the Convalescent Child," by Elna Harwood Wharton; and "Perambulating," by Laura Gates-Sykora; "The Crocheted Baby," and "The Embroidered Baby."

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THE next issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will mark the beginning of a somewhat radical change in policy and method. It will cast off from the moorings of conventional magazine-making, and set itself to work to produce and print the things that are interesting and useful without regard to their magazine flavor.

The print capacity of THE MUNSEY will be greatly enlarged by the addition of a considerable number of pages, and by the elimination of illustrations that serve too little purpose to justify giving up to them the space they occupy.

All the changes I have in mind that will go to make up a reinspirited, revitalized magazine cannot be put in force in the twinkling of an eye; but starting with the May issue, we shall show some real improvement.

As a leading feature of the rejuvenated magazine, we have the pleasure to announce, beginning in the May MUNSEY, the publication of a remarkable contribution, entitled

THE STORY OF The Sun

We might well call it "The History of *The Sun*," or "The Romance of *The Sun*," or "A Condensed Biography of New York Journalists since the Beginning of Small Things," or "The History of New York Journalism Covering Three-Quarters of a Century," or "A Look Backward at the High Lights and Big Wigs of New York in Antebellum Days." It could appear under any one of these titles, as it covers all of them in flashlight and snapshot in "The Story of *The Sun*."

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"The Story of *The Sun*" shows Ben Day expanding from the boy printer—and he was little more than a boy when he founded *The Sun*— to the keen journalist with whetted native wit and broadened vision. It tells of the struggles and final triumphs in journalism of three contemporaries of Ben Day who were destined to leave their footprints big on the sands of time. They were James Gordon Bennett, Sr., the founder of the New York *Herald*, A. S. Abell, the founder of the Baltimore *Sun*, and Horace Greeley, the founder of the New York *Tribune*.

These three newspapers came after *The Sun* had pioneered the way. "The Story of *The Sun*" graphically pictures the simple beginning of Ben Day's tiny newspaper of only four pages, scarcely bigger than so many pages of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE—a newspaper which was destined to become in prestige and power one of the three or four greatest in the world.

As the story unfolds we reach the period of Mr. Dana's administration, and it was the hand of Charles A. Dana that wrote genius all over the pages of *The Sun*, and sent it everywhere into the homes of culture and intellectuality.

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This "Story of *The Sun*" begins in the May MUNSEY. There will probably be a sharp demand for the magazine. It is, therefore, advisable that you place your order for the May MUNSEY with your newsdealer now. Failing to do this, you may not get the opening chapters of "The Story of *The Sun*."

FRANK A. MUNSEY

McCLURE'S School Directory

SUMMER SCHOOLS AND CAMPS — SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN WASHINGTON, D. C., CONNECTICUT, ILLINOIS, MARYLAND, MASSACHUSETTS, MICHIGAN AND NEW JERSEY

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE offers a special school service free of charge to its readers. The purpose of this service is to assist you in the selection of a school or college. Read all the announcements in this directory. If you have difficulty in finding the school which just meets your requirements, write to the School Service Department, McClure's Magazine, McClure Building, New York City, giving location and purpose of the school required, whether for boy or girl, previous education and the sum you are planning to spend. McClure's School Service Department will see that you receive the information you desire.

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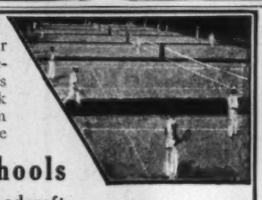

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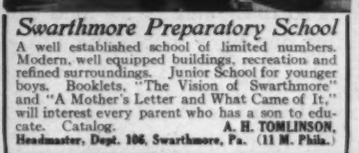

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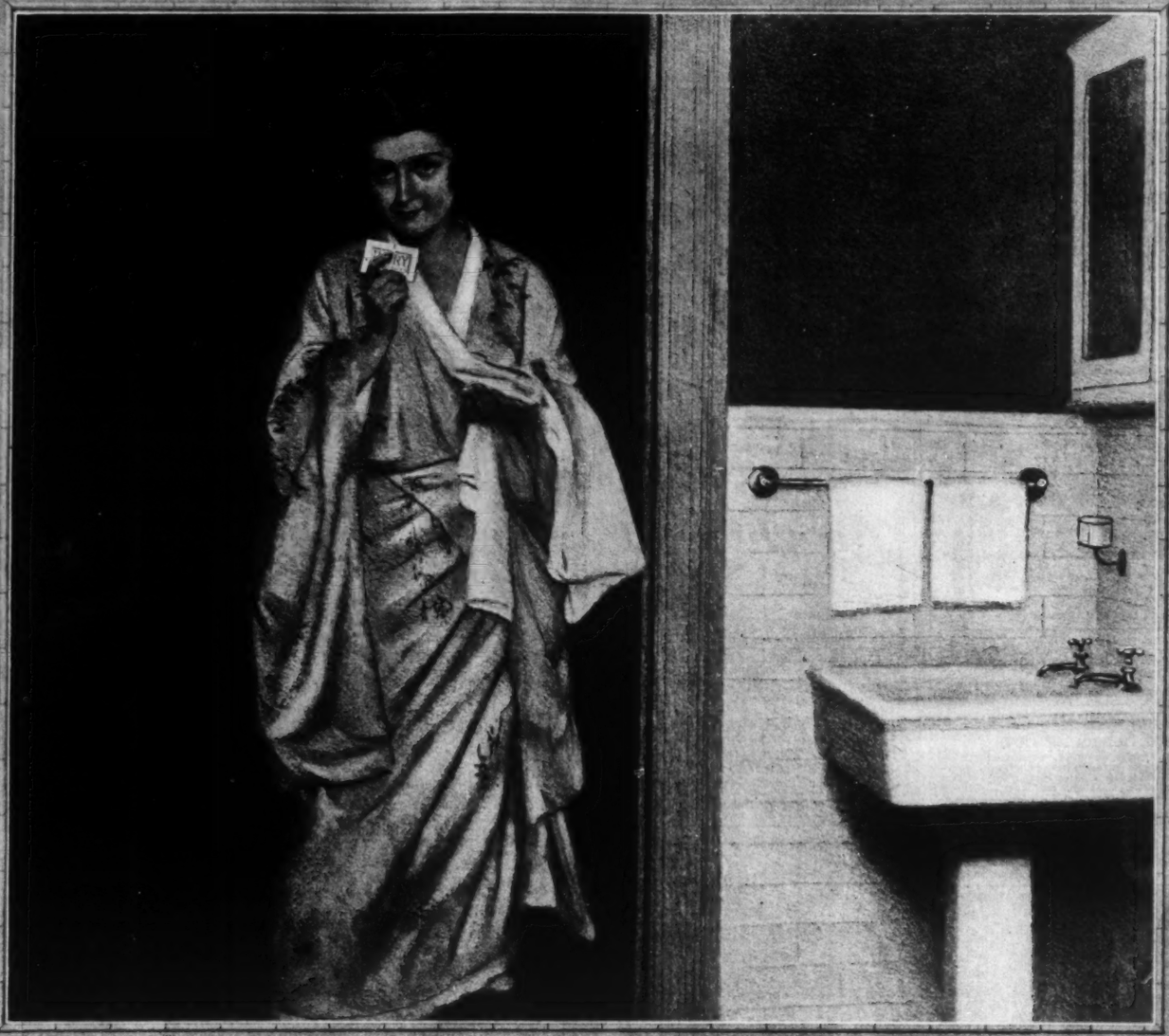

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Volume XLIX
Number 1

McCLURE'S

MAY
1917

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

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JIMMY ALLEN

MOLLIE

BILLY

MA CREEL

CREEL

The OLD MAN

MUSTAFA

DIGBY

A King in Babylon

The Great New Mystery Novel

by Burton E. Stevenson

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

"When I was a King in Babylon
And you were a Virgin slave" — HENLEY

I AM writing this story because Creel thinks it ought to be written, in justice to ourselves and to Jimmy Allen. The truth is bad enough, but it is mild as milk beside the outrageous tales which have been flying about the studios since we came back from Egypt without our leading man.

I have tried to convince Creel that it is his job — that his long and varied experience in ripping scenarios open and turning them inside out and upside down should give him a terse and vivid style. His spoken style, as I happen to know, is extraordinarily terse and vivid! But he has snorted indignantly and accused me of trying to shirk a clear duty. He has pointed out to me, most feelingly, how a director has to sweat and slave all day trying to drive a glimmer of intelligence into a bunch of wooden actors, and then sit up all night laboring to inject some dramatic value into the rotten stuff passed out to him by the scenario editor; while a camera-man's life was one of elegant leisure, untroubled by anxiety, and his hardest work nothing more exhausting than to turn a crank!

I like Warren Creel. I like to work with him, for I consider him easily the best director in the business. But even he couldn't have got me started on a job like this if it hadn't been that, from the very first, I have had an uneasy consciousness that some day I should have to do it. That consciousness has interfered with my appetite and my amusements; it has even involved me in unpleasant scenes with Mollie, when a random answer betrayed that I had not been giving due heed to her remarks. But the climax came yesterday.

Creel had been working all morning on a complicated scene with a lot of dubs. He had gone over it again and again, but the effect he wanted *wouldn't* come, and his temper had grown more and more frazzled. Then, quite suddenly, like the bits of colored glass falling into place in a kaleidoscope, they got it.

"Ready!" he snapped over his shoulder to me, and gave them the signal to start.

I don't know how it was, but just then I found myself looking, not at the set in front of me, but out across the drifted sands, away toward the horizon, where three vague shapes were fading into nothingness. . . .

And right in the middle of the scene, one of the actors stopped.

"What the devil's the matter with your camera-man, Creel?" he asked.

Creel whirled around with a face like thunder, and I suddenly awoke to the fact that I hadn't cranked a foot!

I pass over Creel's remarks, which I admit were justified. We started again, and by the time the scene was finished, he had cooled down.

"What *was* the matter, Billy?" he asked, more in sorrow than in anger. "You never went back on me like that before."

"I got to thinking about Jimmy Allen," I said. "About that last night — and all the rest of it."

He passed his hand across his eyes.

"I thought so," he said. "It takes *me* like that, sometimes. Right in the midst of things. Look here, Billy, you've got to write that story! We won't have any rest till you do! Just start it, that's all. If you get stuck, or your memory fails you ——"

Memory fail me! I wish it would! But the events I am going to try to tell about are bitten in so deep that I'm afraid, sometimes, they'll never fade out. That's one reason why I am sitting here tonight starting the toughest job I ever tackled. For I am no writer, but I have a feeling that if once I get it set down on paper, I'll be able to think about it less. Yes — and there's another reason. Jimmy Allen was a good sort; he did a lot for me, first and last, and I can't bear to think of the ugly gossip. . . .

I shall never forget the morning that Creel had his great idea. We had about finished the feature we were working on, and Creel was more than usually disgusted with it. Everybody could see that it was old stuff, and in spite of the artistic touches and unexpected twists which Creel had succeeded in giving it, I doubted if it would get across. And for more than a week he had been digging around among the scenarios in the office trying to find something which would do for his next production. But the more he dug, the more hopeless he grew.

"Not an idea in the lot," he said to me one morning; "and an idea is all I need — you know that, Billy."

The old man looked at the clipping again

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I nodded, for it was true. Give Creel an idea, and he can work it up to the king's taste.

"The trouble is," he went on, running his fingers through that long, silky hair of his, as he always did when he was worried, "our people are in a rut. All they think about is 'punch' — sensations, explosions, wrecks, and sex stuff. Punch! Why, they're just fanning the air! And they know it! They know the public is sick to death of all that, but they can't think of anything else! They haven't got anything to think with! One of these days there is going to be a bust-up in the motion-picture business that won't leave anything but fragments!"

I knew that was true, too. They were mighty close over at the office, but it was plain enough that when a picture which had cost fifty thousand dollars to make died within a month the company was losing money. Big money. And that had happened recently not once,

"Yes, my son," says Creel, "I think I've got it."

"Find it at the office?" I asked.

"At the office? Lord, no! I found it in a newspaper — in the 'Poets' Corner,' or whatever they call it. Why, son, there's more imagination in this one little poem than there is in our whole staff!"

And with that he walked out.

I didn't see him again till we were ready to start work for the afternoon. Then he came in so amazingly cheerful that I knew things were all right. He grinned as he saw me looking at him.

"Pack your grip, son," he said. "We're going to Egypt!"

II

Creel told me afterwards what had happened, and I will set it down here in its proper place.

Creel said it was imagination. Anyway, it was evidently something that money couldn't buy. And the old man fretted; he lost weight; his temper grew uncertain.

So the light in his eye wasn't exactly dove-like when he looked up and saw Creel come in. It had always been Creel's privilege to go in without knocking — something like wearing one's hat in the presence of royalty.

"I was just going to send for you," said the old man. "Read that!" and he thrust a letter into Creel's hand.

It was a cancellation from one of his oldest and most important exhibitors; it meant the loss of the best house in a town of two hundred thousand people. The letter had plainly been written with great reluctance. He had tried to hold on, the fellow said; he *had* held on longer than he would for anybody else; but it wasn't

"I must go ashore," she said in a voice thick with terror. "I cannot go on. It is impossible!"

but half a dozen times. I could tell by the way the old man looked when he came across to the studio chewing that black cigar of his that things weren't going right.

"What this business needs," went on Creel, "is imagination." Creel always liked to talk to me, maybe because I didn't say much, but just listened. "The public is tired of tricks — it's tired of erring wives and reformed drunkards and rough-necks with hearts of gold. It's tired of slap-stick! And I don't blame it! There hasn't been a picture released for the past six months that was worth seeing. I include my own!"

One morning when Creel came in, I could tell by the look on his face that something had happened. I didn't say anything but just ground out my foot a second till the scene was finished.

"That's all for this morning," says Creel. "I'm going over to see the old man," and he jammed his hat down on his head like a man getting ready to face a cyclone.

"What's up?" I asked. "Have you got it?"

The old man was looking through his mail when Creel walked in, and his face was as black as a thunder-cloud. When he first got into the moving-picture game he usually managed to keep several jumps ahead of the other fellows, and it was "roses, roses, all the way," as I read in a title the other night. In other words, exhibitors, critics, and the public generally were always handing him bouquets. It's wonderful how little it takes to please them!

But now it was only brick-bats and cancellations. All the producers were getting them, of course, for the public was growing more and more exacting, and competition was fiercer than it had ever been; but the old man thought he was getting more than his share, and it worried him.

The old man did everything he could. He corralled the biggest stars in the country; he spent money like water. But somehow money didn't seem to be able to turn the trick. There was something lacking.

any use. His public wouldn't stand it, and he couldn't afford to lose any more money. And he ventured a kindly word of advice: the Apex people were putting out stuff with pep in it — why not take the cue from them? Anyway, for a while, at least, he was going to run the Apex program.

"He's right about that last picture being rotten," said Creel, as he handed the letter back.

"You made it," said the old man.

"I know I did — but it was old stuff. I did the best I could."

"Sit down," said the old man, who knew as well as anybody that Creel was the best director in the business and that there were half a dozen other companies eager to snap him up — and pay him more money. He also knew that it wasn't money Creel was working for, but love of the game, and he respected him as well as liked him. "What are we going to do?"

"If it were *my* plant," says Creel, sitting down, "the

first thing I would do would be to fire that bunch of office-boys and cash-girls you've got in there under the name of scenario editors."

"Who'll I get in place of them?"

"If you didn't get anybody, you wouldn't be any worse off than you are, and you'd save a lot of money. There isn't an idea in the bunch — never has been."

"Go on!" says the old man, chewing his cigar. "Go on!"

"I intend to go on," says Creel. "The next thing I would do would be to get a man who knew something for the head of my editorial department. Not a cheap reporter, or a bum actress, or a rounder from the tenderloin. Not a rough-neck like you and me; but a man who was the real thing — a man who was really educated — a man of culture and imagination, who knew art and literature — who was interested in the possibilities of this business, and who wasn't afraid of work."

"All right," said the old man; "give me his address, and I'll 'phone him to come right down."

"I wish I could," said Creel, with a sigh. "But such a man *must* exist somewhere, and some day we'll find him."

"And in the meantime?" asked the old man.

"In the meantime, we'll have to worry along the best we can. But there's one thing you *can* do — write a personal letter — no rubber-stamp affair — to a list of novelists and dramatists I'll make out for you, inviting them to submit ideas, or short synopses, and telling them three things — that you'll read their stuff yourself, not turn it over to an office-boy, and that you'll guarantee that it will not be stolen; that any scenario that is made from it will be submitted to them for suggestions and approval before it is filmed; and that you intend to pay well. And when I say well, I mean well — up to ten thousand dollars for a ten-page synopsis."

The old man rolled his cigar to the other side of his mouth.

"Creel, you're crazy," he said. "The synopsis is the very smallest item in the cost of a picture."

"Yes — it always has been!" Creel retorted. "That's just what's the matter! How much did you lose on that last picture? Twenty thousand?"

"All of that."

"You'd have made that much — or probably more — if there'd been a real idea back of it. It was a good film, but it didn't get anywhere. It's ideas we want. And the only way to get them is to pay for them."

"Ten thousand per idea is pretty steep."

"Listen," said Creel. "There is one thing motion-picture people don't seem to understand. When a man writes a novel or a play, the money he gets out of it is the smallest part of his reward — though it's frequently a good many times ten thousand dollars! At least, it isn't the money he is working for — not if he's the real thing. He's working for fame. Away at the back of his head is the hope that a hundred years from now somebody will be reading his book and enjoying it; or if it's a play, it's the first night he thinks about — the excitement, the applause, and all that. We haven't any such reward to offer — we can't promise a man immortality — so we've got to make it up in cash."

"I agree," said the old man. "Anything else?"

"Only one thing — and that is that worth-while men have a pride in their work. They won't stand by and see it butchered. No publisher would dream of altering a word in a book without the author's consent. And we've got to be just as careful. When the right men know they can trust us, I believe we can interest them. But not before."

"All right," said the old man. "Give me your list, and I'll send out the letters. But we can't shut up shop while these literary lights are gestating. We've got to have two releases a week! What are you going to do next? Got any idea?"

Creel's face, which had been overcast, suddenly lighted up.

"The best I ever had!" he answered.

The old man looked at Creel quickly; he hadn't been expecting an answer like that. It was something of a shock after all that had gone before.

"Let's have it," he said.

Creel dived into his pocket and got out his note-book and fished out a newspaper clipping.

"This synopsis," he began, "has been furnished by a fellow named W. E. Henley. I never heard of him — but that only shows how ignorant I am, for he surely knows how to write!"

"How much will it cost?" asked the old man.

"It won't cost a cent," said Creel. "The author is dead — worse luck! — and it was never copyrighted — not in this country, anyway. Read it," and he tossed it across the desk.

The old man picked it up and glanced at it.

"Why, it's a poem!" he said.

"It is," said Creel; "and for the rest of my days, I'm going to occupy my spare time reading poetry. It's a regular gold-mine! What do you think of the first nugget?"

The old man looked at the clipping again, and this is what he read:

Or ever the knightly years were gone
With the old world to the grave,
I was a King in Babylon
And you were a Christian Slave.

I saw, I took, I cast you by,
I bent and broke your pride.
You loved me well, or I heard them lie,
But your longing was denied.
Surely I knew that by and by
You cursed your gods and died.

And a myriad suns have set and shone
Since then upon the grave
Decreed by the King in Babylon
To her that had been his Slave.

The pride I trampled is now my scathe,
For it tramples me again.
The old resentment lasts like death,
For you love, yet you refrain
I break my heart on your hard unfaith,
And I break my heart in vain.

Yet not for an hour do I wish undone
The deed beyond the grave,
When I was a King in Babylon
And you were a Virgin Slave.

"Do you get it?" asked Creel, when the old man had finished.

"I kind of get it," he said.

The old man nodded. "Of course I haven't got it worked out yet," Creel went on, "but the more I think about it, the more possibilities I see. I'm just going to rough it in, now. I'll work out the details on the way over."

She was leaning over the rail with a British officer on either side of her

"The way over where?" asked the old man.

"The way over to Egypt," says Creel.

"Oh," says the old man, "are you going to Egypt?"

"There's no use to go to Babylon," says Creel. "I was looking, just the other day, at a picture of the ruins — they've been excavating there, you know — but they're just a lot of fragments of brick walls — like houses after a fire. And the country round about is as ugly as a mud fence."

"We could build some ruins," the old man suggested.

"No, we couldn't — the people would spot the fake at once, and despise it. I want this to be the real thing — ruins and natives and atmosphere and everything. And the only place to get atmosphere is on the spot. Egypt is the place — magnificent ruins, atmosphere so thick you can cut it with a knife, and a sort of reputation for mystery which is just what we want in this picture."

"But, great Scott, Creel," said the old man, "I can't afford to send an expedition to Egypt! It would cost a hundred thousand dollars."

"No it won't," said Creel. "If this picture costs over thirty thousand, you can take it out of my salary. Some of the stuff, of course, can be done here. For the Egyptian stuff, I'll take only six or seven people. I'll need a lot of natives, but they are cheap. I don't believe in crowds anyway, except as a background."

"How about costumes?" asked the old man.

"They'll cost something, for they've got to be right. But we'll need only a few elaborate ones."

"Hum-m-m," said the old man, looking along his nose. "I don't mind telling you, Creel — I guess you know it, anyway — that we've got to do something pretty soon, or quit. Do you really think this is it?"

"Yes," said Creel; "I really do."

"Well, then," said the old man, "go ahead. And don't stint yourself. Do it right. We've got some pretty fair stuff ready for the next three months, and if this turns out all right, we'll make it our big spring release. Who do you want for the leads?"

"I want Jimmy Allen, for one."

"All right; I can get him."

"And Felice Tabor for the other."

The old man frowned. He didn't like Felice Tabor.

"She's under contract to the Apex," he objected, "and I'd hate to ask any favors of those people. Won't anybody else do?"

"She's the type," said Creel. "And she can act."

The old man grunted skeptically.

"I never thought so," he said. "But if you want her, I'll see what I can do. Anybody else?"

"No — nobody but people we've got. I'll take my wife and Mollie Adams as seconds; and Digby to fill in and look after the props; and I want Billy Williams for the camera-man. And — oh, yes — plenty of film — fifteen thousand feet anyway. And it will have to be special film for tropical work. You'd better order it right away."

"All right," said the old man again, and picked up his pen. "Let me know how you're getting on," he added, as Creel rose.

"I will," said Creel, and started for the door.

"And, Creel," added the old man, when his hand was on the knob; "don't think I don't appreciate all you're doing. I do. And I'm ready to back you to my last cent."

And Creel was so overwhelmed by this unexampled outburst, that he didn't get his breath till he was out in the yard again. Then he took off his hat and ran his fingers through his hair; and I'm sure that his eyes were a little moist.

"Things must be worse than I thought," he said to himself. "Well, old boy, it's up to you!"

And with that, he went home to lunch and told the news to his wife.

III

I have often thought that if, on the Day of Judgment, room could be found in heaven for only one person from this earth, Ma Creel would be that person. I am not alone in that opinion. Most of those who know Ma Creel share it, among them —or rather, in the forefront of them — Mollie Adams, whom Ma Creel has raised.

Mollie's father was Hugh Adams, perhaps the greatest acrobat of his generation, and [*Continued on page 46*]

Victims of the Law

Some True and Strange Stories of Circumstantial Evidence

by C. P. Connolly

Pictures by F. R. Gruger

She declared that if she lived to be a hundred she could not forget his face

SOME years ago, when I was prosecuting attorney at Butte, Montana, where even in those days the copper mines disgorged their annual sixty millions of dollars and life was at high pitch, a man named Fuller entered my office one day and told me this story:

He said that about a year before he had met an evil-looking man going in the direction of a miner's cabin which lay a few hundred yards up a certain gulch a mile or two from the outskirts of the city. A few moments later a shot was heard. No one paid any attention to the report at the time, an explosion of fire-arms being a common occurrence in that region. But on the following morning the dead body of the miner had been found, with a bullet-wound in the head and his clothing and cabin rifled. No trace of the murderer had been discovered until now, when, as Fuller said, he had just seen this same evil-looking man on the streets of Butte and had set another to the task of shadowing him while he reported to me. Incidentally, Fuller was a man-about-town with a fair reputation. I knew him only casually.

"Sure it's the same man?" I queried. "It's so easy, you know, to be mistaken, especially after the lapse of time."

"Oh, no," he replied. "When you see this fellow, you'll know that I couldn't be mistaken. You'll never forget him."

Sending a deputy-sheriff with Fuller, with instructions to apprehend the suspect as soon as they met up with him, I turned to other duties.

Within a few hours the prisoner was lodged in jail. He gave his name as Phillips. He was a Jew, with a most repulsive-looking countenance. His lips were thick and coarse; his eyes cavernous; his nose large, squat and ill-formed; his face knotted and seamed; his attire seedy but decent; and his general appearance dark and alien — such a picture of apparent depravity that at first blush one would be likely to believe any accusation against him within the range of probability.

At the preliminary hearing before the magistrate, Fuller testified positively that he had seen Phillips go up the lonely gulch a few minutes before the shot was heard. He could not be mistaken in his identification of the man — no one could; and this fact appealed convincingly both to the magistrate and myself. Surely, no one who had ever seen Phillips could mistake his evil-looking countenance.

Phillips was bound over for trial. Committing magistrates usually follow the wishes of the prosecuting attorney in such matters. He had no lawyer, and for that reason on my advice he did not take the stand — such evidence might be used against him thereafter. As he was leaving the court-room in charge of the officer, he drew me aside and earnestly protested that it was a case of mistaken identity; he could not positively say where he was on the day of the murder, but he was certain of one thing — he was not in Butte; this was his first visit to the place.

Every criminal is eloquent with protests of innocence; but there was behind the muffled growl of this man's strange and uncouth voice a half-discernible note of sincerity, and I told him I would see him on the following day. On the next day I had a long interview with him, and gained an altogether different impression of the man from that which a jury would have had in the stern atmosphere of a court-room.

He had neither money nor friends — a stranger in a strange city. He had no relatives in this country, and had wandered from place to place in quest of work of a menial character, sometimes acting as cook, sometimes working on the streets; always taking whatever he could get to do in hard or prosperous times, but never the object of charity. And as I got to know him in those two hours of friendly converse and of mutual faith, I discovered in him an inoffensive creature with a kindly heart and without a criminal instinct, so far as I could judge.

Phillips told me that he had been looking back over his wanderings, and that as nearly as he could remember, he was in Spokane when the murder near Butte had occurred. He had worked there for the city, and the city officials would know from the record whether he had been working on that day or not. Spokane was several hundred miles west of Butte.

By this time I had become convinced that there might be some mistake. The man's loneliness and poverty called for the protection and efforts of the State to prove his innocence, if he were innocent, as surely as justice demanded his punishment, if he were guilty.

I sent one of my deputies to Spokane. He took with him a photograph of Phillips. He discovered that not only was Phillips in the employ of the City of Spokane at the time, but that on the very day of the murder he was ill in a Spokane hospital, as proven by his signature to the city pay-roll, his pay having been taken to him at the hospital. The city officials and the nurses at the hospital remembered him well — indeed, as Fuller had said, no one could possibly forget the man. But to make assurance doubly sure, a photograph of his signature to the city pay-roll was taken, and the deputy returned to Butte.

A COMPARISON of Phillips's handwriting with the photographic copy of his signature determined my course. I ordered him released. He was more than grateful, as well he might have been, for with Fuller's testimony, his own poverty of resources and his abnormity of face and speech, any jury would have promptly convicted him. The court would have instructed the jury that in judging of his credibility and the weight to be given to his own testimony, they might take into consideration the fact that he was the defendant and the nature and enormity of the crime of which he was accused. This would have utterly discredited his unsupported denials. Against such testimony, prompted by the first law of nature, would have been balanced that of Fuller — and who would believe that any man would deliberately and without motive forswear the life of another?

But Fuller was not so grateful; he was furiously vindictive. He threatened to denounce me publicly and to destroy me politically. And yet it never occurred to me that Fuller was other than a law-abiding citizen, incensed at what he honestly believed to be a miscarriage of justice for which I was responsible.

The strange and unraveling element of this story is yet to come.

Six or seven years after these events, and after I had quit public office and had left Butte for other fields, I was going West on an overland train and decided to stop off in that city for a visit. My train was late, and it was three o'clock in the morning, or later, when I arrived at the hotel, where was gathered a group of old friends. Butte is such an all-night town that one is not surprised to find early-morning parties gathered about its hotel lobbies. I soon learned, however, that there was something unusual taking place on this particular morning. There was to be a judicial execution at daylight, and these were to be official witnesses. The condemned was Fuller. He had been taken one evening at dusk while making his escape from the scene of a murder he had committed on the flat below town. The evidence against him finally accounted for a dozen or more murder mysteries which had stalled the Butte police. He had succeeded in concealing his crimes, and might still be engaged in plying his avocation but for the accidental crossing of his path by a suspicious and determined citizen.

It then dawned on me why Fuller had been incensed at the time I liberated Phillips. He had himself murdered the miner and had sought to fasten the crime on a friendless stranger. His zeal in the cause of justice would at least give him a standing in the community as one who revolted at crime and desired to see the law vindicated, and thus disarm any possible suspicion against himself as a common malefactor.

A year or so later I saw Phillips on the streets of a California city. He was employed as cook in a cheap restaurant. He was the same inoffensive creature, with the same peculiar impeaching growl. He remembered me and gutturalized his gratitude afresh.

I am convinced that there are literally hundreds of such cases in the administration of our criminal law; and I am convinced also that such injustice, where it is consummated, will some day repay itself with frightful compound interest if we do not set our house in order. In a press dispatch from Chicago a year or two ago it was stated that a certain judge had resigned from the bench because he had discovered that he had sentenced an innocent man. I have not the slightest doubt that as a prosecutor I have in the course of official duties covering a period of years unwittingly secured the conviction of innocent men myself. One case in particular I remember because of its bizarrerie and its closeness to the deadly breach of mistaken justice. It was during a period of public frenzy due to a series of hold-ups and murders. One of the men I convicted turned out to be a former client of mine. He assured me that he was going to the penitentiary with a good grace; that that was where he naturally belonged; but that he wasn't guilty of the hold-up of which he had been convicted, for the very good reason that on that same night, almost at the same hour, he was engaged in a similar crime in another part of the city. And I believe he told the truth. The witnesses had identified him by his physical contour — the men who committed the robbery having been masked — and the jury, following in the wake of my zeal, had done the rest.

There is a psychology which possesses us all, and which, deny it as we will, controls us in moments of either individual or public excitement. During such moments we get impressions which no amount of argument will subsequently remove. This form of psychology does not include the case of the man [*Continued on page 15*]

© Ira L. Hill

SHIRLEY MASON

Here's Shirley Mason, McClure Star, as she appeared in "Sloth," one of "Seven Deadly Sins." The fine thing about being a motion picture actress is that sometime in your career all your wishes come true. When Shirley was a wee girl she wished that some day she could be a boy and ride in an aeroplane. And sure enough, in "Sloth" she was — and did!

Photograph by Peter Dietz

RECENTLY in the Chicago Tribune, Mr. Ring Lardner wrote these clever verses to Miss Neysa McMein, who paints the beautiful and popular covers for McClure's. The editor sent the poem to Miss McMein, and she wrote: "Thanks for the poem. I think it is a bird, and I have just answered Mr. Lardner, telling him 'all'—particularly that we of McClure's resent being called a 'low priced' magazine. Besides, I don't think anyone with a queer title like 'Ring' is in a position to criticize an elegant name like Neysa—particularly as Neysa means 'Daughter of Heaven,' or something dressy like that."

After reading Mr. Lardner's fourth and sixth stanzas, we felt that he deserved to see Miss McMein; so we are printing her picture on this page for his, and our readers', benefit and delight.

In the Wake of the News

by

RING W. LARDNER

I have no time for the magazines;
That is, for the stuff inside;
It keeps me humping to earn the means
To purchase flour and pork and beans
For me and me fair young bride.

But we've subscribed to a gob or so
Of the ones that are low in price,
And we keep 'em scattered around to show
That we're up to date and alive, you know,
And because they all look so nice.

I manage, before they are old and gone,
To lamp each cover design;
And as sure as my name is not Jim Vaughn,
I swear that, recently, all are drawn
By Neysa Moran McMein.

Now, Neysa, dearie, I don't know you,
And you don't know me (cruel Fate!)
We probably never will meet, we two,
So the best that I can possibly do
Is write that your stuff is great!

It's girlies and girlies, and then some more,
But your girlies are not the same
As Fisher draws by the gross or score;
They're not the ones we have seen before –
You've painted a brand new dame.

She's pretty in suits, in cloaks of fur,
In evening crêpe de chine,
In white, in crimson, in lavender —
I wonder, miss, if you look like her,
O, Neysa Moran McMein!

I also wonder (my wondering
Won't do you a bit of harm)
If you're from Yonkers or Wilmerding
Or Chattanooga or Ishpeming,
Or born on a poultry farm.

I wonder, too (this is rather raw,
But I'm curious as can be),
How much you draw for the girls you draw,
The cunningest girls I ever saw,
(And many agree with me).

But most I wonder (and this is what
Is driving me quite insane,
And worrying all of my friends a lot)
How you pronounce that name you've got,
O, Neysa Moran McMein!

Phillips, against whom the machinery of the law was set in motion by a conscienceless individual; but the same zeal will often innocently possess the witnesses against one charged with a heinous crime. Their minds become permeated with the reflex thought of the community, and from variant motives they fall in line with the prevailing sentiment and make themselves believe they are telling the truth; it is so easy to tell because they know it is the thing that will bring notoriety and popularity. For like reasons, witnesses will hesitate in such crises to come to the rescue of innocence. They do not care to buff the tide of public sentiment.

Take an instance of public or civic psychology. No one would accuse the late Richard Harding Davis of losing his head or of manufacturing facts out of whole cloth; neither would anyone charge him with any lack of human sympathy. Yet here is what Mr. Davis wrote for a prominent magazine regarding the murder of the gambler, Herman Rosenthal, in New York city:

"Never has there been a murder plot to which so many were accessories. The police knew, the tenderloin knew, the lower east side — the home of the gunmen from where, in preparation for the night's work, they had moved uptown — knew that Herman Rosenthal, the 'squealer,' the man who had defied the 'system,' was to die; and outside in the hot sultry darkness, as they used to watch the bulletin boards for the races to come in, men stood in silent groups and waited for his murder; and downtown in barrooms and all-night drug - stores, men gathered near the telephone booths and waited for his murder; and from the

He announced with oracular finality: "That's your man"

Battery to the Polo Grounds the police, New York's finest, stealthily paced their fixed posts and waited — for his murder."

Very few things more dramatic than those lines are penned nowadays. They have that realistic touch which makes Richard Harding Davis's pages vivid. Mr. Davis believed what he wrote; we all believed it. Probably not a single reader questioned it at the time. There was the boldness and the callousness of it all; and then we had heard and read so much of Tammany and its political infamies that we were ready to believe anything of that organization — and the police force meant Tammany to us. Had we paused long enough to think calmly — but we could not think calmly — we would have known that it was not all true; that it was impossible it could all be true. If it were all true, then every policeman on his beat in New York that night was, in the eye of the law, as Mr. Davis said, an accessory to the murder. And yet we did believe it until our vengeance was sated by the electric shocks that penetrated the pulsating bodies of the guilty and the satisfaction of appeased vengeance had allowed the resumption of reason.

The most purblind of all human passions is the spirit of social vengeance; and there isn't any difference between human nature in New York and human nature in Atlanta, or Sioux Falls, or Broken Bow. "When the multitude, inflamed with blind rage, rushes with ferocious clamor upon a single victim, and each man strikes his blow, this dreadful species of combined murder appears less horrible to each, because they all share in the common crime." It is the individual's sense of justice, multiplied and merged into civic psychology, which makes the inflamed mob, and thus psychologized loses its sense of balance and proportion. Just as a patient with a high fever will grow delirious, so will a community grow delirious at fever heat — only there is no nurse or physician for the community — no one to take its temperature or tally its pulse-beat. Macaulay says that in this spirit of ancient English times the death of an innocent man was as but the death of a partridge; and Victor Hugo tells us that in the early days of France the populace, brutalized by the very tyranny of the law which might descend at any moment upon their own innocent heads, made holiday of the sport of justice and brought their lunch-baskets to the place of execution.

It is one thing to believe in the guilt of a suspect; it is another thing to prove it under the forms and restrictions of the law which have come down to us through the errors of the centuries, and which have been stamped upon our constitutions and our statutes as a precaution against a repetition of those very errors. The late Mayor Gaynor used to say that we were too far removed from the struggles of our forefathers to realize or appreciate, or to profit by them. Every prosecuting attorney of any experience has known of instances in which he has been compelled to discharge the prisoner because while he believed the man guilty, he had not sufficient evidence to justify conviction.

In a far Western State some years ago the sheriff of a certain county was found in the early dawn in an out-of-the-way alley brutally murdered. The murder was undoubtedly the result of a cattle-feud. The former sheriff, keeping his own counsel from all but a few intimates, was about to cause the arrest of certain parties supposed to have murdered prominent members of an opposition faction. The community was not made aware of this fact. The murdered sheriff was very popular and public sentiment was instantly roused. The local officials worked on various clues unsuccessfully for weeks. Then they sent to a distant city for a wise detective — the strange hound always has a long scent. This detective had not been long in town when he was put into possession of all the clues known to the local officials. They did not appeal to him. He asked the name of the candidate who had run against the dead sheriff in the previous election. When told the man's name, he announced with oracular finality:

"That's your man."

It seems incredible, but on this clue of mere suspicion, emanating from the wise brain of a detective, the suspect was hung, and the lives of a half-dozen of his relatives, estimable people, were blasted. Indeed, the law took not only the life of the suspect, but indirectly the lives of two of his immediate relatives, who died of the disgrace.

There was a semblance of evidence trumped up against the prisoner. A half-witted fellow testified that he saw the defeated candidate for the shrievalty go up the alley a few minutes before the sheriff was supposed to have been murdered — just as Fuller had sworn that he saw Phillips go up the gulch. But this witness had previously testified that it was another he had seen; and his explanation, unquestionably put into his mouth by others, was that he had tried to fasten the crime on the innocent in order to protect the guilty. The public, which doesn't reason in the manifold, believed this story, without analyzing it. They did not stop to consider that a witness who would swear away the life of one would swear away the life of another. The only other testimony was that of a notorious woman, who declared she had overheard the suspected man tell another beneath her window that he was going to get even with the dead sheriff. She did not see the party who made the threat, but she recognized his voice, which she had not heard before and but once since. A half-dozen witnesses swore that this woman had a penchant for pretending to recognize human voices, and that she failed nine times out of ten. But her testimony was believed, and theirs discredited, by the jury. There had been a number of murders in that community, and the murderers had all escaped on one technicality or another. The community did not propose to allow this murder to go undetected or the murderer unpunished. This was a perfectly natural sequence. Many of the unjust convictions for crime are the result of repeated failures on the part of officials and juries to bring judgment home to the guilty. Any system of justice which temporizes with proven crime and that turns guilty criminals loose on trivial technicalities is bound to even the score by persecuting the innocent. The public demands vengeance, and usually demands it at the wrong time.

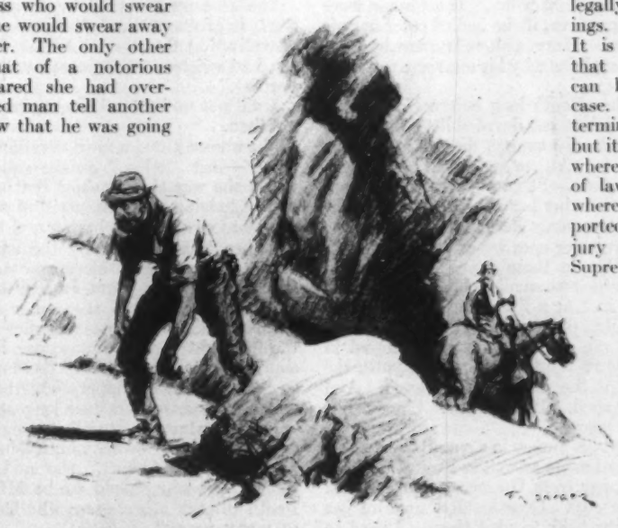
She had overheard the suspected man tell another beneath her window that he was going to get even

The jury that convicted this man was drawn from the out-lying country districts, where the story of the detective had preceded the trial, gathering force and animation and added detail as it rolled along. And after the case was disposed of, the farmers and other good citizens felt that they had spent their money for the conviction of this man, and they didn't propose to have it wasted. And so they met the efforts of some humanitarians who sought to correct the injustice with that blind rage and persecution which frequently beset the truth, and drove them from the community.

A brother-in-law of the dead sheriff sat on the jury which convicted his "murderer," and no one seemed in the frenzy of the hour to attach any importance to this fact. So long as they satisfied themselves that they had the right man, it made little difference to the public whether the law stalked its prey according to the rules of the game or not. A verdict was the thing — they would patiently wait for that, because the law of the State demanded it; but after that — well, they could hardly wait for the law's leave to lay hold on the hemp.

The Supreme Court decided that the jurors were the best judges of the credibility of the witnesses, and inasmuch as they had seen fit to believe the witnesses for the State, it could not legally disturb their findings. This was good law. It is a common fallacy that an appellate court can legally reverse any case. It can if it is determined to, of course; but it cannot legally do it where there are no errors of law in the trial and where the verdict is supported by evidence. This jury believed that the Supreme Court had the power to set their verdict aside if they were mistaken.

It was the Governor's duty to correct the mistake of the jury, but it is much easier to web oneself in the meshes of the law than to cut a way out [*Continued on page 60*]



He had met an evil-looking man going in the direction of a miner's cabin which lay a few hundred yards up a certain gulch

A Primer for Pacifists —

Old Woodcuts

DEDICATED with all due respect to a misguided Old Party whose belief in, and practice of, the principles of Preparedness, at a critical moment in the world's history, preserved and perpetuated the more or less Human Race, not to mention the Animal Kingdom. We refer to the late

MR. NOAH,
of Ararat.

This is the Dove of Peace.
Is he not a Pret-ty Bird?
When Ev-e-ry-thing is go-ing well, he makes a fine pet.
But when all the an-i-mals are fight-ing, what chance has he?
Can he lick a Bear, or a Bull-dog, or a Dachs-hund?
Not yet.
So he had bet-ter keep on fly-ing un-til he can find a safe place to light.
If he does not, he will soon stop be-ing a Dove of Peace and be-come a Piece of Dove.

This is a Pac-i-fist.
He does not be-lieve in fight-ing.
That is why all his life he has been do-ing it.
When he was young, he fought Mea-sles and Whoop-ing Cough.
Then he fought Read-ing, Writ-ing and A-rith-me-tic.
Then he fought for a Job.
Then he fought a-gainst Al-co-hol.
Then he fought the Pee-pul to make them e-lect him to po-si-tions they did not want him for.
Now he is fight-ing his head off a-gainst Fight-ing.
Why?
Be-cause he is a Pac-i-fist and does not be-lieve in Fight-ing.
Think it o-ver.

This is an A-mer-i-can Ba-by.
He was on the Lu-si-tan-i-a.
The Ger-mans warned him that they would kill him.
They did kill him.
But it was his own fault be-cause they warned him that he had no right to be there.

This is a Man.
At least, God made it look like a man.
He doesn't be-lieve in Pre-par-ed-ness.
So he works, which is pre-par-ed-ness a-gainst Pov-er-ty.
And he eats Food, which is pre-par-ed-ness a-gainst Hun-ger.

And he wears Clothes, which are pre-par-ed-ness a-gainst Catch-ing Cold and Get-ting Ar-rest-ed.
And he sup-ports a Po-lice Force, which is pre-par-ed-ness a-gainst Crime.
And a Fire De-part-ment, which is pre-par-ed-ness a-gainst Fire.
And Schools, which are pre-par-ed-ness a-gainst Ig-no-rance.
And he brush-es his Teeth, which is pre-par-ed-ness a-gainst Tooth-ache.
And sees Doc-tors, which are pre-par-ed-ness a-gainst Sick-ness.
And fi-nal-ly, winds up with an Un-der-tak-er, which is pre-par-ed-ness a-gainst Death.
But he does not be-lieve in Pre-par-ed-ness.
Why?
We are too po-lite to say.

This is a Wo-man.
She does not be-lieve in War.
She did not raise her boy to be a Sol-dier.
So she will not let her boy drill and learn to shoot a Gun.
So one day an-oth-er boy comes a-long.
He has learned to shoot and kill peo-ple and ev-e-ry-thing.
So he kills her boy in cold blood, with-out her boy be-ing a-ble to de-fend him-self.
If I were a Moth-er I would at least want my boy to have a fair chance.
Would not you?

This is a Girl.
Her na-tion is un-pre-pared for War.
But oth-er nations are pre-pared for War.
Al-ways, since the Year One, some na-tions have been pre-pared for War.

Al-ways, since the Year One, oth-er na-tions have been un-pre-pared for War.
Al-ways, since the Year One, un-pre-pared na-tions have been in-vad-ed by pre-pared na-tions.
If you do not be-lieve me, ask His-tory. His-tory does not guess, neith-er does she tell lies.
So, be-cause the Girl's na-tion is un-pre-pared, the girl's Fath-er and Broth-ers are killed.
The Girl is worse than killed.
That is all.

This is an I-de-al-ist.
He knows Ain't Na-ture Won-der-ful?
He knows Be Good and You'll Be Hap-py.

KAMP—*A Story*

Illustration by

Mr. Graeve

IF an epitaph were wanted for Bellamy Kamp's headstone — which God forbid, for he is still alive and hearty! — I should think the one that best characterizes him could be found in this: Here lies a man who spoke the truth to women.

That phrase in itself tells so much of Kamp, intimates so clearly what was at once his strength and his folly. For Kamp told the truth to women because he idealized them. He thought they wanted the truth, were equal to it. He carried it through with amazing effrontery even to the veriest trifles. If a woman wore an unbecoming hat or gown, if she lacked color or animation, he told her so. Heaven alone knows why!

The epitaph, too, explains why his marriage was such a tragic thing.

I had known Althea Booth long before Kamp came out of the West and joined our devoted little band who were fighting the evils of poverty, disease and worse on the lower East Side. Althea and I had been neighbors on Gramercy Square. She was perhaps five years older than I, for I remember her among the older children who played in Gramercy Park, those from whose august councils we younger ones were barred. I think I rather worshiped her in those days, for she was a leader in the games which we smaller children so envied. She was as fleet of foot as a lithe young animal, like one of those Greek girls playing ball in that picture of Alma-Tadema's. I can see her now, skirts fluted in the wind, running down the flower-bordered path, the hare in whose pursuit the hounds thundered. And nearly always she escaped. Poor Althea! She was not so fortunate in later years.

Then her father lost his money in a speculation which robbed him of his good name as well as his fortune, and the Booths moved away from Gramercy Square to an humbler part of the city. Occasionally, some of her old friends had Althea back to visit them. I used to see her wandering around the park, still outrageously pretty and youthful, dependent upon some other girl's charity for these reappearances, but nevertheless queening it over them all, surrounded by satellites, youths eager to pay her homage. And then came the Deming episode! After that, of course, Althea was never invited back to the Square.

For several years I neither saw her nor heard of her till Bellamy Kamp told me he had met her at a dance given by one of those wealthy painters who practise a little art and a great deal of entertaining in their luxurious studios around Central Park. Then, one afternoon in late spring, Althea herself came to see me, to tell me she and Kamp were to be married.

She sent up her card by Maggie, the maid-of-all-work, in Mother Baker's lodging-house where a number of us lived at that time. And on the back of the card she had written, "I hope you will see me. It is important."

I did not understand the urgency of the message — not then.

She was waiting for me downstairs in Mother Baker's parlor — her "salon," as she called it — a room in which she was able to show that she was not the ordinary lodging-house keeper, but a lady of culture — a vast room of brown burlap and blue Chinese bowls.

Althea was standing by the window as I entered gazing out at the dubious spectacle which Waverly Place offers on a warm June afternoon. And I remember wondering if there was not just a trifle of premeditation in her pose as she stood there braving the full light of the window, one hand curved on her slim hip, a tall and willowy creature, her head turned so that I could best appreciate the value of a profile which the newspapers had long ago made famous.

But she started naturally enough as I entered and came towards me swiftly, both hands extended.

"Hello, Mr. Abbott," she said, and then with a smile, "but why should we be Mr. Abbott and Miss Booth to each other?— we who have been friends for so many years."

I shoved one of Mother Baker's burlap-covered lounges toward her and took a chair opposite. "You wanted to see me about something important?" I asked at once, for I was immensely curious.

"Yes," she answered, and again, "Yes." Then leaning forward, her hands clasped: "I have come to ask a great favor of you. Bellamy Kamp tells me you are his dearest friend, and I — I am to be his wife."

That buffeted my composure. You recall, of course, that previously I had no knowledge of any great intimacy between Kamp and herself.

"It is strange that he has never told me," I managed at last to say.

"I asked him not to tell you," she returned, and with the effect of plunging continued in the same breath, "I did not want you to know because — well, because you know too much about me. I wanted to have this talk with you before Bellamy told you."

I saw immediately the reason. "You want me to keep silent, then, about Deming?"

She took it unflinchingly, her eyes steady upon mine. "Yes, that is what I want," she replied, after a tense moment.

I arose and paced the room, stopping to examine one of the blue Chinese bowls which I had seen a hundred times. I weighed it in my hands much as I was weighing her request. "It's rather a pretty question," I said presently, conscious of her gaze upon me. "Here is my best friend about to marry a woman of whose story he knows nothing. It is — forgive me, Miss Booth! — rather an ugly story. And yet you ask me to remain silent. If it were anyone but Kamp! He worships the truth so passionately. It is not an easy request to grant."

"I ask you because you are so much more sophisticated than Bellamy. You have a different sense of values than he. Bellamy is older than you but he

by Porter Emerson Browne

by Rea Irvin

He knows a soft an-swer turn-eth a-way Wrath.

He knows if he goes to Church ev-e-ry Sun-day and does not hold out on the Con-tri-bu-tion Box God will give him a new Ford and make it rain in Au-gust.

He knows the no-bler du-ties of Hu-man-i-ty and the high-er ob-li-ga-tions of Man-kind.

He knows that Might does not make Right.

He knows that Mor-al Sua-sion is a-bove Force.

He knows that you need fear no man be-cause heav-en will pro-tect you.

He goes to Mex-i-co on a Vis-it.

First they killed him.

Then they took a Rock and broke up his Jaw Bones and stole his Gold Teeth.

Be-cause while he knew these things, and we know them, Mex-i-cans do not.

It is not enough that we know these things; others must know them, too.

This is a new Bat-tle-ship.

It is a ver-y nice new Bat-tle-ship.

Has it a Crew?

Oh, yes, it has a Crew.

Where did it get its Crew?

They laid up three oth-er good Ves-sels and took the crews from them.

Why did they have to lay up three ships to man one?

Be-cause men won't en-list in the Nav-y un-der pres-ent con-di-tions.

Why won't they en-list in the Nav-y?

For the same reas-on they won't en-list in the Arm-y.

Why is that?

Be-cause there is too much Pol-i-tics and not e-nough Pa-tri-ot-ism.

But we are in-creas-ing our Nav-y.

Oh, my, yes!

Ev-er-y time we build one new Ship, we lay up three.

In thir-ty years we will be a-ble to put all our Nav-y on one ship.

Won't that be nice?

This is a Gun.

Is it not a ter-ri-ble thing?

Think of all the harm it has done!

At Con-cord and Lex-ing-ton it fired the shot heard round the world that made us a Free Coun-try.

It pre-vent-ed the Ind-i-ans from form-ing the hab-it of us-ing our scalps to dec-o-rate their pants with.

It gave us our Lib-er-ty in 'Sev-en-ty-six.

It en-a-bled us to main-tain our Li-ber-ty in Eight-een Twelve.

It gave us the power to de-feat Mex-i-co in 'For-ty-nine.

It pre-served the Un-ion in 'Six-ty-one.

It stopped the Butch-er-ies of Spain in Cu-ba in 'Nine-ty-eight.

It saved and civ-i-lized the Phil-ip-pines.

Ev-er-y-thing we have, our Lib-er-ty, our Peace, our Pros-per-i-ty, our Free-dom, our Hon-or and our Coun-try we owe to it.

It's an aw-ful thing.

Take it a-way.

Oh, see the Sail-ors!

The Sail-ors look puz-zled.

Why do the Sail-ors look puz-zled?

First they went to Mex-i-co, but the Mex-i-cans killed them so they came a-way.

Then they went to Hay-ti and they killed Hay-ti-ans, so they stayed.

Then they went to Nan-tuck-et and helped Ger-mans sink Al-lied Ships.

Then they came to Am-er-i-ca and were told he keeps us out of War.

And for three years all they have been do-ing is to fight.

Is it an-y won-der the Sail-ors look puzzled?

This is Pat-rick Hen-ry.

He said, "Give me Li-ber-ty or give me Death."

He took a Long Chance. He might have an-tag-o-ni-zed some-body.

What he should have said was, "As for me, give me a mod-i-fied form of Lib-er-ty that I can gain with-out en-dan-ger-ing the pres-ent pros-per-ous con-di-tion of the whole-sale plumb-ing bus-i-ness or give me some mild form of Death that can be tak-en pain-less-ly and with-out de-le-ter-i-ous ef-fect to the sys-tem. If you don't un-der-stand this, my sec-re-tary will ex-plain next week or next year or some-time. All rights re-served in-clud-ing the Scan-di-na-vi-an. Fin-nish pa-pers please cop-y.

This is a Butt-In.

His name was La-fay-ette.

What did he ev-er do?

He helped Am-er-i-ca win her Free-dom.

Was he an Am-er-i-can?

No, he was a French-man.

Then what bus-i-ness was it of his?

Not an-y.

Then what did he in-ter-fere for?

Be-cause he was full of Hon-or and Man-hood and fine Cour-age, there-fore he did not know an-y bet-ter.

We must be care-ful to re-pu-di-ate his con-nec-tion with us lest it an-tag-o-nize some-body.

by Oscar Graeve

J. H. Gardner Soper

knows far less of the world. Surely you who have lived in New York all your life cannot still say that right is always right and wrong, wrong — nor truth always desirable. You have more charity, more understanding than that."

"Yes, but so has Bellamy."

"Ordinarily, of course. But this is not an ordinary case. You know Bellamy well enough to realize that he must idealize the woman he loves. If I told him about Deming he would marry me just the same. But some precious quality of his love would have vanished. It would be harder for him — and for me!"

"If he did know, I wonder if he would marry you?"

"How little forgiveness you liberals really have!" she cried. "You preach tolerance until it comes home to you. And then you question its practice."

"That isn't the point!" I answered hotly. "I'm thinking of what would happen to Bellamy if he did marry you. For that matter, I am not thinking so much of the man himself, but of his work. What would happen to that?"

"You think I would take him away from his work? That is rather cruel."

"Maybe not intentionally," I explained quickly. "But you will create another manner of living for Bellamy — there will be born all sorts of new wants and requirements. And if he is drawn away from his work it will be a grievous wrong. I wonder if you appreciate how wonderful his work is? how he has given himself, body and soul, to the East Side? how his little black doctor's bag has come to symbolize in those squalid streets pity and help and a chance for life where before, too often, they were unknown? And if he is drawn away it will be a grievous wrong to us others, his fellow-workers. I have never seen such devotion as Bellamy's. The flame of his courage has never faltered. It has kept many of us going. You see there are lots of things I have to consider before I grant this request of yours, Miss Booth."

She sat quite motionless, her head bowed. When she looked up her eyes were like stars seen through mist. "You are unkind," she said, a trifle huskily.

The way she said it, moved me a little. If it had been anyone but Bellamy I was fighting for I think I should have surrendered. But Bellamy could not be spared! And, too, I recalled so clearly now the sordidness of the Deming affair while the woman sitting before me was so extravagantly the type for whom luxuries are created, the type for whom princes have squandered fortunes and rulers sacrificed thrones, and for whom lesser men have forgotten strength and honor and duty, — the beautiful, all-conquering breed of Cleopatra, of Helen, of the Pompadour.

Spurred on by that vision, perhaps, I continued, "Why do you want to marry Kamp? There must be so many — bigger opportunities for you. Kamp is not wealthy. He would be, I imagine, rather a difficult person to get along with. He is such a terrific idealist. The one thing that makes him worth while — so tremendously worth while! — is his work for others. The man himself is in no way extraordinary."

She arose and walked to the window. Her back turned to me, I saw her shoulders quivering. But when she turned, her face, strange to say, was alight. "Don't you see that it is because he is so wonderful in that way, that absolutely unselfish way, that I love him? He is so utterly different from the men I have known. He is like deep waters to me — clean and calm and profound. I feel that I can find rest and security in him — as well as my fullest measure of love. Can't you see that?"

That won me. It vanquished completely my doubts and arguments — made them seem small and petty — and with them, myself. I went to her impulsively. "Why don't you tell him, Althea? You are splendid enough to do that. I cannot let him go into this absolutely blind. It might be kinder but it would not be fair. He must know the truth even though, through the truth, he suffer. He is strong enough for that, but God knows whether he is strong enough for the deception! Why don't you tell him?"

She looked at me strangely, her deep green eyes wide as if the thought of telling him herself had never before occurred to her.

"If I tell him you will not discuss it with him?" she asked. "I could not bear to think that you and he, together, were raking over the old story, the devilish old story."

"Of course I shall not discuss it with him," I replied indignantly.

She began to pull on her gloves, a little wan now, her lips trembling. "Then I shall tell him tonight," she said. "We are — perhaps, I should say we were — to be married next week. He is wild to have you know. He wants you to look after things for him while he is away."

"You will find him big and fine and generous, Althea. But he is another guileless fool — as tender and as innocent. I hope you will remember that."

"I shall remember," she said, as she gave me her hand. "You have been kind — wonderfully kind. I see now why Bellamy has made you his dearest friend. When we are back in New York and settled, we, both of us, must see much of you."

Kamp and I had adjoining rooms at Mother Baker's and even before I was out of bed the next morning, he tumbled into my room, and sitting on the foot of the bed, held forth upon the miracle of Althea. He was, as you may have gathered, a man who would take love hard. Any new enthusiasm inflamed him. And now Eros had added a touch of madness to that enthusiasm.

"I have been aching to have you know, Henry," he said, "but Althea would let me tell no one. Last night, however, she said I might confide in you. Doesn't it seem marvelous to you? Althea, of all women! that goddess! I am light-headed about it, I know. But you remember her — you remember the depth of her green eyes and the glory of her amber hair — and how keen she is! — how intelligently keen!"

He waved his arms, sitting there in his dressing-gown

There she stood framed in the open doorway. The Great Dramatist had staged the thing well

a somewhat ridiculous figure, dear old chap, positively glowing with exultation. If I had ever doubted that Althea could hold him, no matter what he knew of her, I no longer doubted. But it hardly seemed possible she had told him about Deming. There was no flaw upon his happiness that morning. Well, she would tell him! I had faith enough in Althea to believe that.

Meanwhile the thunder of his praise rolled on. He spoke with the volume of a stream which has long chafed at its barriers.

But suddenly I sat upright and interrupted him. "Look here, Kamp!" I shot at him. "Promise me that you won't give up your work on the East Side — no matter what happens."

"Give it up!" he cried. "I should say not. I'll clean up the East Side now. I'll have the strength and courage of a hundred men. . ."

A little later I heard him splashing under his shower, singing, bellowing forth some vaudeville chorus in the most awful voice to which one ever had to listen.

They were married the following Wednesday, at noon in the Little Church Around the Corner. A friend of Althea's, a Mrs. Garvice, made the required fourth. She was a stout and decidedly over-dressed woman — just the type one could imagine proud to be seen in Althea's company. Her plum-colored car awaited us outside the church and afterwards she drove us to the Holland House where we lunched very expensively at Mrs. Garvice's invitation.

"Now this is on me!" I remember her insistent voice. "I've got it all fixed up with Althea. It's my wedding-present to you, isn't it, my dear? It's my send-off to the bride and groom."

And she sent the waiter scurrying for another bottle of champagne.

Mrs. Garvice drove us to the Pennsylvania Station and there at the iron gates we said good-by to Althea and Bellamy. But first Althea on some pretext or other drew me aside. She lifted a troubled face to mine, and her green eyes implored me. "I haven't told him, Henry," she said. "I intended to — I want you to believe I intended to — but I hadn't the courage."

"You will tell him," I urged.

Her hand fell on mine. "There is no use in telling him now," she said, and went back to the others.

That autumn the Bellamy Kamps came back to town and established themselves in one of those charming little red-brick houses in Eleventh Street. One Saturday afternoon Bellamy telephoned me and asked me to come around and have a talk with him. "One of our regular, old-fashioned powwows," he said. "I'm alone — Althea is out buying draperies."

I was searching for the house number when I saw his name on a bright new copper plate, "Dr. Bellamy Kamp."

"I had no idea you were going to practise up here," I said, as he ushered me into an office or study filled with deep brown leather chairs.

A little frown appeared between his eyes. "I have to," he answered brusquely.

"But what about your office in Cherry Street?" I asked. "It's been closed all summer. I don't think you realize what a loss you've been down there, old man. I've had a hundred people ask me when you're coming back. It's been pretty awful down there on the river-front this year, you know, with a milk famine and the dock laborers' strike coming together."

He passed his hand over his brow with an exasperated gesture. "I know. I kept track of things." Suddenly his old spirit flamed forth. "Oh, Henry, if only I could have pushed myself into the thick of it!" He sat brooding for a minute, then went on more cheerfully: "I'm planning to give some time to the office in Cherry Street. More than that, I've hired a young doctor to take my place, a kid just out of the hospital, filled with enthusiasm and the milk of human kindness. He'll go on where I left off. He'll take my place."

"Down there, no one can take your place, Bellamy."

He sprang to his feet angrily. "Damn it, let up, Henry! A man has to do — what he has to do."

That winter the Kamps entertained a great deal. Bellamy must have had much more money than we ever suspected in the old Mother Baker days. He was always reticent about the matter although, now that I recall it, one could always count upon Kamp for money when everybody else was stony. He began to pick up quite a lot of practice, too. He had a way of ordering people to do things that made a great impression on certain plastic natures. Kamp, I imagine, was a success with the wealthy old ladies who take a hundred ills to themselves. He bullied and threatened them into some state of comfort.

"And the fees I gouge out of them, Henry!" he confessed to me once. "It's disgusting that they can afford to pay all that money for their fancied pains and aches — and down there on the East Side they die like flies because of the lack of a little real air and nutriment. After all, that's the romance of the doctor's profession — the old, piratical, Robin Hood idea — robbing the rich to pay the poor. As much as one can pay the poor," he added more sombrely.

ALTHEA, too, invited me to some of her parties that winter, and I went to one or two. Strange affairs they were, crowded with people who just escaped being interesting — parties where they talked too little and drank too much, charged with a sort of surface gaiety that needed stimulant to keep it going; parties where one came across couples in odd corners engaged in intimate conversations from which they looked up with pained surprise when one stumbled over them.

I remember I fox-trotted interminably with Althea while some idiot kept turning on the same record, over and over.

She piqued me by saying, "You dance delightfully. I had no idea that anyone so serious could dance so well."

She rested in the clasp of my arm so that I could see her face turned up to me, her smile mocking me a little, her amber hair loosened beneath the wide silver braid which bound it.

"Happy?" I asked.

"Deliciously happy," she said softly. "Our marriage wasn't such a mistake, after all, was it? It's so comfortable to be back in the world on a sound footing." She gave me one of her courageous glances. "I was slipping terrifically fast, Henry."

"And is Bellamy happy?"

"Why shouldn't he be?" A mutinous look flashed across her face. "I never interfere with his work. At least I've kept that promise to you."

"But he rarely goes down to Cherry Street now, Althea?"

"That is not my fault. I never asked him to give it up. Of course, one must live! If only Bellamy weren't so unalterably serious — if only he would join into things."

This of Bellamy, who had been the maddest of spirits at our old parties!

After the dance I went in search of Bellamy and found him in his study with the door shut. "Oh, it's you, Henry?" he said, with a welcoming smile. "Come in but close the door. That infernal racket!"

There was a bottle of Scotch on the table beside him, a half-empty glass at his elbow. He pushed the bottle toward me. "Sit down and have a drink. Let's talk."

"Althea tells me she's deliciously happy," I hazarded.

"Dear girl! I suppose she is!" he answered, his face radiant at my remark. "But how can she stand that bunch of rotters? Did you ever see such a mass of flesh with such a dearth of ideas? It's like a tomtom in the African wilds where people convey their thoughts with grunts and hisses. That's the pick of the run, too, the cream off the bottle." He leaned forward and fixed me with a quizzical gaze. "Say, are you having an awfully good time?"

"No, I'm not," I confessed.

"Well, let's sneak out and go around to the Brevoort where we can have a real talk."

"But what will Althea think?"

He sprang to his feet joyously. "Oh, she'll never even miss us," he laughed ruefully.

After one or two of the parties I dropped out, despite Althea's protests. I was busy myself that winter.

For a twelvemonth or more, I saw but little of the Bellamy Kamps. The parties went on, I was told, at a more boisterous rate. Once, when I was coming downtown in a Fifth Avenue 'bus after the theatre, I caught sight of the Kamps in a taxicab speeding in the opposite direction, Althea's amber-crowned head bent forward eagerly, Bellamy lying back in his seat, a dark, blurred shadow but a crumpled shadow which managed to convey a sense of infinite weariness. Cherry Street, too, saw but little of Bellamy. In the office down there which bore his name, young Doctor Forth was making a desperate stab at filling the huge wants which Bellamy had created, satisfied for a while, and then left unfilled.

At Mother Baker's we talked the affair over, perhaps more than we had any right to, and shook our heads despondently. We had seen many others go Bellamy's way and we felt that we had irrevocably lost him. Then, the second year after their marriage, the crash came.

Perry Lane had taken the room adjoining mine which had once been Bellamy's. And it was Perry Lane now who tumbled into my room one March morning, clad only in his pajamas, holding aghast, at arm's length, the *Morning Star*.

"My God, Abbott!" he cried. "Bellamy Kamp's wife has run off with some other man. The *Star* is playing it up for all it's worth."

He shoved the paper into my hands and there I saw Althea's picture, her famous profile white against a gray background, beside it, but smaller, the picture of the man, John Pelham, and smaller still, within a circle, the portrait of Mrs. Pelham.

At ten o'clock I telephoned Bellamy and after a long wait, after my name had been demanded by someone, Bellamy's voice came over the wire, calm and quite emotionless. "I thought it might be another of those damned reporters. Sorry to keep you waiting, Henry."

"Is there anything I can do, Kamp?"

"Yes, there's a great deal you can do. Come around and see me, will you? No, wait! I'll be around to see you."

Within half an hour he was seated in my room, gazing out at the familiar backyards and clotheslines and chimney pots. He had himself well in hand but I could see that he was suffering. He was like a man struck from behind, unprepared, and dazed from the blow.

"I'm coming back here with you, Henry," he said; "that is, if the bunch will stand for me. If only I could have my own room back!"

"I think it might be managed. We can get Perry Lane to take the vacant room downstairs."

"That will be corking!"

"What do you want me to do, Bellamy?"

"I want you to see all the fellows and ask them not to say anything about my marriage — or my wife. I want them to act as if I had never moved away from Mother Baker's. That's my game. That's what I am going to hypnotize myself into believing."

He sat for a while without speaking, slumped down in the Morris chair. Abruptly he started forward, slamming his fist into the open palm of the other hand. "Henry, I haven't the remotest idea why she left me!" he cried, in a tortured voice. "If I only knew!"

I could not answer. Knowing Althea, and more, knowing her history, I thought I could divine the reason why she had left him — could divine many reasons. You cannot tie a wild animal down to the monotonous routine of domesticity. But I could not tell Bellamy this. No need of stripping away any illusions which were left him. The silence was awkward to me, but he did not seem to notice it.

He fumbled in his pocket and drew forth a note. Why do runaway wives always leave notes? "Can you make anything out of this?" he asked, and read: "'My poor Bellamy. I'm leaving you for good. You asked too much of me. The heights were too dizzying.' I Can

[*Continued on page 81*]

SIGNS

by Theodosia Garrison

I

THE city has a million lights;
They blaze on shops and shows and bars.
Through all the blaring, crowded nights
They dim the glory of the stars.

II

But in the day one only sees
Dull frames and boardings where these stood,
Unlit by flashing witcheries —
Poor things of lettering and wood.

III

And high above the domes and towers,
Glowing and glorious and bright,
God swings his sign for working hours,
His undimmed, golden sphere of light.

IV

Before the door of heaven, the sun;
Before the marts of men, the mean
And burned-out lights of Babylon,—
And we—bewildered moths—between.

The Little Graces—*by* Dr. Frank Crane

THE American character is deficient in the Little Graces. We do the big things splendidly. But, after all, what is it that counts—success, or the temper of success? Is it whether we succeed that really matters, or how we succeed?

It is well to see the goal and strain for it, but life must be lived meanwhile, and what about a few flowers and merry tunes by the way? "O toiling hands of mortals!" says R. L. Stevenson, "O unwearied feet, traveling ye know not whither! Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is better than to arrive, and the true success is to labor."

Our very zeal for efficiency has resulted in the postponement of life; and, indefinitely postponed, it may be withered when we come to pluck it. Today is worth stopping for and looking after, it has its meed of bread and cheese and kisses, its dividends of laughter and serenity.

Must all the red passions of contentment be sacrificed to the one white passion for precedence?

Always men must watch lest they be corrupted by their excellence. It is the characteristic impatience of Americans, their lack of leisureliness in the daily business of existence, their swift contempt of roadside beauty in their eagerness to reach the inn, it is this that destroys in us the Little Graces of Life and invests us with a certain unloveliness which visitors from older civilizations are quick to note.

On the street car, in the elevator, among the crowd in the street, you have marked the brusqueness that makes Americans a bit repellent.

Strangely enough, we seem to get away from this in a measure when we get away from the city. The motorist on the country road generously turns out for another to pass, he is quick to offer assistance in distress, and at night he dims his headlights when he sees an approaching car. We used to associate boorishness with rustics. Our word civil comes from city. Has city life ceased to polish and begun to scratch us?

Then, too, we have a good deal of the Puritan deposit in our blood, and the Puritan had a subconscious notion that there was something immoral in giving pleasure. He was strong for the uplift. He wrote it.

And the desire to improve one's neighbor easily slips into intolerance and grim hardness, if not rudeness. To quote again from Stevenson: "There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good — myself. But my duty to my neighbor is to make him happy — if I may."

The first and main thing in child training is to teach the art of being agreeable, to train the youth how, by voice and manner and the entire and habitual expression of his personality, to be a source of pleasure to those about him, how to reduce to a minimum the unavoidable friction of the enforced intimacies of life.

For when our task is done and old age brings its final estimates, we shall find that what we value most, both in ourselves and others is

> "that best portion of a good man's life,
> The little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love."

Summer

The Great Novel of New England *by* Edith Wharton

IX

Illustration by F. Walter Taylor

For the story up to this point see page 54

CHARITY sat before the mirror trying on a hat which Ally Hawes, with much secrecy, had trimmed for her. It was of white straw, with a drooping brim and cherry-colored lining that made her face glow like the inside of the shell on the parlor mantelpiece.

She propped the square of looking-glass against Mr. Royall's black leather Bible, steadying it in front with a white stone on which a view of the Brooklyn Bridge was painted; and she sat before her reflection, bending the brim this way and that, while Ally Hawes's pale face looked over her shoulder like the ghost of wasted opportunities.

"I look awful, don't I?" she said at last with a happy sigh.

Ally smiled and took back the hat. "I'll stitch the roses on right here, so's you can put it away at once."

Charity laughed, and ran her fingers through her rough dark hair. She knew that Harney liked to see its reddish edges ruffled about her forehead and breaking into little rings at the nape. She sat down on her bed and watched Ally stoop over the hat with a careful frown.

"Don't you ever feel like going down to Nettleton for a day?" she asked.

Ally shook her head without looking up. "No, I always remember that awful time I went down with Julia — to that doctor's."

"Oh, Ally ——"

"I can't help it. The house is on the corner of Wing Street and Lake Avenue. The trolley from the station goes right by it, and the day the minister took us down to see those pictures I recognized it right off, and couldn't seem to see anything else. There's a big black sign with gold letters all across the front — 'Private Consultations.' She came as near as anything to dying. . . ."

"Poor Julia!" Charity sighed from the height of her purity and her security. She had a friend whom she trusted and who respected her. She was going with him to spend the next day — the Fourth of July — at Nettleton. Whose business was it but hers, and what was the harm? The pity of it was that girls like Julia did not know how to choose, and to keep bad fellows at a distance. . . . Charity slipped down from the bed, and stretched out her hands.

"Is it sewed? Let me try it on again." She put the hat on, and smiled at her image. The thought of Julia had vanished. . . .

The next morning she was up before dawn, and saw the yellow sunrise broaden behind the hills, and the silvery luster preceding a hot day tremble across the sleeping fields.

Her plans had been made with great care. She had announced that she was going down to the Band of Hope picnic at Hepburn, and as no one else from North Dormer intended to venture so far it was not likely that her absence from the festivity would be reported. Besides, if it were she would not greatly care. She was determined to assert her independence, and if she stooped to fib about the Hepburn picnic it was chiefly from the secretive instinct that made her dread the profanation of her happiness. Whenever she was with Lucius Harney she would have liked some impenetrable mountain mist to hide her.

It was arranged that she should walk to a point of the Creston road where Harney was to pick her up and drive her across the hills to Hepburn in time for the nine-thirty train to Nettleton. Harney at first had been rather lukewarm about the trip. He declared himself ready to take her to Nettleton, but urged her not to go on the Fourth of July, on account of the crowds, the probable lateness of the trains, the difficulty of her getting back before night; but her evident disappointment caused him to give way, and even to affect a faint enthusiasm for the adventure. She understood why he was not more eager: he must have seen sights beside which even a Fourth of July at Nettleton would seem tame. But she had never seen anything; and a great longing possessed her to walk the streets of a big town on a holiday, clinging to his arm and jostled by idle crowds in their best clothes. The only cloud on the prospect was the fact that the shops would be closed; but she hoped he would take her back another day, when they were open.

She started out unnoticed in the early sunlight, slipping through the kitchen while Verena bent above the stove. To avoid attracting notice, she carried her new hat carefully wrapped up, and had thrown a long gray veil of Mrs. Royall's over the new white muslin dress which Ally's clever fingers had made for her. All of the ten dollars Mr. Royall had given her, and a part of her own savings as well, had been spent on renewing her wardrobe; and when Harney jumped out of the buggy to meet her she read her reward in his eyes.

THE freckled boy who had brought her the note two weeks earlier was to wait with the buggy at Hepburn till their return. He perched at Charity's feet, his legs dangling between the wheels, and they could not say much because of his presence. But it did not greatly matter, for their past was now rich enough to have given them a private language; and with the long day stretching before them like the blue distance beyond the hills there was a delicate pleasure in postponement.

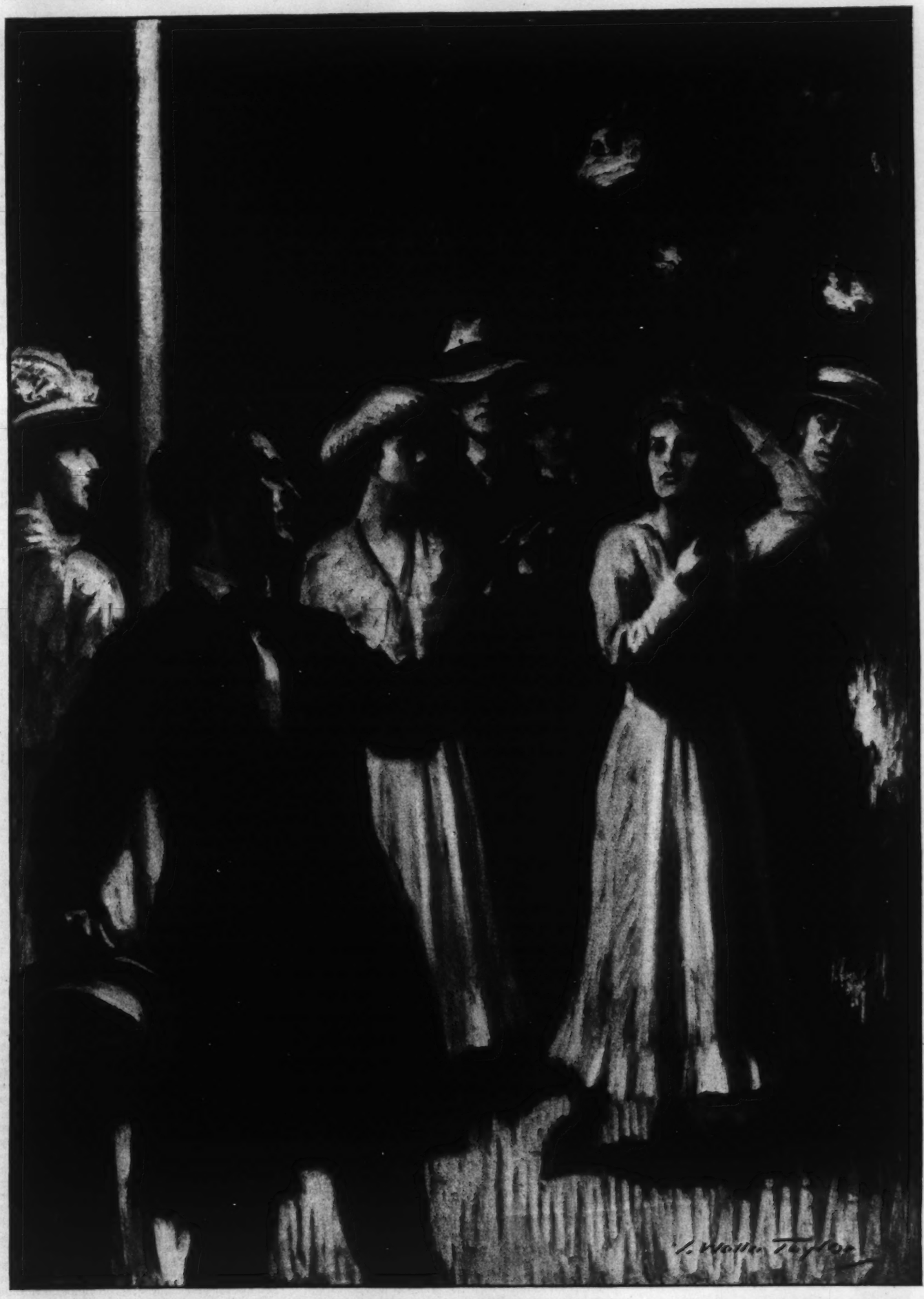
When Charity, in response to Harney's message, had gone to meet him at the Creston pool her heart had been so full of mortification and anger that his first words might easily have estranged her. But it happened that he had found the right word, which was one of simple friendship. His tone had instantly justified her, and put her guardian in the wrong. He had made no allusion to what had passed between Mr. Royall and himself, but had simply let it appear that he had left because means of conveyance were hard to find at North Dormer, and because Creston River was a more convenient center. He told her that he had hired by the week the buggy of the freckled boy's father, who served as livery-stable keeper to one or two melancholy summer boarding-houses on Creston Lake, and had discovered, within driving distance, a number of houses worthy of his pencil; and he said that he could not, while he was in the neighborhood, give up the pleasure of seeing her as often as possible.

When they took leave of each other she promised to continue to be his guide; and during the fortnight which followed they roamed the hills in happy comradeship. In most of the village friendships between youths and maidens lack of conversation was made up for by tentative fondling; but Harney, except when he had tried to comfort her in her trouble on their way back from the Hyatts' had never put his arm about her or sought to betray her into any sudden caress. It seemed to be enough for him to breathe her nearness like a flower's; and since his pleasure at being with her, and his sense of her youth and her grace perpetually shone in his eyes and softened the inflection of his voice, his reserve did not suggest coldness, but the deference due to a girl of his own class.

The buggy was drawn by an old trotter who whirled them along so briskly that the pace created a little breeze; but when they reached Hepburn the full heat of the airless morning descended on them. At the railway station the platform was packed with a sweltering throng, and they took refuge in the waiting-room, where there was another throng, already dejected by the heat and the long waiting for retarded trains. Pale mothers were struggling with fretful babies, or trying to keep their older offspring from the fascination of the track; girls and their "fellows" were giggling and shoving, and passing about candy in sticky bags, and older men, collarless and perspiring, were shifting heavy children from one arm to the other, and keeping a haggard eye on the scattered members of their families.

At last the train rumbled in, and engulfed the waiting multitude. Harney swept Charity up on to the first car and they captured a bench for two, and sat in happy isolation while the train swayed and roared along through rich fields and languid tree-clumps. The haze of the morning had become a sort of clear tremor over everything, like the colorless vibration about a flame; and the opulent landscape seemed to droop under it. But to Charity the heat was a stimulant: it enveloped the whole world in the same glow that burned at her heart. Now and then a lurch of the train flung her against Harney, and through her thin muslin she felt the touch of his sleeve. She steadied herself, their eyes met, and the flaming breath of the day seemed to enclose them.

The train roared into the Nettleton station, the



Mr. Royall continued to glare at Charity. At length his twitching lips parted. "I said: you—!"

descending mob caught them on its tide, and they were swept out into a vague dusty square thronged with seedy "hacks" and long curtained omnibuses drawn by horses with tasseled fly-nets over their withers, who stood swinging their depressed heads drearily from side to side.

A mob of 'bus and hack drivers were shouting "To the Eagle House," "To the Washington House," "This way to the Lake," "Just starting for Greytop;" and through their yells came the popping of fire-crackers, the explosion of torpedoes, the banging of toy-guns, and the crash of a Firemen's band trying to play the Merry Widow while they were being packed into a wagonette streaming with bunting.

The ramshackle wooden hotels about the square were all hung with flags and paper lanterns, and as Harney and Charity turned into the main street, with its brick and granite business blocks crowding out the old low-storied shops, and its towering poles strung with innumerable wires that seemed to tremble and buzz in the heat, they saw the double line of flags and lanterns tapering away gaily to the park at the other end of the perspective. The noise and color of this holiday vision seemed to transform Nettleton into a metropolis. Charity could not believe that Springfield or even Boston had anything grander to show, and she wondered if, at this very moment, Annabel Balch, on the arm of as brilliant a young man, was threading her way through scenes as resplendent.

"WHERE shall we go first?" Harney asked; but as she turned her happy eyes on him he guessed the answer and said: "We'll take a look round, shall we?"

The street swarmed with their fellow-travelers, with other excursionists arriving from other directions, with Nettleton's own population, and with the mill-hands trooping in from the factories on the Creston. The shops were closed, but one would scarcely have noticed it, so numerous were the glass doors swinging open on saloons, on restaurants, on drug-stores gushing from every soda-water tap, on fruit and confectionery shops stacked with strawberry-cake, cocoanut drops, trays of glistening molasses candy, boxes of caramels and chewing-gum, baskets of sodden strawberries, and dangling branches of bananas. Outside of some of the doors were trestles with banked-up oranges and apples, spotted pears and dusty raspberries; and the air reeked with the smell of fruit and stale coffee, beer and sarsaparilla and fried potatoes.

Even the shops that were closed offered, through wide expanses of plate-glass, hints of hidden riches. In some, waves of silk and ribbon broke over shores of imitation moss from which ravishing hats rose like tropical orchids. In others, the pink throats of gramophones opened their giant convolutions in a soundless chorus; or bicycles shining in neat ranks seemed to await the signal of an invisible starter; or tiers of "fancy-goods" in leatherette and paste and celluloid dangled their insidious graces; and, in one vast bay that seemed to project them into exciting contact with the public, wax ladies in daring dresses chatted elegantly, or, with gestures intimate yet blameless, pointed to their pink corsets and transparent hosiery.

Presently Harney found that his watch had stopped, and turned in at a small jeweler's shop which chanced to be still open. While the watch was being examined Charity leaned over the glass counter where, on a background of dark blue velvet, pins, rings and brooches glittered the moon and stars. She had never seen jewelry so nearby, and she longed to lift the glass lid and plunge her hand among the shining treasures. But already Harney's watch was repaired, and he laid his hand on her arm and drew her from her dream.

"Which do you like best?" he asked leaning over the counter at her side.

"I don't know. . . ." She pointed to a gold lily-of-the-valley with white flowers.

"Don't you think the blue pin's better?" he suggested, and immediately she saw that the lily-of-the-valley was mere trumpery compared to the small round stone, blue as a mountain lake, with little sparks of light all round it. She colored at her want of discrimination. "It's so lovely I guess I was afraid to look at it," she said.

He laughed, and they went out of the shop; but a few steps away he exclaimed: "Oh, by Jove, I forgot something," and turned back and left her in the crowd. She stood staring down a row of pink gramophone throats till he rejoined her and slipped his arm through hers.

"You mustn't be afraid of looking at the blue pin any longer, because it belongs to you," he said; and she felt a little box being pressed into her hand. Her heart gave a leap of joy, but it reached her lips only in a shy stammer. She remembered other girls whom she had heard planning to extract presents from their "fellows," and was seized with a sudden dread lest Harney should have imagined that she had leaned over the pretty things in the glass case in the hope of having one given to her. . . .

A little farther down the street they turned in at a glass doorway opening on a shining hall with a mahogany staircase, and brass cages in its corners. "We must have something to eat," Harney said; and the next moment Charity found herself in a dressing-room all looking-glass and lustrous surfaces, where a party of showy-looking girls were dabbing on powder and straightening immense plumed hats. When they had gone she took courage to bathe her hot face in one of the marble basins, and to straighten her own hat-brim, which the parasols of the crowd had indented. The dresses in the shops had so impressed her that she scarcely dared look at her reflection; but when she did so, the glow of her face under her cherry-colored hat, and the curve of her young shoulders through the transparent muslin, restored her courage; and when she had taken the blue brooch from its box and pinned it on her bosom she walked toward the restaurant with her head high, as if she had always strolled through tessellated halls beside young men in flannels.

Her spirit sank a little at the sight of the slim-waisted waitresses in black, with bewitching mob-caps on their haughty heads, who were moving disdainfully between the tables. "Not f'r another hour," one of them dropped to Harney in passing; and he stood doubtfully glancing about him.

"Oh, well, we can't stay sweltering here," he decided; "let's try somewhere else —" and with a sense of relief Charity followed him from that scene of inhospitable splendor.

The "somewhere else" turned out — after more hot tramping, and several failures — to be, of all things, a little open-air place in a back street, that called itself a French restaurant, and consisted in two or three rickety tables under a scarlet-runner, between a patch of zinnias and petunias, and a big elm bending over from the next "yard." Here they lunched on queerly flavored things, while Harney, leaning back in a crippled rocking-chair, smoked cigarettes between the courses and poured into Charity's glass a pale yellow wine which he said was the very same one drank in just such jolly places in France.

Charity did not think the wine as good as sarsaparilla, but she sipped a mouthful for the pleasure of doing what he did, and of fancying herself alone with him in foreign countries. The illusion was increased by their being served by a deep-bosomed woman with smooth hair and a pleasant laugh, who talked to Harney in unintelligible words, and seemed amazed and overjoyed at his answering her in kind. At the other tables other people sat, mill-hands probably, homely but pleasant looking, who spoke the same shrill jargon, and looked at Harney and Charity with friendly eyes; and between the table-legs a poodle with bald patches and pink eyes nosed about for scraps, and sat up on his hind legs absurdly.

Harney showed no inclination to move, for hot as their corner was, it was at least shaded and quiet; and, from the main thoroughfares came the clanging of trolleys, the incessant popping of torpedoes, the jingle of street-organs, the bawling of megaphone men and the loud murmur of increasing crowds. He leaned back, smoking his cigar, patting the dog, and stirring the coffee that steamed in their chipped cups. "It's the real thing, you know," he explained; and Charity hastily revised her previous conception of the beverage.

They had made no plans for the rest of the day, and when Harney asked her what she wanted to do next she was too bewildered by rich possibilities to find an answer. Finally she confessed that she longed to go to the Lake, which she had not been taken to on her former visit, and when he answered: "Oh, there's time for that — it will be pleasanter later," she suggested seeing some pictures like the ones Mr. Miles had taken her to. She thought Harney looked a little disconcerted; but he passed his fine handkerchief over his warm brow, said gaily, "Come along, then," and rose with a last pat for the pink-eyed dog.

MR. MILES'S pictures had been shown in an austere Y. M. C. A. hall, with white walls and an organ; but Harney led Charity to a glittering place — everything she saw seemed to glitter — where they passed, between immense pictures of yellow-haired beauties stabbing villains in evening dress, into a velvet-curtained auditorium packed with spectators to the last limit of compression. After that, for a while, everything was merged in her brain in swimming circles of heat and blinding alternations of light and darkness. All the world has to show seemed to pass before her in a chaos of palms and minarets, charging cavalry regiments, roaring lions, comic policemen and scowling murderers; and the crowd around her, the hundreds of hot sallow candy-munching faces, young, old, middle-aged, but all kindled with the same contagious excitement, became part of the spectacle, and danced on the screen with the rest.

Presently the thought of the cool trolley-run to the Lake grew irresistible, and they struggled out of the theatre. As they stood on the pavement, Harney pale with the heat, and even Charity a little confused by it, a young man drove by in an electric runabout with a calico band bearing the words: "Ten dollars to take you round the Lake." Before Charity knew what was happening Harney had waved a hand, and they were climbing in. "Say, for twenty-five I'll run you out to see the ball-game and back," the driver proposed with an insinuating grin; but Charity said quickly: "Oh, I'd rather go rowing on the Lake." The street was so thronged that progress was slow; but the glory of sitting in the little carriage while it wriggled its way between laden omnibuses and trolleys made the moments seem too short. "Next turn is Lake Avenue," the young man called out over his shoulder; and as they paused in the wake of a big omnibus groaning with Knights of Pythias in cocked hats and swords Charity looked up and saw on the corner a brick house with a conspicuous black and gold sign across its front. "Dr. Merkle; Private Consultations at all hours. Lady Attendants," she read; and suddenly she remembered Ally Hawes's words: "The house was at the corner of Wing Street and Lake Avenue . . . there's a big black sign across the front. . . ." Through all the heat and the rapture a shiver of cold ran over her.

X

THE Lake at last — a sheet of shining metal brooded over by drooping trees. Charity and Harney had secured a boat, and, getting away from the wharves and the refreshment-booths, they drifted idly along, hugging the shadow of the shore. Where the sun struck the water its shafts flamed back blindingly at the heat-veiled sky; and the least shade was black by contrast. The Lake was so smooth that the reflection of the trees on its edge seemed enameled on a solid surface; but gradually, as the sun declined, the water grew transparent, and Charity, leaning over, plunged her fascinated gaze into depths so clear that she saw the inverted tree-tops interwoven with the green growths of the bottom.

They rounded a point at the farther end of the Lake, and entering an inlet pushed their bow against a protruding tree-trunk. A green veil of willows overhung them. Beyond the trees wheat-fields sparkled in the sun; and all along the horizon the clear hills throbbed with light. Charity leaned back in the stern, and Harney unshipped the oars and lay in the bottom of the boat without speaking.

Ever since their meeting at the Creston pool he had been subject to these brooding silences, which were as different as possible from the pauses when they ceased to speak because words were needless. At such times his face wore the expression she had seen on it when she had looked in at him from the darkness and again there came over her a sense of the mysterious distance between them; but usually his fits of abstraction were followed by bursts of gaiety that chased away the shadow before it chilled her.

She was still thinking of the ten dollars he had handed to the driver of the runabout. It had given them twenty minutes of pleasure, and it seemed unimaginable that anyone should be able to buy amusement at that rate. With ten dollars he might have bought her an engagement ring; she knew that Mrs. Tom Fry's, which came from Springfield, and had a diamond in it, had cost only eight-seventy-five. But she did not know why the thought had occurred to her. Harney would never buy her an engagement ring: they were friends and comrades but no more. He had been perfectly fair to her: he had never said a word to mislead her. She wondered what the girl was like whose hand was waiting for his ring. . . .

Boats were beginning to thicken on the Lake and the clang of incessantly arriving trolleys announced the return of the crowds from the ball-field. The shadows lengthened across the pearl-gray water and two white clouds near the sun were turning golden. On the opposite shore men were hammering hastily at a wooden scaffolding in a field. Charity asked what it was for.

"Why, the fireworks. I suppose there'll be a big show." Harney looked at her and a smile crept into his moody eyes. "Have you never seen any good fireworks?"

"Miss Hatchard always sends up lovely rockets on the Fourth," she answered doubtfully.

"Oh — " his contempt was unbounded. "I mean a big performance like this. And illuminated boats, and all the rest."

She flushed at the picture. "Do they send them up from the Lake too?"

"Rather. Didn't you notice that big raft we passed? It's wonderful to see the rockets completing their orbits down under one's feet." She said nothing, and he put the oars into the rowlocks. "If we stay we'd better go and pick up something to eat."

"But how can we get back [*Continued on page 64*]

Don't Growl—Kick!

by JAMES H. COLLINS

THIS will tell you how to complain gracefully — and effectively. A valuable talk on constructive criticism

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

IT was a nasty, dripping night. A dozen passengers were waiting for the New York surface car at that corner, and crowded on, presenting transfers. The conductor was waiting for them. His eyes shone with anticipation of fun. As each transfer was offered he waved it aside.

"Not good on this side of the street," he declared. "You'd ought-a got on over on the other crossing. Fare, please!"

Each passenger growled when he learned that his transfer was not good. Some of them tried to argue with the conductor; but the latter listened in sceptical amusement, like a man listening to an argument against gravity.

"Aw! It's a rule of the company," was his retort, and that seemed as final to him as the proposition that what goes up must come down.

In the end, though they all growled, they all paid another fare, and as the conductor took the money, triumphantly, it was clear that this rule of the company afforded him much diversion — he liked to watch its beautiful and infallible workings.

"A fine time you'll have then," he commented, "changin' a rule of the street-car company"

"I'll change that rule!" said one passenger, a man with his wife, as he handed over a dime. This struck the conductor as being about the funniest thing he had ever heard.

"A fine time you'll have, then," he commented, "changin' a rule of the street-car company!"

The humor of it impressed him every time his eye fell on this iconoclastic passenger.

"Changin' a rule of the company!" he chuckled, again and again.

A dozen blocks, and most of the growling passengers had forgotten. But the man with his wife had not. He put his rejected transfers carefully away, and jotted down the number of the car, the conductor's number and the time.

Next day he wrote to the Public Service Commission, asking why a mere difference in sides of a street made transfers worthless at that crossing. The facts were set down without anger, the transfers enclosed, and attention called to the comparative safety of the far crossing as a place to alight from one car and board another.

The Public Service Commission answered at once, saying it would investigate, and a couple of weeks later wrote that the street-car company had modified its rule, making transfers good on both sides of that street.

This was a constructive complaint.

Nobody knows how long people had been growling about that rule, yet doing nothing further. The Public Service Commission had never had a complaint before, and the street-car company was probably astonished to learn that its rule, made originally for some sound traffic reason, was not giving the public pleasure.

Talk with anybody in the management of a public service corporation, a railroad company, a city department, or any other institution that serves the public, and you will find that the average American will growl, but he seldom complains. When something is wrong in the complex routine of our daily life he will argue the matter with a ticket-seller, or a meter-reader, or a city employee. They have no authority to set things right. But he will not go to the trouble of sending an orderly complaint to officials, with names, dates, facts. Least of all does he suspect that he owes a duty to the community in such matters.

Sometimes he holds his anger long enough to write to the newspapers.

The average American uses the newspapers about as a malicious small boy uses his mother in getting even with his brothers. He tattles to them. If something goes wrong in the routine of life he tells the editor about it, relieving his feelings by vague scolding. His letter gives no names, dates or facts upon which anybody anxious to set matters right could act. He puts in a lot of purely gratuitous views about the rottenness of city government, and the trusts, and existence in general. To make the letter more intangible, he signs himself — Indignant Taxpayer! There is a vague notion in his mind that he has somehow brought the whole affair into the court of public opinion, and that public opinion will now take care of it. His letter is about like the Bushman's prayer to some evil god, to please make life very uncomfortable for some other Bushman — psychologically, the mechanism must be the same.

Corporation and public officials will all tell you that they find this vague, anonymous scolding one of the hardest problems in running a city department or a public service company. No matter how hard they work to get things right, and create good will, this vague ill feeling is at work under the surface, and is hard to bring to the top, in the form of definite complaints, upon which one can act.

How often one reads in the newspapers of a big city, where people live in flats and apartments, the scolding anonymous newspaper complaint about noisy neighbors. Usually there is the suggestion that stringent laws be passed to keep the man upstairs quiet. But no facts, no name or address, nothing to take hold of.

Like as not, there is a law already, and somebody ready to enforce it.

A tired editor could not get to sleep one night in his New York apartment because some fellow across the area was busy hammering at a late job of home carpentering. In desperation, he telephoned to the police. There was not much hope of getting relief. He did it as a last resort, and expected to be told that the fellow over the way had a constitutional right to hammer as much as he pleased in his own home. But to his astonishment, the police were interested. They asked for his name and address, and the location of the noise, and thanked him for calling it to their attention. Within twenty minutes a uniformed patrolman appeared and told the disturber he was violating a city ordinance. Next day, a policeman called on the editor, asked if the matter had been followed up to his satisfaction, thanked him again, said there was a law against all noise after a certain hour at night, and assured him the police were glad to have specific information to help enforce it.

It really pays to stop growling, and kick!

An intelligent complaint will often clear up difficulties for you, and also be a real service to the community.

In desperation he telephoned to the police

But you must know how to gather yourself for a kick, and how to land it in the right place.

First of all, of course, there must be something definite to kick about.

Your telephone or electric light bill suddenly seems unreasonable. Or you have five minutes to buy a parlor car ticket, and there are eighteen people ahead of you at a single window in the big terminal, when other windows might be opened, and you cannot get a seat. Or you pay a quarter to see a movie film, only to find, when you are inside, that there are no seats, and people are standing in the aisles.

Such happenings are matters of fact, so the shrewd thing to do is get the facts about them — the time, the place, the number of people who were standing, and so on. Just assume that you were going to be called into court, and have facts upon which you can testify.

Then, the next best step is — forget to grow angry! Most of the irritation over such happenings comes from your own assumption that it will not be much use to complain, that corporations are soulless and greedy, public officials corrupt and indifferent, that the system in general is wrong, and all against you, and that nobody will do anything about it anyway.

As affairs are run nowadays, this is a false assumption. Corporations really have souls, public officials actually try to serve, the system is much better than the average fellow knows, and constantly being improved under difficulties that he has never heard about, and somebody is probably waiting to attend to him in this very matter.

Just assume that Mr. Somebody is waiting, even though you send your complaint to the company. For, tomorrow you may receive a call from him, and find him a regular human being, and you would certainly be sorry if you had written a pert letter, reflecting on his ability or honesty.

A factory superintendent in Brooklyn got so angry over lighterage charges that he wrote a sizzling letter to the Interstate Commerce Commission, denouncing the railroads, the government, and life in general. As soon as it was mailed, he forgot it, having found an outlet for his anger. Imagine how he felt a week later when he received a reply, saying the matter had been investigated, and would be most carefully taken up.

"Your electric bill suddenly seems unreasonable"

Could he come in tomorrow and meet the president of a big railroad system, and talk it over?

When you are ready to write your letter, it is good policy, if nothing else, to be courteous — even a little smooth! Don't say that you feel sure the corporation is soulless — say that you believe the company is trying to give the public good service. Don't say you know beforehand no attention will be paid to your letter — say you realize that there are many chances every day for details to go wrong in a big business, and never noticed by the company officials, and that you believe they will be glad to hear of your experience, and have an opportunity to improve the service.

A letter like that will bring [*Continued on page 67*]

The Red Ride

Another of the Gripping Texas Ranger Yarns

by B. M. Bower and Buck Connor

"Can't we please see Fred? He's hurt, and we — we brought him some chicken broth"

BILL GILLIS swung off the evening train from the West just as it was slowing for its one-minute stop at Cobra; hitched himself into his clothes with that inimitable, squirming movement of the body common to those who wear their trousers without suspenders, and hurried across a vacant lot to the post-office.

"Anybody been after the mail?" he asked with his face framed in the small delivery window. "How's everything, Williams?"

The postmaster peered at Luck over his spectacles and pulled his chin-whiskers with one hand. "Come around inside," he said deliberately, "and I'll let yuh look through them congressional records for yourself. I ain't got time to go over 'em to find out about that bill." One eyelid went down in a wink before he left the window to slide back the bolt on the door through which Cobra citizens never passed.

When Bill was inside and the door locked behind him, Williams led the way to another door. Beyond that was a small, bare room with a cot bed in it, a chair or two and a table. Several discarded garments proclaimed this the private sleeping apartment of Al Williams, Postmaster.

"Number Four don't carry no mail," he said, "so I kin tell you what all has been happening. Charlie Horne and the Kid, they jest about cleaned out Dallam's ranch today — arrested the hull hay crew and winged Fred Dallam in the shoulder. They collected I dunno how many guns, that was headed across the line inside that baled hay Dallam's been havin' sech a good market fur over there. I reckon maybe you'll find the boys down at the jail; I heard say they was tryin' to sweat a little information outa the greezers. They'll tell yuh all about how they done the trick — I ain't got time, and I ain't sure I got it straight as to details anyhow.

"An' them men you wired to have arrested on the Ojito case, they was caught, all right — I guess you know that, though. I suspicioned 'em all along, from the letters that was goin' back and forth between them and Sim Carson. I knowed Sim was crooked." He opened the door and peered out to see whether anyone was waiting at the delivery window. "— Say, I got to go and sell five cents worth uh stamps," he grinned. "But I want to give ye a little mite of a hint, Mr. Gillis. You and the boys better sleep in the jail tonight — and you better see to it you got plenty ammunition right handy. I don't know as there's any jail-breakin' being planned — but if I was you I wouldn't take no chances till I got them fellers on the train and headed fur Del Rio. No, and I wouldn't let up then, by jiminy! I'd chain 'em to the car-seats and padlock 'em there, and I wouldn't take a long breath till I seen 'em locked in cells at Del Rio. I don't *know* nothin', but I kinda suspicion something; they're sure a snaky bunch around here — and I ought t' know; I've lived here goin' on ten years."

He went out, and presently Bill followed him. "All right — much obliged," he said as Williams let him out of the office.

"Found what yuh wanted, eh?" Williams gave him a whimsical glance over his spectacles and went to tearing off five two-cent stamps for a man at the window. For such was the town of Cobra that when two men talked together in private it was best to satisfy at once the curiosity of any chance observers as to what they had been talking about.

Bill went straight down to the jail, carrying his grip and his cased carbine with him, and presently he was listening to the tale his comrades had to tell of how they had by pure chance come upon the solution of the gun-running mystery that had interfered with their sleep for so long. In a little room opening off the jailer's office, Fred Dallam lifted his head from the pillow of his cot to curse the rangers through the open door.

"If I didn't have a shot-up shoulder I'd fix the three of you right now," he threatened. "And if you try to mix my old man into this, I'll get yuh if it takes the rest of my life. That's a lie — his running off his own cattle across the line and claiming they was stole just for a stall. The old man's straight — and I don't give a damn how you look at it — I'm straight, too. I bought them guns and paid for 'em; they was mine just as much as my shirt is mine. And I had a right to sell 'em where I could get the most money — and you, nor the State of Texas nor the United States of America, ain't got the right to butt in and tell me how and where I shall sell my property. This is a free country."

"You better handcuff that hombre to his bed," Bill advised the jailer dispassionately. "His good hand; here — I'll do it, and then I'll know it's done right."

"Aw, I wouldn't go and do that," the jailer protested weakly. "Fred's all right. Him and me has been pretty good friends, and he's got a bullet in his shoulder. He wouldn't go and try anything — would you, Fred? You wouldn't go and get me in wrong. I got to hold you here till you're square with the law, and you wouldn't ——"

"Of course he won't!" Bill Gillis straightened up and inspected the wrist which he had locked to the bed rail with steel handcuffs. He looked down into the blazing brown eyes of the wounded man and chuckled. "He's going to lie right there and go to sleep. He ain't helping to keep his fever down, cussin' around like that."

"You think you've got the world by the tail and a down-hill pull, don't yuh?" Fred sneered up at him. "Well, that's all right — far as it goes. But the game ain't played out yet, by a long shot! Laugh, you damn fool — you'll be layin' under a pile of doby bricks ten feet high by mornin' — you and them hell-hounds that turned this deal. And the fellow that shot me up'll holler for somebody to kill him and put him outa his misery. And as for that love-sick calf of a kid that ——"

Bill looked at him with calm speculation, and went out and shut the door. "Better have the doctor give him something to put him to sleep," he said to the jailer. "He's working himself up into a fever, and we

won't be able to ship him outa here in the morning if he don't keep quiet."

"He spilled something there, didn't he?" Charlie Horne suggested. "About you under a pile of doby bricks and me ——"

"He spilled what he hopes 'll happen. Say, I haven't had any supper yet. I'll go get some and come back; and you boys better stay right here. Burton, you can fix us up with blankets, can't you? We'll sleep in the corridor tonight."

"Well, I wish you would," Burton assured him relievedly. "I'll feel a whole lot better; them six greasers have all got friends in town, and them four hay-haulers, they've got friends, and Fred — why, he's got an awful lot of influence here."

"I noticed that a few minutes ago," Bill made dry comment, and went out. When he returned, an hour later, he carried a heavy, square package which he unwrapped immediately. Without any remarks whatever he placed eight boxes of rifle cartridges on the table which served as the jailer's desk, and from his pocket he drew three boxes of forty-fives. He caught the Kid's round eyes fixed upon him questioningly and smiled.

"You never can tell, Kid," he answered the look.

"D'you s'pose they'll try to mob the jail?" The Kid's voice was vibrant with a boy's eagerness for excitement. "I'd just like to see 'em try that once!"

"I wouldn't," Bill said shortly, and left Van to guess at his exact meaning.

In the weeks he had spent at Cobra, Bill Gillis had come to have a very comprehensive knowledge of who's-who in the place. Studying the people there had been a part of his business. He got the cell keys now from Burton and went, with Charlie and Van at his heels, to take a look at the six Mexicans whom Charlie had arrested at the hay-baler in Dallam's adobe corral. The four white men who had hauled the hay across the border were locked up separately, across the narrow corridor from where the Mexicans were huddled together.

Bill did not go into the cell after all. Through the grating of the door he could see them all, and he saw that they were strangers, every one of them. They eyed him blackly, with sidelong glances at one another. They did not curse, as Fred Dallam had done. They were silent with the silence of sullen hate.

Bill looked them over and turned away. "Them hombres came from across the river, and I'll bet on it," he said. "Fred was too foxy to use men that was acquainted over here — afraid they might drop a word, I guess."

He glanced in at the four white men and walked down to the end of the corridor, where a high, grated window showed how the first stars were beginning to wink down from the sky that was like luminous, purple velvet. He turned to the right where a narrow hallway extended to the corner, turned there and led back past the cell where the hay-haulers were imprisoned, and ended at a narrow door which opened into the room where Fred Dallam lay. He retraced his steps to the center corridor and followed another narrow passage which extended between the other cell and the outside wall, to a door opening into the office. He went through there and examined the front door and the barred windows, making sure of certain heights and angles. Afterwards he sprawled himself in an old wooden armchair and began to roll a cigarette.

"I kinda like the way this jail is planned," he observed lazily to Burton. "We could hold off quite a mob here. What's the roof made of? Anything that'll burn easy? I never noticed it much."

"Corrugated iron over a layer of doby," Burton informed him. "I planned this here place myself. We had a jail-break a few years ago here, and the darned jail was just about tore up by the roots. So I and the sheriff, we planned out this one. Uh course, if enough men got to hammerin' away at 'er, I suppose maybe they could shake 'er up some. But she's as solid as we could make 'er for the money, I guess ——"

A nervous knocking at the door brought them all to tense listening. Burton looked at Bill inquiringly — a little anxiously, too. Bill waited until the knocking was repeated.

"Go ahead and open it — not too far till you see who's there," he ordered. And he himself rose and stood behind Burton with his six-shooter in his hand. Also — though Bill scowled at them — Charlie and the Kid came and stood shoulder to shoulder with Bill, ready to back him in whatever crisis might arise.

So, Burton, with a glance over his shoulder at the three, unlocked the door and pulled it cautiously open, his body poised ready to throw all his weight against it if the knocking proved a ruse.

"Oh, Mr. Burton, can't we please see Fred — Mr. Dallam?"

VAN turned a round-eyed glance upon Charlie Horne and backed into the shadow. For this was the voice of Margy Wheeler, for whom the Kid had a foolish fondness; Margy Wheeler who had tried her attractive best to lure the Kid away from the trail of the gun-runners. He did not want to see Margy Wheeler, or hear her voice — and he did not want, either, to pay her the compliment of running away.

Burton looked questioningly at Bill Gillis, and Bill nodded consent. "Who's with her?" he asked without moving from his position.

"Just Auntie Dallam — Fred's mother," the voice of Margy made hasty reply. "We want to see Fred — he's hurt, and we — we brought him some chicken broth and ——"

"Let them in," said Bill quietly. But he kept his place, Charlie and Van beside him, until the door closed again and was bolted top and bottom.

"I guess, Bill, it wouldn't do any hurt to search Margy Wheeler!" The Kid leaned close, so that the women, hurrying into the room where Fred lay, could not hear him. "She's awful tricky — she tried her darndest to git me off to Mineral Spring today with her, so I wouldn't git onto what Fred was doing. Charlie heard Fred Dallam tell her to keep me away from the ranch — and she sure tried! You just oughta heard the way she lied! I wouldn't put it past her to try some darned trick — give Fred a gun, or something like that. You want to watch out."

Bill, who had done very little except watch out since he left the train, smiled indulgently. "Fred can't move his right hand on account of that broken shoulder," he said. "And his left is shackled to the bed; so I don't know what good a gun would do him — do you?"

"Well, I wouldn't trust that girl outa my sight!" The Kid grumbled; and with the wisdom of nineteen years, and the bitterness of a recent blow to his vanity, he added: "I wouldn't trust any woman!"

In the other room Fred's mother, having discovered the handcuffs on his wrist, was wailing and calling Fred her baby boy, and begging him to try the broth which she had brought hot from the stove of a friend in the town. Her voice, age-sharpened and heavy with tears, weighed heavily upon the spirits of the men in the office. In a minute Margy Wheeler came out to them, her eyelids red and her mouth trembling.

"I think this is perfectly awful!" she began sharply. "I should think you'd be ashamed to put handcuffs on a man that's been shot. If you had any humanity you'd let us move Fred to the hotel or some place where he can be taken care of. What h-harm can he do?" She began to cry and to search her pockets for a handkerchief. "H-he didn't do anything so awful — you t-treat him as if he was a murderer! All he *d-did* was buy guns and then sell them again. People buy c-cattle and sell them — and it's all right. But if they buy g-guns and sell them you t-treat them as if they had done some awful c-crime. You shot Fred without giving him any ch-chance to explain — and now you've got him f-fastened to his bed so he c-can't eat his *s-soup!*"

The Kid gave a strangled whoop, clapped both hands over his mouth and who-who-whoed a big, boyish laugh that resounded throughout the jail. Margy's voice had cracked on the word soup — and it doesn't take much to tickle a boy.

Margy stopped crying and turned on him fiercely. "You think you're smart, Van Dillon — but I don't." She switched her skirts angrily and returned to where Mrs. Dallam was feeding Fred his broth and comforting him with mother-sympathy between mouthfuls. Margy slammed the door shut, and there was not a man in the office who felt any impulse to open it. They were safe enough, since the only door in the building that led to the outside was the door opening from the office. The murmur of indignant feminine voices came intermittently through the board partition and formed the only sound in the place, except the alarm clock that ticked indefatigably upon the jailer's table.

Bill drew his carbine across his knees and removed the case. The magazine was loaded full, as he made sure by pressing down the spring. He worked the lever tentatively, found it in good condition and laid the gun upon the table.

The evening was growing late, and the Kid began to yawn prodigiously. The day had been a full one — full of nervous tension as well as physical activities. Burton gave him blankets and the Kid immediately settled himself as comfortably as he could on the floor, with his rifle ready to his hand and his troubles speedily forgotten in sleep.

The two women presently left, and Bill and Charlie Horne followed the example set by Van — Charlie making his bed under the window at the far end of the corridor where he could hear any disturbance

As they plunged up the bank into Mexico, they saw four riders burst from the willow fringe

that might come from that quarter. Bill preferred to camp in the office with Burton and the Kid. So with every precaution taken against any attempt to rescue the prisoners, they settled themselves to sleep.

It seemed to Bill that he had no more than lost himself in slumber when a heavy object thudded against the jail door with such force that the timbers creaked. Before the second blow fell he had sent a rifle bullet splitting through the heavy panel in the middle. And before the yell that greeted the shot had subsided, the Kid had jumped up and fired another. Charlie came rushing down the corridor, conferred briefly with Bill and went scuttling back to watch the window which, though barred, might be invaded if the rescuers had the wit and the opportunity to attack it with a blow-torch.

At the door the battering went on, punctuated by shots. Bill, finding that the bullets from the outside ranged low, set a chair on the table, climbed up and stood upon the chair and tried to guess at the position of the men and the timber they were using for a ram. He must have guessed right once in a while, for there were lulls in the battering, and voices raised in a confusion of speech and in curses. And to help the clamor along, Fred Dallam, literally bed-fast, shouted encouragement to those outside, and maledictions upon his enemies within. And in the cells the Mexicans screamed advice and shrieked threats.

Those who fought said nothing, except now and then when Bill yelled to the Kid to be careful about exposing himself. Charlie Horne, at the far end of the corridor, considered himself lucky when he was sure he had shot the man who appeared foolhardily with hammer and cold chisel at the barred window. With the two-feet-thick adobe wall to shield him, he busied himself by listening for sounds that would betray the position of the besiegers, and then crooking his elbow and firing his six-shooter in that direction.

None of them wasted a shot if he could help it. It is unthinking excitement that shoots at random for the mere comfort of setting bullets flying. Those at the door were under a cool, constant fire from Bill's rifle. . . . And there was so much noise within and without that they could not locate him by the report of his gun. Bullets ranging downward do not give much information as to their exact source; therefore, while the table beneath him was splintered here and there with bullets, and although one, flying higher, clipped through between Bill's feet, he stood unhurt and unconcerned and emptied his magazine three times before the door was finally abandoned.

"I guess they're kinda discouraged, Bill," the Kid cried gleefully when the clamor without receded from the jail, and the clamor within stilled to listen and wonder. "But say, Bill, there's fires all over town! I can see some of 'em from the window here."

"Don't go peeking out the window, Kid. You don't know how many are watching for just such a move. And you needn't think they've given it up — they're just changing their plans a little."

"By gosh, it's time they changed their plans!" the Kid retorted, still jubilant.

"Say, Bill, a lot of the town's on fire. What do you reckon that means? And there's more shooting and yelling going on up around the post-office block than there had been down here. What do you make of it?"

Bill went down the corridor to the window, stood on his toes and peered out — a thing he would never have let Van Dillon do. He could see, farther up in the town, high wavering towers of flame where dry board shacks were burning with brief fury. Shouts, shots — the high-keyed shrieking of women — all mingled together in an uproar one would not think possible to that little, sleepy, squalid town. Bill looked and listened, and settled back on his heels.

"There's only one thing it can mean," he said. "It's a general raid on the town — and it came from across the line, if you want my opinion. You must have let one get away to carry the news over about the arrest and the holding up of the guns, Charlie. I can't figure it any other way. And once they got here they couldn't resist looting the town."

"They didn't any greaser get away from *me*, Bill — not unless one was stached somewhere else on the ranch. I got all the baling crew — I'll swear to that. And there was only four men hauling to the line, and them four the Kid got. But that ain't saying these hombres ain't got a friend or two in town that could take the news over the line." [*Continued on page 77*]

"Grow Old Along with Me"

The Old People's Prize Letters, with an Introduction

by CLEVELAND MOFFETT

IT takes a good deal to stir my emotions to the point of tears, but the thing happened one Sunday morning recently as I read some of the letters that have been received by McCLURE'S in the old people's prize-letter competition.

Greetings and congratulations to the octogenarians, the nonogenarians, the centenarians, scores of staunch American men and women who have written to tell us what they think of life and what they have been able to do with it after eighty years or more and whose letters have come as an inspiration in courage, tenderness, touching faith!

Good wishes!

Loving wishes!

"I am 104 years of age," writes a Virginia lady, a prize winner (Mrs. Martha A. Harper) "always ready, willing, and in many cases able to be of help to those with whom I come in contact."

The lesson of love! The value of service to the person who renders it! The practical longevity importance of doing things for others! That is the unanimous teaching of these letters.

About two hundred and fifty letters were received from men and women ranging from 80 to 105 (there were more letters from women than from men) and of these aged people all but one were married, and this one, a woman, regretted more than anything else that she had never come within marriageable distance of any man whom she could love. Nearly all of these men and women have brought up large families, and their letters contained many expressions of loyalty and affection for the life partner.

More letters were received from California and the West than from other parts of the country, which may either indicate that our mild Western climates are favorable to long life or else that the sturdy pioneer stock that settled the West has not yet been subjected to the deteriorating influences of life in large cities.

The thing most commonly regretted by these old people is a lack of education commensurate with ambition, yet their letters are remarkably well written, interesting, and, in many cases, full of wisdom. There is health in all of them. Moreover, only remarkable intelligence and power of will would enable any of us to do some of the things these octogenarians have done. One man of eighty-eight, in spite of complete paralysis of the right side, puts in regular hours daily as a professional genealogist. Another of eighty-six, having lost his position, arranged to open an opera-house as a moving-picture theatre one night a week. He ran it for about three months at a loss of eleven dollars a night, but finally managed to put the enterprise on a paying basis.

A Unitarian minister seems to have gained in powers of coördination of mind and body as he has grown older. He says that his handwriting is twice as firm and legible as it was forty years ago,-and that, whereas he then wrote painfully and with constant revision, he now writes with ease and with little premeditation.

Many of the writers mention the reading of good books as their chief pleasure and inspiration, and it is interesting to note that not a few speak of finding their second sight. An analysis of their statements show that the exercise of the higher powers of the mind in labor and for pleasure is profitable not merely to the mental but to the physical life as well.

Most of the contestants have been blessed with excellent health all their lives, and some say that they have never been ill. But a San Diego gentleman, aged ninety-eight, who keeps up the custom of going for a swim every New Year's Day, "with about a hundred and fifty other boys," was told by doctors years ago that he had tuberculosis and could live but a few months.

Photographs accompanying the letters show a good-looking body of men and women who have lived clean, wholesome, simple, temperate lives. Almost all have been great workers and have loved the discipline of physical activity. An inspector, eighty-six years old, living in Des Moines, Iowa, says that he rises at five o'clock every morning and is on the streets until five in the afternoon. He is on his feet most of the time and after supper he has to make out his report. His salary check averages $150 a month.

Both men and women speak with affectionate enthusiasm of their gardens, of the work of planting tulips, fruit-trees or potatoes, of making paths and cutting lawns. A gentleman in West Seattle, Washington, celebrated his one hundred and first birthday recently by cutting his lawn and trimming the garden grounds around his home. The day before, while he was still only a hundred years young, he took a dancing lesson and tangoed with a partner in the nineties!

An aged dweller in the Northwest relates a personal experience that will interest many as showing that the faith-inspired soul has powers to call back a loved one from the very portals of death. Thirteen years ago, his wife was taken violently ill in Chicago. Three of the best physicians in the city were summoned and worked over the loved one for fourteen hours.

"They drove me from the room and that day I learned the meaning of the word agony. As night fell one of the physicians came to me and said, 'You may see her now.' All that I valued in the world was

Mrs. E. A. Stacy,
Eighty-four years young
Winner of the Second Prize

The Rev. Burdette W. Hamilton, D.D.,
Eighty-three years young
Winner of the First Prize

Mrs. Martha A. Harper,
One Hundred and Four Years Young!
Winner of the Third Prize

slipping from me. I knelt by her bed and watched life ebb away. Suddenly the white wave of death flashed across her face, her jaw dropped and her whole body relaxed. A physician took hold of the sheet to draw it over her face. I think I went wild then. I threw the clothes back, took her in my arms and kissed her, and from the depths of my soul said to her, 'Sunshine, you must come back to me. I cannot live without you.' Then her voice came to me as from a great distance, but clearly: 'I love you, dear.' That was all, but those physicians very unceremoniously pulled me away and began working over her. It was hours before they got the least sign of life, except a pulsation of the heart barely perceptible with a stethoscope, and days before she spoke another word. But she lived, and yesterday we celebrated the anniversary of her recovery after having passed through the Ultimate Gate as surely as I write these words to you, which I would not except that I want to prove to you the power of love to prolong life. This experience has convinced me of the immortality of the soul as nothing else could have done."

A strong sense of pride in children and grandchildren is made evident in these letters, and the love of children, which is a sign of racial strength, seems to have existed even in those who had no children of their own. Thus a lady of ninety-two, writing from Virginia, says, "Never having been blessed with children of my own, I have reared eight motherless little ones." A gentleman, also from Virginia, says that he has adopted a little girl eight years old who came to his garden every morning with a bouquet of flowers. "To my surprise," he writes, "Mary became the greatest achievement I have known in all my years. We work together, play together, and cook together. Indeed, I have made myself happy by making Mary happy, and my only regret in life is that I lived so many years without making someone happy."

J. Y. Powell, who at eighty-three is still a surveyor and civil engineer
Winner of the Tenth Prize

Altruism has been a strong force in the lives of these men and women. With all that they have done for themselves, they have also enjoyed doing for others. The acquisition of money seems to have been a matter of secondary importance with them all, though a number are well-to-do. One of the things most frequently mentioned as a great asset in life is a strong, abiding religious faith and such associations as are made possible through the church.

To sum up, the things from which these old people have derived most benefit seem to be natural health, labor of mind and body, domestic affections, moderation in food, simple pleasures like books, gardening, pleasant friendships and religion. Their letters make inspiring reading.

Donald MacL. MacPherson, Eighty-three, with his youngest granddaughter, aged one
Winner of the Seventh Prize

The First Prize Letter

The Rev. Burdette W. Hamilton, D.D., Syracuse, N. Y.

The three years that I have passed since becoming an octogenarian have not been devoid of something in the line of achievement. To have kept heart and conscience free, by Divine aid, with Faith and Hope ever triumphant in the soul; to have been able to supplement fifty years of active life and work in the Christian ministry by renewed activity, is a source of personal thanksgiving. As my pastor's assistant, when he needed help; as "pulpit supply" occasionally here and there; as a comforter of the sick, sorrowing and bereaved, I feel that my life is not now being "lived in vain." Also I am able to do some literary work, principally in connection with our Denominational papers. It is still a great pleasure to officiate at ceremonies where two fond hearts are made one, with the hope that such unions may last "till death do us part." At such times I do not forget that, as one writer says, "the lasting union of two loving hearts is like a diamond dropped from the crown of God." To be "a helper to the helpless;" to try to keep hearts from aching, and this not without good results, are achievements, which I try to make of benefit to the sorrowing. Thus, I find no need to say: "My days are in the sere and yellow leaf."

Samuel T. Jones, eighty-seven, winner of the Fourth Prize. He and his wife are in the center; their sons and one daughter-in-law are standing. Their two girls and one granddaughter are in the lower row. The little girl is their baby's baby

As to what I have most enjoyed in life, the answer is somewhat difficult to frame. First of all, the joys and comforts of a good home where, with the constant help of a precious wife, the product of the Vermont hills overlooking the ever beautiful Connecticut Valley, fifty-seven years have rapidly sped away, has been a source of continual delight. Then, in connection with the home, there have been God's good gift of a daughter, and a son, both of whom esteem it a joy to do and speak innumerable good things for their parents. Thus, we have never had to exclaim "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." Additional joy has been felt, because for so many years I have had precious and continuous help from my relations with the Christian Church. The fellowship and communion, the blissful experiences of church associations, have been more than father and mother to me.

Nor would I forget the high and helpful privilege of living fourscore and more years in a period of most wonderful world-history. And yet, more and more, the wonders crowd upon us, and world-history is yet "in the making." Fervently do I desire, most earnestly do I pray that "the good time coming" of the poet's promise, is at hand when "the war drum's throbbing may no more be heard" in the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World. Finally: the hosts of sincere and devoted friends, gathered to my side along the years, have been an added source of my enjoyment. They have never forsaken, they have never disheartened or discouraged me. All these gifts of God have been a means of years and decades of enjoyment, and it is difficult to choose among them, those of greatest joy.

As to the things I regret in life, one is the fact that my earlier years were passed away without things necessary in the formation of character. There were disadvantages and privations such as many times caused me sorrow. Help came later, and I was quite well started in the upward way. The one great source of regret is, that with increasing opportunities, I have not been able to do better and more helpful things for Humanity's good. What has helped me most, aside from home, wife, children and friends, has been my Heavenly Father's love, protection, and long forbearance; the benefits of Church fellowship; and the confidence of friends who loved me, bore with my weaknesses, heartened and cheered me on. My daily desire and prayer from now on, may be well voiced in Miss Rossetti's lines:

"Use me, my God, in Thy great harvest field,
Which stretches far and wide, like a wide sea.
The gatherers are so few. I fear the precious field
Will suffer loss. O! find a place for me —
A place where best the strength I have will tell;
It may be one the other toilers shun:
Be it a wide or narrow place 'tis well,
So that the work it holds, be only done."

Mrs. Margaret Gibson Sisson, who is eighty-nine
Winner of the Eighth Prize
Her husband, Daniel Sisson, is with her: The picture was taken five years ago

The Second Prize Letter

Mrs. E. A. Stacy, Portland, Oregon

Eighty-four years old, and still young enough to wash, iron, and do the housework necessary for two people living in a five-room bungalow, to say nothing of having planted and cared for a garden that covers the space of a lot. This is my experience, and I have better health than my two daughters-in-law, thirty years younger than myself, and more endurance and vitality than my daughter, less than half as old as myself.

William Lake, who is over ninety
Winner of the Sixth Prize

Since my eightieth birthday, I have continued literary work which I have been interested in all my life. My literary work consists of writing about things in which I am interested, such as household articles, the work of Women's Clubs, Temperance, etc. I love books, and devote much of my spare time to reading. My hearing is good, my mind active, my eyesight fine, and I never yet have been ill in bed a day in my life.

Reading and writing, and the cultivation of flowers and fruit have been my greatest pleasures. I have raised a family of six children and have always found it necessary to do my own work, but indoor work has always been more or less irksome. I am happiest while digging in my garden outdoors. Had I been a man, I should have chosen a combination of gardener's and literateur's life, and should probably have lived on a ranch of some kind, and devoted much of my time to writing books. That seems to me an ideal existence.

I have no great regrets. If I could live my life over, I should try to love a little more, spend more time with essentials, see more, be more, broaden out more, and be more helpful.

[*Continued on page 55*]

Big Things

by

Fannie Heaslip Lea

Illustrations by Fanny Munsell

Above her late breakfast, Anita read the letter, and read it again

Fanny Munsell

THE first letter came inconspicuously, between a bill and an advertising circular, like Cinderella walking between proud sisters.

Funny, how many of the red letters in life come just that way! You pick up your mail in the morning, run a casual thumb over the envelopes, and from "Return in five days —— " and an obviously commercial misspelling of your name, leaps out at you the wedding-card of the Only Man — fresh tragedy, black-bordered — or the crisp flat thinness of what can only be a check.

Anita Kelly no longer looked for checks; she feared nobody's wedding-card; and the letter had no black border, which practically eliminated love, money and death as immediate possibilities.

Above her late breakfast — she had danced until two, the night before — Anita read the letter, and read it again while the chill wore off her grapefruit and her coffee ceased to steam.

When she had thoroughly assured herself of the written words before her, she put the letter down on the sheet — she was breakfasting in bed—and looked across the room into a mirror. She saw an uncommonly pretty girl in a lace cap and a lacy nightgown who might have been a real woman and might have been a model just out of a lingerie sale. There were shadows under the girl's eyes. Her feet were tired and she looked it.

The window blinds had been carefully turned to keep out the sun and the room was in consequence full of a twilight coolness. There were prints on the walls — Andrea del Sarto's portrait of himself, The Roaring Forties, and above a desk in one corner, an impressionistic sketch of New York harbor. A pink chiffon gown lay in a heap on a chair. On the dresser and on the mantel-shelf were photographs of men, framed and unframed, of average varieties of pulchritude. It was the room of a delicate man-hunter, and the letter on the bed lay oddly out of place in it.

When she had stared and frowned and eventually glowered at herself in the mirror, Anita read the letter again.

"My dear Miss Kelly"—this was the letter. It bore at the top of the sheet the address of a studio on Sixth Avenue, and had been forwarded from a magazine office in New York.

"My Dear Miss Kelly: I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in writing you. I have been so fortunate as to be given the illustrating of your story, 'Blue Roses,' and after two months of close association with *Rosie* and *Jim* I want to tell you just how much I have enjoyed them. If when the story is published you are not wholly satisfied I hope you will make allowances for any roughness and amateurishness, as this happens to be my very first commission. I was given the manuscript in July and fell in love with the story on sight. I am hoping fervently that you are going to like the drawings. Probably because it is my *first*. I have given it my very best — I lived it, ate — slept it — and I hope I've pleased not only the publishers but its writer. I hope it has enabled me to make a real beginning. I know little about the literary end, but as for *Art*, its disappointments and defeats, I could write volumes! Of course, like every other youngster, I hope — and intend — to do Big Things! — but no matter how the luck breaks I will always look back with a great deal of pleasure to my first story. I hold you indirectly responsible for my start. I am going to go on hoping that some day I may meet the writer."

His signature followed — "Very sincerely yours — L. Tarleton."

Anita slipped the letter inside the blouse of her frock when she dressed, which was something like an hour later.

That night she answered it.

She wrote with a warm current of friendliness for the unknown holder of that first commission, and Anita's friendliness could be a thing of white magic when she chose. She said she knew she should like the pictures and she wished him all the luck in the world. Because her twenty-fifth birthday was just behind her and youth still whistled down the wind, she spilled over in a postscript.

"Your letter made me think of a tree that stands outside my window. Just for one minute, at sunrise every morning, that tree turns pure gold, every leaf, and a bird comes and swings in the top of it."

Then because truth seemed the only decent response to that bugle-call of a letter L. Tarleton had written her, she added still another postscript:

"I can see you think I am a successful writer. I'm not. I've sold only two stories in my whole life. 'Blue Roses' was the second, and that was a year ago."

Anita posted those postscripts and went about her business which happened to be, that week, a tea, two bridge-parties, and the usual dancing. Probably she thought of L. Tarleton from time to time. He had rung a bell in her consciousness somewhere, without a doubt. Probably she thought of her story, too, and felt a faint stirring of new ideas, but one man proposed that week and another went over to her dearest friend, and life is too full for trifling. Anita of all people in the world was most surprised when L. Tarleton's second epistle came duly to hand.

"Unless you tell me not to," he wrote — this was about two weeks after that letter read in bed, "I am coming to see you. You can stop me by wiring to my studio — I'll wait until Friday for a wire — otherwise I shall take it for granted that you don't mind and I will be in Alexandria, Sunday night. Don't think I'm cheeky. I seem to be getting a start with the magazines, and I owe it to 'Blue Roses.' That gives me at least the right to ask to meet you — doesn't it? Just wire if you'd rather not see me."

Anita did not wire. What woman would? She merely supposed with a pleasurable thrill that L. Tarleton had fallen a victim and made preparation for lashing him to her chariot-wheels. She rushed the local dressmaker on a gown which was to bear an emotional likeness to something in *Vanity Fair* and asked another girl and a nice young man in for supper, Sunday night. Then she played with her Chopin, managed a new shade for the piano-lamp and sat down beside the nets of the fowler to wait; which does not sound like the dear Miss Kelly of L. Tarleton's first letter but is truth, nevertheless.

L. Tarleton came as he had said he would, on Sunday. At five in the afternoon he telephoned to Anita from the Royal Alexandria Hotel, and at seven o'clock he arrived at the Kelly mansion which he found to be a very creditable red-brick edifice with an old-fashioned porch and a clematis vine at the steps.

Anita allowed him to wait a matter of five minutes before descending in her gray satin gown with its artful white organdie collar. Her eyes were large and dark, her hair was soft as an October dusk, her cheeks were rosed with excitement and her lips were delicately rosed with something less ephemeral — all of this the gray satin gown exploited.

"I am Anita Kelly," she told him in her soft throaty voice, "and I am very glad to see you, Mr. Tarleton."

It occurred to her even then, in that first vivid moment while her sensory nerves were tingling with the utterly clean, likable youth of him, that L. Tarleton was startled.

He ran a hand over the back of his head which was brown and smooth with much brushing, and looked at Anita out of a pair of strikingly honest eyes. Beyond their honesty his eyes were unusual for a sort of goldness — little gold flecks seemed to swim in the iris. It may have been only the reflection of the light from the new piano-lamp.

"I wanted very much to know you," said L. Tarleton conservatively.

Now once in a while you give a party, the unbelievable devastating failure of which stays in your mind like a scar on the flesh, forever. That is the sort of party Anita gave that night. The extra girl came in for supper, so did the nice young man. The supper itself was unexceptionable. There were beaten biscuit and baked ham, for which Anita's mother was justly famous, and a salad of iced asparagus that would not have disgraced Bride's Cook Book.

Chopin, in the living-room after supper, was prettily, even sympathetically played with, but Chopin seemed, if anything, to add to the general depression. The extra girl talked, the nice young man talked, L. Tarleton talked, a very little, with occasional curious glances at Anita — and Anita talked. But for brilliance or even spontaneity they might as well have been a cage full of chattering monkeys.

"What on earth's the matter?" the extra girl whispered in Anita's ear just before she left.

Anita did not tell her. Maybe, Anita did not know.

L. Tarleton stayed a few moments after the others had gone and asked for an hour or so next morning.

"I really want a chance to talk to you," he said, fingering his hat. "It's what I came down for. Isn't there a walk somewhere around? — out of town — into the country or something."

"I might take you up Indian Hill," said Anita. She was nervous and a little tired after the inexplicable stupidity of her evening.

He set a time.

"Isn't that a little early?" asked Anita, doubtfully.

"I was thinking it was a little late," said L. Tarleton, smiling. His eyes were more golden than ever when he smiled. He left her with a strained sense of incompleteness. Anita had a strong desire to call him back without knowing what it was she wanted to say to him.

Before she went to sleep that night she read again a carbon copy of "Blue Roses," retrieved from a litter of manuscript in the drawer of her desk. The story thrilled her a little, even so. She saw odd places where something seemed not quite as it should be — crudities — little inadequacies of phrase. She reached for a pencil, then yawned and sighed, put out the light and got into bed.

Rosie and *Jim* lay all night on the desk. Toward

"Of course it was I," said Anita. "What in the world do you mean?"

daylight a breeze arose and fluttered them to the four corners of the room.

It was twenty minutes after ten and a gorgeous October morning when Anita and L. Tarleton came to the top of Indian Hill and sat down at the foot of an ancient oak. Indian Hill is not really a hill at all, but a mound from which you look off across a gentle slope of pasture to a stretch of woodland and the gleaming blue of a little lake. There was a haze on the wood that morning and the blue of the lake was misted with silver — like a pretty woman behind a wisp of tulle. Crows were calling in the distance. All the lovers of Alexandria walk at one time or another to Indian Hill and sit beneath that oak. There is almost a fragrance, of perishable vows, about the place. L. Tarleton, however, offered no vows.

"Are you comfortable?" he inquired when Anita sat down, recklessly sacrificing her frock to the artistic exigencies of the occasion.

Anita said she was. She took off her hat and held it in her lap, having first decided that there was not wind enough to spoil her hair.

L. Tarleton took off his own hat and dropped it on the ground beside him. He ran a hand over the back of his head. Anita perceived that this was his habit when in doubt.

"I'm all at sea," he said at length desperately.

"Why?" asked Anita, wide-eyed. Her eyes were rather lovely.

"Will you let me ask you a question — or two?"

"Why not?"

"I don't want to seem impertinent."

"Go on," said Anita, folding her hands in her lap.

"I want to know," said L. Tarleton sitting with his elbows on his knees, his hands linked before him, "if it was really you who wrote 'Blue Roses'?"

"Of course it was I," said Anita. She added with a little flush of anger, "what in the world do you mean?"

"And you sold it a year ago?"

She nodded a trifle haughtily. "You know how they hold things sometimes."

"You've never sold but two stories?"

"'Blue Roses' to *MacClean's*," said Anita, "and one called 'The Hungry Generations' to *Brown's*."

"For God's sake, why did you stop?" asked L. Tarleton.

It was exactly as if he had flung out a flag in the quiet October air. Slow crimson burned Anita's cheeks. She turned away from the look in L. Tarleton's eyes.

"I beg your pardon," she corrected coldly.

"So you should," said L. Tarleton. "You've made a fool of me. You should beg my pardon. But first you should beg your own, for having done yourself a most hideous injustice."

Anita lifted her hat half-way to her hair and laid it down again. She was trembling with anger and offended dignity but she was also bitten with curiosity.

"*I*," she suggested, with a beautiful air of detachment, "have made a fool, of *you*?"

"You want to hear that, do you!" said L. Tarleton, his eyes fixed on the shimmering silver of the lake. He did not look at Anita, which rather amazed her.

"Of course you've made a fool of me. I thought you were one of us. I admired you. I — I looked up to you — for 'Blue Roses.' I thought you were after the Big Things, too." He made a gesture of decision. "I've come all this way to see you — I might as well say it."

"Suppose," said Anita carefully, "suppose I don't care to listen?" But she knew while she said it that she would.

"Oh, yes, you'll listen," said L. Tarleton with a trace of bitterness. "I'm that unknown quantity, Man, always the spice of the human equation. You'll listen."

"You're abominably rude," said Anita. She really handled herself very well.

"I'd like to be one of those chaps with a club and a bearskin just for about five minutes," he told her, "so that I could take you by your lovely hair — that's how rude I'd like to be."

Anita thought him queer and a little mad. She said disdainfully:

"About my making a fool of you, please — go on."

"All right," said L. Tarleton. "Here it is. When *MacClean's* gave me your story to illustrate, I fell in love with it at first sight — as I wrote you."

Anita insensibly relaxed.

"Don't smirk," said L. Tarleton grimly, "I said with 'Blue Roses.'"

She turned her face away from him with a furious little movement of her head and he went on:

"I absolutely lived with the people in your story. It was my first commission and I put the very best I had to give into it — night and day — for two months. I used to try to imagine you, Anita Kelly, and I tried to get inside your mind through the story, d'you see? — to get at your *Rosie* and *Jim*. It was more than getting a start to me, it was *creation*. Your *Rosie* and *Jim* were pretty real in the story; but my pictures were going to visualize them for hundreds of people, and I wanted to get them *right*, so even *you'd* be satisfied. Well, I finished them. They looked good to the publishers — they looked fairly good to me, and out of the unspeakable fool innocence of my soul I wrote you a letter. Do you think you could beat that letter for simplicity?" He would not even let her answer him. "I thought of course you were successful. 'Blue Roses' is so *smashing* good — it's such a human love-story, it never occurred to me you hadn't done more like it. So I wrote you pretty humbly, didn't I now? Almost asked for your approval of the pictures, and said I'd owe my start to you."

One Night in May

by

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

FROM land to land, from coast to bloody coast,
Our planet trembles with loud sounds of strife.
The seas are ravaged by a warring host.
The air is filled with menaces to life.
Men talk of nothing but the news of war;
And with the coming of each crimson dawn
Come new calamities and horrors, for
Events are shaped by what minds feed upon.

As in a nightmare we unheeding hear
That which awake would fill us with affright.
The woes of earth fall dully on mine ear,
Nor am I moved by its appalling plight.
For all these things seem trivial beside
This monstrous fact *one night in May you died.*

"You owe me nothing at all," said Anita icily.

"I owe you the prettiest dead illusion of my life. If you don't mind I'll tell you the rest of it — "

"Go on," said Anita.

"Then your letter came in answer. I carried it around in my pocket for days. Your golden tree — will you tell me," said L. Tarleton, huskily scornful — "what you know about a sunrise? Did you ever see one?"

"Once, coming home from a dance," said Anita. Her voice trembled with something between rage and shame. "And will you be good enough to remember that I barely know *you*."

"Perhaps," said L. Tarleton, "but I know you, just the same. You lived in my studio for a couple of months whether you knew it or not. You stood behind me while I was working at your pictures and I used to ask you things about *Rosie's* gowns, and the way she did her hair. Do you think I could *steep* myself in the words that you had written, and not know you? It's you who don't know yourself . . . "

"Is that all?" asked Anita. Her eyes were sombre.

"It is not," said L. Tarleton. "There was a postscript, a second postscript in your letter in which you said you were not a success, that you had sold only two stories in your life, that 'Blue Roses' was the second and that it had been sold a year ago."

"I remember my letter perfectly," she said, coldly.

L. Tarleton broke a stick into a great many little pieces while he continued. There was an odd, set look about his mouth.

"I thought you were breaking your heart to win out," he said simply. "That's what I thought. You *can* break your heart at it all right, if you try hard enough and fail often enough. I thought if you could do a thing as real as 'Blue Roses,' you couldn't rest by the road, and if you'd sold nothing in a year — I thought you must be sick with defeat. It never occurred to me — it never," said L. Tarleton slowly, "for one moment occurred to me that you had *quit*."

Somehow in the silence that followed that last small word, it seemed to Anita that L. Tarleton might better have struck her in the face. The fire that scorched her burned all the little politeness of life away.

"So you came — " she began.

"So I came," L. Tarleton admitted doggedly, "like the biggest fool unhung, to see if I couldn't help. It was you that gave me my start — your story — and I thought that was something between us. Fool," said L. Tarleton, flinging away all his little pieces of stick, "is good!"

"But you —" said Anita. She clenched her hands nervously together and made a fresh start. "It's a long way from here to New York."

"I've had three other orders — since '*Blue Roses*,'" said L. Tarleton, "two from the same people — one from an outsider that saw *Rosie* and *Jim* and liked 'em. I came on some of the '*Blue Roses*' money. It seemed only fair." There was a sort of schoolboy frankness about him, at odd moments. "I really enjoyed the trip," he finished honestly.

"Until you met me," said Anita.

L. Tarleton made no answer at first. Presently he stood up and leaned against the trunk of the ancient tree with his arms folded.

"You're almost beautiful," he said impersonally. "Of course you know that. I should have enjoyed meeting you, I dare say, if I hadn't been looking for the girl that did *Rosie* and *Jim*."

When Anita stood up as well, brushing the dead leaves from her skirt with chilly fingers, he added curiously:

"How did it happen? Did you lose your nerve? Think of throwing away a lead like that!"

"I just quit," said Anita.

"Maybe you were discouraged. Didn't you know it takes time? And you've got to come back again and again. Were you tired?"

"No," said Anita, "I was soft."

He looked at her steadily.

"Do you like the sort of thing you do here? I could see last night — "

She told him after an instant's hesitation — he had reduced her to an appalling sort of honesty:

"Yes, I like it in a way. It's rather fun."

"You don't have to write?"

Anita shrugged. "My father — "

"I don't mean that," said L. Tarleton impatiently. "I mean doesn't anything inside yourself drive you? — Don't you know what it means to ache for your work? It's a *crime* — to be able to do it, and not to *want* to do it."

Anita looked away from him to the smoke of autumn on the sky-line. L. Tarleton had no way of knowing that her eyes were full of sudden tears.

"You're not the L. Tarleton of that first letter," she said a little wistfully, "that was so young and thrilled — and kind — "

"I'll never be quite as young as that again," the real L. Tarleton told her coolly. "You've aged me quite a lot, Miss Kelly. Perhaps I owe you that, too."

Then he said his train left at one o'clock and they went down Indian Hill together. In the moment of parting at Anita's oppressively prosperous doorstep, L. Tarleton flung his last defiance in the face of the situation.

"If you'd been what I thought you were," he said almost savagely, the gold eyes holding Anita's dark ones, "I could have loved you like all the world!"

It was unpardonably frank of him, but his hurt must have smarted. That letter lay like a wound in his mind. After those two splendid grinding months in his studio, after the thrill of consummation and his hand outstretched to the fellow craftsman who had been responsible with him, for *Rosie* and *Jim* — after that, this! A pretty girl in a small-town setting, a smug, soft, satisfied pretty girl where he had thought to find a spirit on fire. He scorned her bitterly — or thought in his soul he did.

As for Anita, she went [*Continued on page 59*]

Side by side they stood and shouted as one, "Take 'im out! Take 'im out!"

"Take 'Im Out!"

Another of the Bully Baseball Yarns

by Jerome Beatty

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

ADAM JINKINSEN was a baseball pecan. He loved a girl named Dovey, Blanche Dovey—from Waco, Texas. Blanche was a slave to the celluloid drama; in other words, a movie fan.

Adam thought of celluloid only as a durable material used in the manufacture of self-laundering collars, while to Blanche, second base was sung and a bat was a thing that one went on.

Adam was a valued salesman in the employ of the Kopplebaum Kollege Klothes Shops—"take the elevator and save $10." Blanche was one of the most adroit two-handed telephone switchboard punchers that the Hotel Astor had in its employ.

Obviously, to attain such positions of trust, persons must have undoubted ability.

It must be admitted that as long as Adam had a tape-measure around his neck or Blanche's hair was pushed away from her left ear, they were as tractable as anybody could ask. But the moment Adam turned in his order book and Blanche removed the receiver from her head, they gave immediate evidence that Adam must have had a long spell of sickness when a child and that Blanche's parents had lived in Hoboken and liked it.

Blanche knew more about moving-picture actors than a hen does about eggs. Her case was aggravated by the fact that she once had spoken with Charley Chaplin.

"Send some ice-water to Room 1106, please," Mr. Chaplin said.

"Yes, sir," Blanche replied in a voice that trembled.

After that, whenever anyone mentioned Chaplin in Blanche's hearing, she would quickly assert that Mr. Chaplin was a fine little fellow off the screen, and *so* gentlemanly.

At which some bystander invariably would exclaim, "Oh, do *you* know Charley Chaplin?"

"*Charles* Chaplin?" Miss Dovey would correct. "Well," she would answer modestly, "I can't say that I really *know* Mr. Chaplin. I've just *met* him, that's all. I don't suppose he remembers *me*."

In his way, Adam Jinkinsen was just as bad. Adam wasn't just a baseball fan. He was more than that.

The unthinking public has the impression that the average patron of our National Game can tell you in a flash how many bases Ty Cobb stole in 1915, the batting order of the White Sox the year Comiskey won a bet, and the distance from the pitcher's box to the home plate. The public, as usual, is wrong.

The average fan knows the number of innings in a game, the price of ten-cent cigars at the park and that Cincinnati won't win the pennant. That about lets him out.

It is only the baseball nut who has the dope on who invented the spit ball and what the catcher whispers to the pitcher. And the baseball nut is like a bonus from the boss—much discussed but seldom seen.

Adam Jinkinsen was real hickory. He had been one of the most active letter-writers during the year of the Big Fuss when all the clan became agitated over the treasonable accusation that the Great American Game of Baseball was a form of rounders, a British schoolboy sport. The discussion might have been going yet had not some silly outsider asked, "Well, what if it was?" thus propounding a query that stumped them all.

Adam Jinkinsen had known Blanche Dovey only a few minutes, but he loved her passionately, as others had, did and would. Blanche was all right. Her hair was brown and her eyes were wide. About her was a charming air of capable irresponsibility, of cautious daring, of innocent worldliness—a combination, if you will, of Waco High School and the Hotel Astor. Outside she was the Astor but inside she still was a Wacoquette.

It was Saturday evening in the Simpson apartment in the Bronx. George Simpson was something of a baseball crank himself and Adam had dropped in to discuss the question of the superiority of Walter Johnson over Grover Alexander. Blanche had called to see Mrs. Simpson who, like Blanche, used to live in Waco.

George Simpson went down to the corner to get a couple of bottles of beer and Mrs. Simpson excused herself to go into the kitchen to make some sandwiches; so Adam and Blanche were left alone.

"What was it you and Mr. Simpson were arguing about when I came in?" Blanche asked, just to make conversation—not that she thought she ought to know.

"Pitchers," said Adam.

"Oh!" cried Blanche. "Don't you love them!"

"Some of 'em," admitted Mr. Jinkinsen. "Some of these players get my goat, though. Now——"

"Oh, dear me, Mr. Jinkinsen," laughed Blanche. "Don't you like Marguerite Clark? And Mary Pickford? She——"

"Huh?" exclaimed Mr. Jinkinsen.

"Don't you like Mary Pickford?"

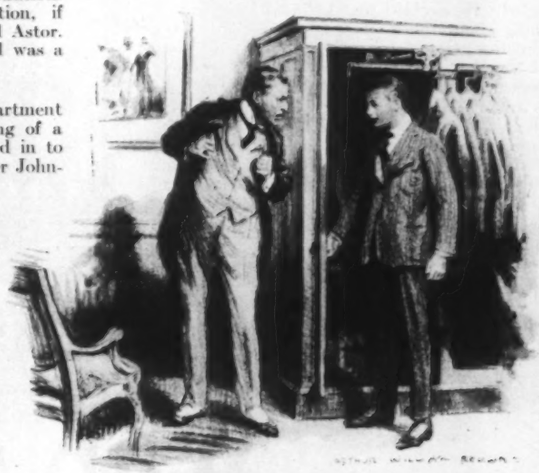
"Never saw her. She's some kind of an actress, isn't she?"

"She's all kinds!" cried Miss Dovey, greatly astonished. "Didn't you just say you loved pictures?"

"Pitchers," asserted Mr. Jinkinsen. "Baseball pitchers, not movin' pitchers."

And they both laughed, each magnanimously forgiving the other for such stupidity. Immediately—none could resist Blanche Dovey's laugh—Adam knew he loved her.

"I don't know much about the movies," Adam admitted, "but"—he smiled at his own slyness, and and so did Blanche—"I'd be rather willing to learn."



"You know Spike McCann? I suppose you're going to eat dinner with him next week?"

"Do you like serials?" Blanche wanted to know.

"Only for breakfast," he grinned. "I was just kiddin'," he hastily explained. "I never saw but one. It was called 'The Terrible Torrydoor.' There was a guy in it with a mask on and he went around murderin' folks and just when I got interested the end came and a sign said 'Who is the Terrible Torrydoor?' I picked up my hat and left. Gee whiz! if the man that runs the show don't know," said Adam, indignantly, "how's he expect *me* to tell him?"

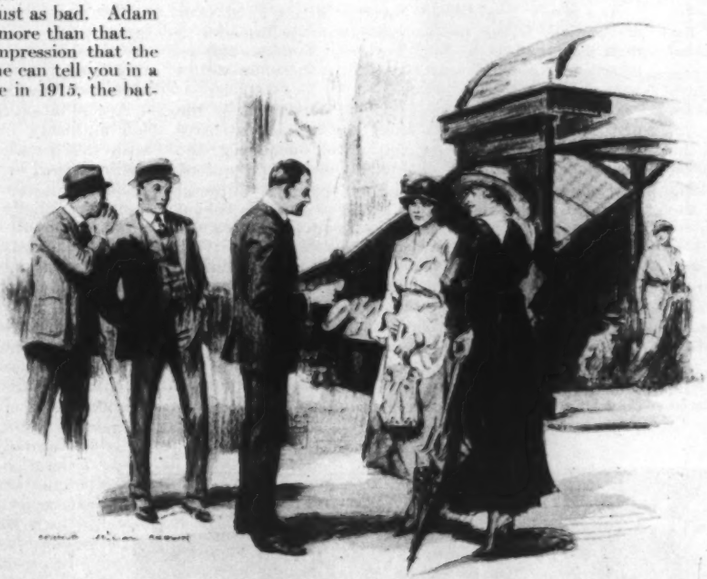
Miss Dovey thought this was very funny.

"I asked the fellow at the door when I left about it and he said it was a serial and that I was supposed to come back and find out," Adam continued. "That's about the only movie I ever saw."

Miss Dovey explained that "The Terrible Toreador" ran for sixteen weeks and that the identity of the villain was not exposed until the sixteenth episode. You were supposed to guess every week, she said. There were various clues, some to aid you but most of them to befuddle you, and in the end you found that the masked man was not the man you thought he was at all.

"Why don't people stay away and only go to see the sixteenth?" asked Adam. It was not unlike the question that had stopped the famous rounders argument. Miss Dovey was trying to explain the situation to Mr. Jinkinsen's satisfaction, when in came Mr. Simpson with the beer.

Mrs. Simpson and Miss Dovey sat at one side of the table and wondered if it was true that Francis X. Bushman had five children, and debated whether Douglas Fairbanks was a great actor or whether, after all, it wasn't just his fascinating personality. On the other side Mr. Simpson abused Ban Johnson and tried



"Spike McCann!" Adam gasped

to interest Adam in a new way of figuring batting averages.

But for once Adam's mind was not upon baseball. His eyes and his thoughts wandered toward Blanche Dovey, and now and then he caught words dropping limpidly from those lips trained to say "Lenox 6666" so that it sounded as sweet and tender as a mother's love-songs to her babe. He longed to break into the conversation.

Finally he overheard the word "Farrar." At last they were speaking his language.

"*There* was a great third baseman," he said, enthusiastically.

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Simpson.

"Sid Farrar. Used to be with Boston."

"We were speaking of *Geraldine* Farrar," said Miss Dovey, "the great emotional movie actress."

"That's his daughter," explained Mr. Simpson.

"Well, well!" said Adam. "I believe I do remember that he had a daughter that went into the movies. How's she gettin' along?"

After Mr. Jinkinsen, an hour or so later, had left Blanche Dovey on the steps of her apartment-house, only a few blocks from the Simpsons', he walked rapidly to his room, thinking deeply. He felt that he had not made an entirely favorable impression. He had tried to talk about her hobby and had failed. He decided that he must learn something about the movies even though it cost him the price of his weekly grandstand seat at the Polo Grounds! He would even begin guessing who was the Terrible Toreador.

Adam's salary was twenty dollars a week. Of this, five dollars invariably went into the savings bank. The remainder was so divided that in two out of every three weeks Adam had enough money to buy a grandstand seat at the ball game. By virtue of the fact that he worked Thursday and Friday nights, Adam always had Saturday afternoon off.

He finally compromised by deciding to sit in the bleachers where the seats cost less.

But when next Saturday came around he and George Simpson were there early, in seventy-five-cent seats back of the Yankee bench. Adam's extra money, and more, had gone into the little booths in front of motion-picture theatres. Adam and Blanche had seen everything there was to see that week. But the savings bank book had been as idle as an outfielder when Ferdinand Schupp is at bat.

There were two reasons why Adam decided to pass up the cheap seats in the bleachers. One was that no pistachio is happy out there. Yelling at the players from the bleachers gives no reaction; the voice doesn't seem to take hold and one can never be certain that the athletes always hear one's lectures on "The National Game as I Would Suggest It Be Played." The other was that Spike McCann that day was due to pitch his first game in a Yankee uniform, and Adam wanted to be right down front.

Spike, as everybody knows, is the greatest pitcher in the American league. Only three days before, the Yanks had paid Boston seventy-five thousand dollars for him. The Boston fans let out a howl of rage, while the New Yorkers only smiled that irritating New York smile which says, "Didn't we tell you that money will buy anything we want?"

Adam Jinkinsen had known Blanche Dovey only a few minutes, but he loved her passionately

New York had been talking about little but Spike McCann ever since the deal was made, and of course the whole town turned out to see him pitch his first game for his new club.

Adam was a Yankee nut, which is the worst kind this side of Brooklyn. When the Giants begin losing, their supporters throw epithets and things at the umpires and the visiting players. When the Yanks are being beaten their friends turn upon them with jeers.

Adam had all the attributes that go with swerving loyalty to the Yankees. It was Adam who was among the first to rise angrily in his seat and shout, "*Take 'im out*, th' rummy, take 'im *out!*" when the visiting team began to hit the Yankee box man.

The moment a pitcher lost control of his curve ball, Adam knew it and he could tell instinctively when a fast one was going down the groove. Adam knew baseball. And he always said in a loud raucous voice what he thought — the more bitter the thoughts, the louder the voice. It's the custom, on the diamond and off.

On this day there was no need for Adam to give advice. Spike McCann held the Washingtons to four hits and shut them out.

Adam and Blanche were invited to Sunday dinner by the Simpsons the next day. The men talked of little but Spike McCann.

"He's probably a tough that runs a saloon," observed Mrs. Simpson, and Miss Dovey couldn't for the life of her see why men made heroes out of a pack of ruffians.

Mr. Simpson guessed they were about as good as movie actors and the rumpus finally ended when Mr. Jinkinsen — unconsciously pertinent — invited them all to go to see "Intolerance."

They had just left the subway, on their way home. Adam and George Simpson were walking a few steps ahead, talking baseball.

Suddenly they heard a man's voice behind them.

"Why, Blanche Dovey! And Lily! How are you, anyway!"

"Fred!" cried the girls, and the men turned around to see a tall young chap shaking the hands of both girls [*Continued on page 69*]

War Against War

A Dream of World Peace That May Come True—Part II

HASTY action was not taken; yet only ten days after the momentous meeting of rulers, the propaganda which was expected to direct the minds of the people toward, first, world peace, and later, world government, was developed in England and America simultaneously.

The most eloquent speaker in the House of Commons, a man to whom the idea of universal peace in all its broadness had become as a religion, was summoned to Buckingham Palace for an audience, and the idea was disclosed to him, with full explanation of the necessity for propaganda.

In his public life he had risen to a high place in the esteem of the people. And, although his peace obsession had been the subject of some taunts during the gruelling days of the war, his attitude at the crisis when the troops at the front required munitions almost without number, had won enthusiastic applause, for he had thrown himself heartily into the business at hand and had been largely instrumental in organizing the great supply service. The people recognized the sacrifice of his avowed principles to the needs of the state and gave him generous measure of approval in return. More important yet, they were willing to listen to him.

The country was stirred by his eloquence when he arose in the Commons. Under cover of a motion to resolve the House into a Committee of the Whole to discuss reorganization of finance, he took occasion to paint a forceful picture of the horror and devastation, almost worldwide, which had followed the war.

The lack of adequate gains which had resulted from the pouring out of blood and treasure, he drove into the consciousness of his hearers and followed it by a picturization of what the world might be under ideal conditions.

Next morning the address was the subject of universal comment. Peer and parson let breakfast grow cold before them as they read the printed text in the press.

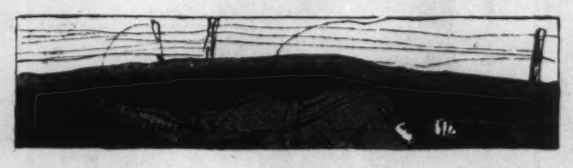
The editorial columns blazed under the analytical pens of their aroused masters, and the speech became the subject of home discussion.

As a result, World-Peace Societies sprang up all over civilization. A great peace organization was formed with dual headquarters in New York and London, and its agents went about the country stirring the communities with their teachings.

Columns of space were given the movement by the newspapers. The peace society added an extensive publicity bureau to its equipment, acquiring the assistance of many of the most efficient promoters, newspaper men and writers of the country. Editorial comment judged rightly that a vast wealth was behind the movement, though speculation as to its source was unavailing.

Among the nobility, peace societies were organized by the women. Feminine tact was frequently instrumental in enlisting the support of the opposite sex in furtherance of the movement. The Empress herself became the head of the state order.

Then the propaganda took a step forward. The slogan, "How Shall Peace Be Insured?" took its place on the first page of the subsidized and newly established papers. Many of the other journals followed suit voluntarily as the question commended itself to their administrations.



The public was invited to make its own suggestions in writing. Grand prizes were to be awarded for the solutions offered, in the order of merit as determined by the peace societies.

This logically constructed a desired opportunity. A grand prize of fifty thousand dollars was awarded to the drastic suggestion, acclaimed as most nearly approaching the ideal, that the countries of the world should combine under a central government.

A deputation from the English society, armed with full authority from its organization to amalgamate with the American society, crossed the ocean on a cruiser loaned by the British government. Tremendous preparations were made at New York for the conference, and the publicity agents redoubled their efforts. As a result the country talked of little else.

Discussion was succeeded by action. Fostered by the most astute publicity campaign to which the best brains, duly subsidized, gave their attention, the question of amalgamation as a general benefit to mankind became an issue before the public.

Then it became a political issue and a new party, called Amalgamation, came into being. But instead of making an ephemeral flash in the heavens of public life, to subside like the fall of a rocket stick, more adherents attached themselves to the cause daily, and the party grew.

Naturally, the President was called upon for a declaration of his attitude toward the movement in question. Plans had been laid to meet the emergency, and when the question arose, couched in such form as to have an official garbing, a response was ready.

In a special party-proclamation which had been prepared with the most scrupulous care, the President electrified the world by stating in

unequivocal terms his belief in the movement, heart and soul. Answering, he said what he considered essential was not only a national but an international demand for world-mergence; and he announced his candidacy for re-election, with amalgamation the paramount issue of his campaign.

Several months had rolled by since the momentous night when the three rulers met on the *Oregon*. The Council of Financiers and public men, representing the brain trust of the land, established as a sort of superboard of mundane affairs, like some highly organized general staff, had in strictest secrecy elaborated plans down to the smallest detail.

Affairs had progressed similarly in England and Russia. The two rulers stirred their subjects profoundly by announcing endorsement of the movement and urging it upon them.

In the United States it was well understood that a popular and electoral vote for the amalgamation candidate would call for action soon afterwards on the great question. So the country seethed and awaited the movement, while the Amalgamation machine prosecuted its campaign with all possible vigor.

In the time intervening before the American election came England's action. In a speech from the throne the King set forth the condition of his empire as a result of the war. It was, the memorial proclaimed, in answer to popular demand from Englishmen that the question be settled, that the Crown called upon the subjects of the British Empire for a concrete expression of individual opinion. It was urged that on November 5, Guy Fawkes day, the people of the empire, men and women, should repair to the polls and register their wishes as to whether amalgamation should be accepted. Whatever the vote, the result was to be referred to Parliament for action.

IT is far too great a task to attempt to inscribe in full the attitude of the rest of the world when these diplomatic bomb-shells were thrown. Each country, except the three directly engaged in the propaganda, was occupied with its own regeneration, preparing its plans for the resumption of normal life and with no thought other than that the national states would proceed as formerly.

While the peace propaganda had excited general interest and the comment abroad had resulted in the organization of numberless peace societies similar to those in America and England, it was generally dismissed as a thing too visionary for accomplishment — a sort of moral crusade. That any governments, and especially those of the United States, England and Russia, should take up such a plan seriously was simply unbelievable.

There was one country, however, which looked upon the plan with selfish favor if it were to include disarmament, as it lent itself to its own schemes most gracefully. Japan, after the war was settled, had withdrawn her forces from Europe at once. Taking prompt advantage of the agreement of the powers to grant her free hand in China she shunted her entire military forces to that country. Nippon was indeed glad to let the world tie itself as securely as possible while her own plans matured.

From the brief enjoyment of her republic, a plaything which lasted but a few years, China had reverted to the dynastic form of government, modified by a congress. The perfidy of Europe, as China expressed it, in guaranteeing freedom from molestation to Japan, had inspired China to set on foot immediate plans for national preparedness and defense. But the time was too short, the country too big and too loosely connected for the undertaking to be successfully handled.

It is true that four hundred thousand Chinese troops drew up in battle array between Peking and Tong-ku to resist the Japanese invasion, but in a series of sanguinary encounters the Celestials were driven back before the veteran bayonets of their doughty foe, Peking taken for a second time and the Chinese forces routed with great disaster.

Capitulation ensued, and Japan overran the Flowery Kingdom. All administrative affairs were taken over and Japanese were installed in office wherever a former Chinese official was not found capable and willing to do Japan's behest. Japan had beaten the Occident to amalgamation, for she had absorbed China.

The remainder of the world, in particular that part constituted by the three countries in the throes of projected amalgamation, was so absorbed in its own question that it served to distract attention from Japan's plans, which were developing with rapidity. Already three years had elapsed since Japan had made preliminary entrance into China and the work of reorganization accomplished in that time was scarcely recognized by the outer world.

When, therefore, it became evident that America, England and Russia were in earnest in the amalgamation plan, the Japanese government watched the situation with anxious eyes. Nippon was willing for the world to talk and to dream, but not for it to act. Japan's ambition was almost within her grasp and nothing must be allowed to interfere.

Her statesmen decided that the country's future was menaced by approaching amalgamation in the west and that drastic measures were necessary to check any such development. A week before elections were to be held in America, England and Russia, Japan made her first public move. In the light of later events it was ill-considered.

In a word, Japan proclaimed the Mongolian Empire and despatched an ultimatum that world-amalgamation must not be; that she considered it a direct threat against her integrity; that unless positive assurances from the various foreign offices were received within a limited time, no such coalition would be made, Mongolia would move with all the forces at her command directly against the proposed alliance.

It seems paradoxical that the peoples of the Occident, who had become worshipers in a temple of Permanent Peace, should be obliged to resort to war for the achievement of their ideal.

The White House at Washington was dark except for the guard lights about it when the ultimatum arrived.

A hatless man ran across the street from the State Department, in the chill October night, past the executive offices and into the broad front door of the mansion. Policemen scurried up in a panic, fearing that some maniac might be attempting an attack upon the President. The door-keeper grappled with the intruder — and nearly collapsed in chagrin and astonishment when the Secretary of State, who had chanced to be in his office that night, sat up on the floor, ignored the assault upon his person and called hoarsely:

"Take me to the President at once!"

A few moments later the mansion blazed with light. A harried telephone operator implored Central to put special operators upon the switch-board immediately; and the jingling of telephone bells began all over Washington and New York.

Within a short time, automobiles dashed into the grounds and through Executive Avenue, discharging their occupants, who hastened at once to the President or to their offices in the great granite War Department building directly to the westward.

When you are "run down"

When you feel that you are lacking in your customary energy and snap—nothing else will restore you to normal and permanent vigor more surely or more quickly than a properly-balanced diet and a *nourishing soup eaten every day.*

In fact there is no more effective combination of "building-up" materials than you find in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

The substantial invigorating stock, we make from selected beef. In this we blend an abundance of nutritious vegetables beside fresh herbs, rice, barley and macaroni "alphabets."

We include choice white potatoes and the best Jersey "sweets," fine yellow rutabagas, tender carrots, "Country Gentleman" corn, small peas, baby lima beans, tomatoes, celery, okra, delicate leek and a hint of sweet red peppers.

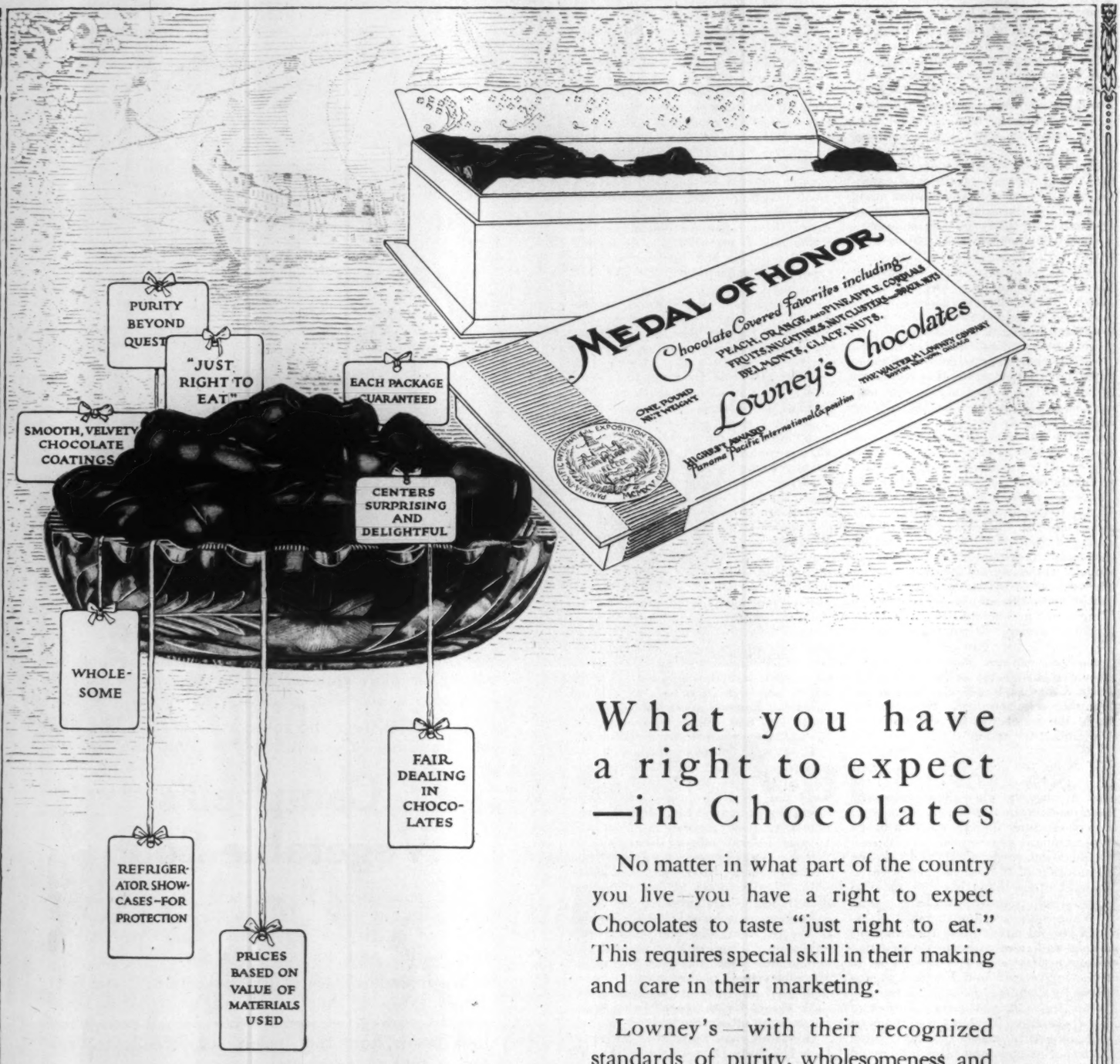
Here you have a dish both nourishing and palatable. It abounds in the tonic vegetable salts which your system particularly needs at this time of year. It is rich in the carbohydrates which produce energy and vim. And you receive this wholesome soup all cooked and prepared—*ready for your table at three minutes' notice.*

Why not enjoy it today?

Asparagus	Chicken-Gumbo Okra	Mock Turtle	Pepper Pot
Beef	Clam Bouillon	Mulligatawny	Printanier
Bouillon	Clam Chowder	Mutton	Tomato
Celery	Consommé	Ox Tail	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Julienne	Pea	Vegetable
			Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



What you have a right to expect —in Chocolates

No matter in what part of the country you live—you have a right to expect Chocolates to taste "just right to eat." This requires special skill in their making and care in their marketing.

Lowney's—with their recognized standards of purity, wholesomeness and deliciousness, with their carefully planned distribution—will meet your expectations everywhere.

Ask the Lowney dealer in your town for the Medal of Honor box, and *taste* your rights in Chocolates.

Lowney's Chocolates

65¢ to $1.25

The cabinet responded promptly to the summons. The chief of staff entered with the Secretary of War while an increasing stream of lesser officials flowed into the hallway, awaiting call.

The highest official of a great railway system was promptly admitted to the President who sat quietly surrounded by his augmented cabinet. Half an hour later a telegram was received saying that a "special" would leave New York in twenty minutes with the Financial Council aboard. The railway executive handed it to the national executive with the remark:

"The tracks are held open for it."

A succession of cablegrams arrived from England and other European countries detailing the receipt of a similar ultimatum, reciting general alarm at the situation, and recounting the steps that had been taken to meet it. A special wire was connected with the cable, directly from the White House to Buckingham Palace and Petrograd. No messages other than official were permitted passage, and ruler talked personally with ruler under the waves of the Atlantic.

When the "special" steamed into the Washington terminal at daybreak, waiting automobiles whisked its passengers without regard for traffic rules straight to the White House. The President excused himself from the cabinet meeting and, with his secretary, took the financiers to his private office, where the doors were carefully closed and guarded.

There was no time for indecision or quibble. The meeting was a short one. In half an hour the President returned to his cabinet and requested concerted action. Before long the drafts of proclamations which had been prepared pending arrival of the financiers, were approved and signed, and with a message were on their way to the Capitol, where Congress was already in daybreak session in response to the President's call.

In the first of the President's proclamations the United States was declared under martial law and the writ of habeas corpus suspended. Reserves were called to the colors.

To meet the emergency which had arisen and to obtain a speedy expression of the opinion of the country on the question of amalgamation which had been the cause of Mongolia's ultimatum, the President requested that Congress authorize that the presidential elections be held on the second day following, less than a week before the usual election date.

The message recited the demands of Mongolia, based upon objection to amalgamation. It further stated that England and Russia had agreed to take action similar to the United States to hasten the decision on amalgamation. Setting forth the evident attempt of Japan to dominate the rest of the world by force of arms and the arrogance of her demand regarding the amalgamation proposition, the executive requested and urged that Congress authorize the raising of three million troops.

The country was in a ferment. About noon, news was cabled that a temporary alliance with the United States had been agreed to by England and Russia, with the further information that the British fleet would sail on the following day for the Panama Canal. The Russian fleet was even then preparing to get under way via the Suez Canal, to effect a junction with the allied naval forces in the distant Pacific.

The Senate promptly ratified the Anglo-Russo-American alliance, and in accordance with the request of the President, the election day was advanced to October thirty-first.

At two o'clock the report that the American ambassador at Peking had been assassinated by a mob was received.

At three o'clock, Congress formally declared war upon Mongolia, recognizing the establishment of the empire.

The buzz for preparation for war had begun with the receipt of the ultimatum, and without loss of time the American fleet raced for Panama. Such ships as were on the Pacific Coast were directed to rendezvous at Honolulu and join the battle-fleet as it passed.

The turmoil of that day is too well remembered to be dilated upon here. The thrill of the war situation divided interest with the coming vote, and all awaited the result.

October thirty-first broke gray and rainy. Even the people of the national capital were to cast their ballot, and despite the inclemency of the weather long lines of voters formed early. Women of all classes thronged the booths, some with tears streaming down their cheeks in terror of the coming conflict or exalted at the prospect of the consummation of their ideals.

The first returns came to the White House from the District of Columbia. There the vote stood 83,271 yeas, 40,779 nays. At the seat of government of the United States amalgamation had carried by slightly more than a two-thirds majority. It seemed a good omen as to what might be expected from the remainder of the country.

During the early part of the evening the wires brought scattering returns from various election districts in the more thickly settled sections of New England and New York. From those places where voting machines were used the reports came in rapidly. In the great metropolis the returns for and against were so nearly balanced that it was not until well after dinner had been served at the White House that it was shown that the Empire State had declared for amalgamation by a substantial majority. Massachusetts, Connecticut and other New England states where there had never been any serious doubt as to the outcome, fully justified the prediction of the friends of the movement by lining up in the amalgamation column. It was also evident from the first dispatches received that the South generally had spoken the same way.

That there was not, however, unanimity of sentiment was manifested when some of the Middle and Western states reported their totals. Illinois, for example, disappointed the advocates of the cause by casting her vote against it, and keen regret, not to say a bit of apprehension, was indicated by those who were anxiously awaiting the result in the President's office, as well as by those who watched the newspaper bulletin boards.

The returns from California, where the voting was in progress for several hours after it had closed in the states of the Atlantic seaboard, were flashed to the White House an hour after midnight. The Golden Gate state had voted overwhelmingly for amalgamation, and that settled the question.

When there was no longer any doubt as to the decision, a slow smile spread over the inscrutable features of the chief executive.

"Gentlemen," he said, carefully scanning a table of figures which an actuary had prepared and handed to him, "we have won! If this vote is correct, and I have no reason to question it, and if England and Russia shall vote the same way, as we have faith to believe they will, amalgamation will become an accomplished fact.

"Now let us prepare for war. Armageddon stands before us!"

THE cables soon brought news of the voting from abroad. By evening of the first of November it was definitely known that England and Russia, following the lead of the United States, favored amalgamation and were prepared without sacrifice of national domain to become one country and one people.

All attention now turned to the war measures. The belief that the fleets, speeding to strike at Mongolia's navy in her own waters, would be unable to count on the Philippines as a base or rendezvous was soon substantiated. The day following the declaration of war brought news from the Islands that the Japanese scattered over the archipelago had arisen, promptly formed themselves into military organizations, and, joined by many of the natives, had attacked Manila itself.

The few troops of the United States on insular service, brought to Manila at the declaration of war were engaged with overwhelming forces. Slowly falling back, they returned upon the points of land nearest to Corregidor and the bay defenses.

On the night of November sixth, the Mongolian fleet appeared at the entrance to the bay. The few American submarines stationed there were lying in wait, but the darkness left them as marine moles and they accomplished nothing until daybreak, when two battleships and four destroyers were sunk before the submersibles were put out of commission.

At this hour, bombardment began. There was no doubt that ample information as to the Manila defenses was in the possession of the attacking fleet, for the great shells rained with precision and deadly execution. Yet the land defenses exacted their tolls and three great battleships rolled over and under the waves before the entrance was forced. Three days later, attacked from the land side and sea as well, Corregidor a wreck, the triumphant Mongolian fleet steamed in to take possession of the city and the islands. It was a small matter, merely a step in the fulfilment of Mongolia's plan.

Convinced that the Philippines must fall, it had been determined to save the American ships there, if possible. Assembling at

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Everyone will be eager to see your new house. Your friends want to enjoy the cleverness of your very original plan and decorations. But they'll never forgive you or the architect if, with all its unique and artistic features, the place has the chill and draftiness of a barn. No matter what else is agreed upon, everyone now-a-days knows that no house can be a *home* without the genial, cozy, cleanly warmth of

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

These outfits free you from ancient pests of hod-lifting, fire-poking, ash-sifting, coal-gas breathing, blackening, annual storing, repair bills, fire-risk, etc.

IDEAL SMOKELESS Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators save so much in coal and cleaning, in time and temper, in health and happiness, and without rusting or repairs, that they quickly repay their cost.

In all the world they have no equal—hence their use in over a million stores, schools, churches, offices, public buildings, *farm* and city homes, *old* or new, etc., at home and abroad.

The ideal bargain in heating

All real estate men and architects will tell you that IDEAL SMOKELESS Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators will attract and hold best tenants at 10% to 15% higher rental; or property sells quicker and owner gets back full cost of the heating outfits—which never wear out. Money put into these outfits is therefore *an investment*—not an expense. *Accept no substitute!*

A No. 6-19-S IDEAL Boiler and 210 sq. feet of 38-inch AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $300, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which vary according to climatic and other conditions.

To save heating-dollars to the end of your days, ask for *free*, valuable book: "Ideal Heating." Best possible time to buy. Write *today!*

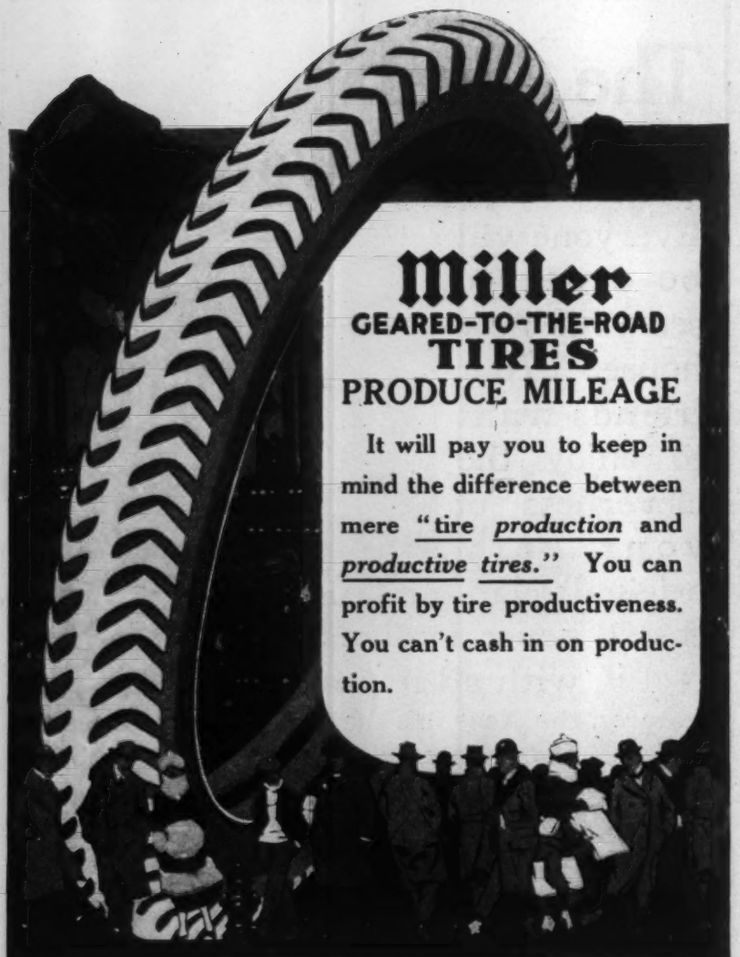
$175 stationary Cleaner

Ask for catalog of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner with iron suction pipe running to each floor. Sold on Easy Payments.

Showrooms and warehouses in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Dept. 21 816-22 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago



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GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD
TIRES
PRODUCE MILEAGE

It will pay you to keep in mind the difference between mere "tire *production* and *productive tires.*" You can profit by tire productiveness. You can't cash in on production.

A production tire is but one of a huge quantity. One picked at random from the output of a frenzied day's work. A unit which has helped swell the big output by one.

Do you believe such a product can give you mileage? Can service and satisfaction be put into a tire when all effort is concentrated on the number produced?

WE COULD SPEED UP AND BUILD MORE MILLER TIRES!

They could be thrown into the vulcanizing pits,—the steam jammed on; they could be jerked out again, and their *appearance* wouldn't be marred a bit. But the natural vegetable wax and oil in the fabric *might* be burned out, might be carbonized, leaving a lifeless tire incapable of standing up against punishment.

The Miller plan of building fewer tires makes each one a representative Miller. It explains the satisfaction motorists receive from them.

Here are the instructions given to all Miller tire builders:

"You must build this tire as tho it were the only *one* you have to make. Think of it as tho it was for use on *your car.* Concentrate all your ability, knowledge and skill on this one. If poorly built it may destroy the reputation earned by a hundred perfect ones."

"This tire must be perfect before you build another. If you see a flaw in any material, discard it."

"Don't rush—take your time. Until you finish this one, forget you have others to build. At the same time, do not waste time or material. That increases cost without bettering the product."

Do you wonder that being built under such instructions *MILLER "GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD" TIRES* have established a reputation both for productiveness and uniformity of service? They don't vary. All produce the fundamental thing for which they were built—mileage.

THE MILLER RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Geared-to-the-Road Distributors, Dealers and Branches everywhere.

RHIN-O-HIDE
FIBRE SOLES
FOR MEN'S AND WOMEN'S SHOES

SPECIAL OFFER—Send us thirty cents in stamps for a set of these tough, durable soles—regular price seventy-five. Specify size and state color wanted—white, black or tan. Only one pair sold to an individual. Address Dept. D.

Marivales on the declaration of war, the fleet was joined the next day by such British and Russian ships as were nearby. Under cover of darkness the allied warships left the bay for parts unknown, in an effort to meet the remainder of the fleet on the Asiatic station and attempt to join the main Armada later.

With six days' start, the ships eluded capture and effected their escape, heading for Honolulu. It was a fortunate move. While well on the way to Hawaii, the one submarine cruiser attached to the fleet was scouting ahead, and late one evening discovered an enormous flotilla of Mongolian submarines moving in the same direction. Submerging at once, the Americans waited until dusk afforded an ample protection, mingled with the flotilla, counted the number of submarines and quietly slipped away to report to the fleet.

From the flag-ship of the senior, the British Admiral, the news was despatched by radio to Honolulu, and relayed to the assembling battle fleet whose first objective was thereupon changed. In some way Mongolia had learned of the naval rendezvous and had attempted to strike first.

Twenty-one days after the declaration of war the British and American fleets effected a junction well to the south of Hawaii, met the re-directed merchantmen with supplies and ammunition and bore away for the Sea of Japan, detaching a few of the fastest cruisers and destroyers to watch the submarines by means of flying boats.

Realizing that the plans had gone astray in some manner the Mongolian flotilla commander radiographed the information to the home station and turned for the Orient with all speed. Acting on this information, the Mongolian fleet steamed out to meet the attack, determined to give battle in hope of maintaining communication between Japan and China.

There had been, of course, no naval action in the great European war even approximating the magnitude of the battle off Guam. There was little attempt at manoeuver or strategy; the fleets simply locked horns in desperate battle. Hammer and tongs it raged all day and all night of November thirtieth and December first. Ship after ship battered to a hulk, sank with all aboard, Mongolian and Caucasian, one after another, tit for tat, until the allies were in the ascendency due to possession of the greater number of ships. Victory seemed a foregone conclusion when the detached Mongolian flotilla caught up and hurled itself into the fray.

Such few submarines as had been able to accompany the speeding battle fleet of the allies had taken a dashing hand in the combat, and those remaining gallantly attacked the newcomers, whose approach had been heralded by destroyers.

At the same moment a new enemy appeared, Mongolia's trump card kept until the last.

From the northwest horizon there came a number of specks which seemed to increase as they grew larger.

As this is not a military history, suffice it to say to form a link in the narrative of world affairs, that twelve hundred armored aeroplanes, utterly regardless of personal safety, dashed up and over the fleet, recognizing their own ships by the red decks, and rained bomb after bomb on those of their enemy.

It is said that only two hundred aeros returned to their base after the battle, but their work had been accomplished, for nearly every ship of America and England was sunk under the combined attack. A few of the swiftest escaped when it became evident that all hope was lost.

It is true that the Mongolian fleet was practically incapacitated as an offensive factor by the gruelling conflict, but it had bought with its destruction the security of the line of communications between Japan and China. What remained of the submarines and the fleet constituted a nucleus for the formation of a line of communication guard, while America and England were rendered powerless so far as naval offensive action went. Mongolia had won the first trick.

In the meantime the Mongolian armies had opened their campaign against Russia. The Oriental strategy perceived that so long as England and America were involved, without naval ascendency, they would have to bring the war to the East by land. Therefore, an attack on Russia would necessitate defense on the Asiatic line; if conditions should arise in the course of time whereby the allies could assume the offensive, the attack must come by the Russian and Siberian routes.

This had been foreseen and provided against by the construction of great military railways in China and Thibet. Mongolia was forcing the fight on her own grounds.

A strong force cut into Siberia beyond Lake Baikal, occupied Irkutsk with little difficulty, although it was the heart of a military division, and advanced westward, seizing firm foothold upon the Yenesei River. Another strong column slipped around the southern spurs of the Altai Mountains on the China-Siberia frontier, advancing up the Irtish River in the direction of Omsk. The third grand column of invasion struck through Khotan, just northeast of Turkestan and Bokhara, heading for the Ural River, to the northward of the Caspian.

Naturally, these invading armies, numbering about two million men each, were connected by lesser forces throughout the extent of the front. In addition, the Mongols swarmed in strength at the passes of the Himalayas and peered down upon India.

Already the Mongolian spies and agents had been effectively at work in the possessions of the British Empire. Playing upon the undying hope of independence, cherished by many of the natives of India, they were incited to rebel sufficiently to require the entire organized forces of India to deal with the local issue, thereby depriving England of their assistance elsewhere, for the time being.

Still smarting under her late defeat, Turkey lent a willing ear to the proposal of the Mongols to join forces against Russia. Young Turk and Old Turk came to a temporary understanding. Persia was bulldozed with the Ottoman club and the forces of these countries advanced northward between the Black Sea and the Caspian, aided and directed by the Mongols.

To meet the invasion, Russia mustered three million men within a short time. Great Britain despatched what portion of a million men she could raise in three weeks, all veterans of the great war, and, called back to the colors, the United States shipped a million more across the Atlantic.

It was conceded that Mongolia would certainly make territorial gains with her enormous mobilized forces before sufficient troops could be mustered to stem the yellow tide surging upon Europe. Every energy, therefore, in the three countries was bent to the raising of eight million more men, to be ready for use within nine months.

For a few days the rest of the world looked on appalled. The grimness of the late war was too fresh in mind to insure the prompt arousing of public sentiment against the yellow races at the price of another war. The countries hesitated, hoping that Mongolia's idea might not include world conquest. But as the news from the front bore a constant tale of unchecked advance and the Russian corps thrown hastily into the line of defense were steadily beaten back, real alarm took the place of apathy.

The first suggestion of immediate aid came from defeated, strength-shorn Germany. Despite the fact that the introduction of the United States deliberately into the melting pot of the great war had forced the end, Germany accorded a certain gratitude to that country for its stand when the question of the Fatherland's dismemberment was the issue, notwithstanding a universal Germanic idea that had the United States refrained from supplying munitions of war Teutonia would have conquered.

In the few years following the conclusion of the war a group of constructive statesmen had arisen in Germany. Gone was the visible expression of militarism; the leaders of the state had recognized that diplomacy must take the place of the sword.

Grasping the chance to add to the prestige which history awards Teutonia for a long battle against a world in arms, and to make the best of existing circumstances Germany abruptly petitioned the governments of England, the United States and Russia to admit her into the world nation upon its approaching consummation.

Without presuming in any degree to attempt abrogation of the peace treaty, Germany offered to raise her forces once again, and, under the allied banner throw them against the Mongolian horde. Upon the victory which must ensue, she would become an integral part of the vast world nation.

It fitted the plans of the Council. Trouble had been foreseen in bringing about the junction of Germany with the coalition of her former enemies, and the suggestion came at a moment when her splendid ability could be utilized to the uttermost. The offer was accepted.

Evidence was quickly given of still existing

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ties of sentiment between Germany, her former European territories and her principal ally. Upon the telephonic request of the German monarch to the rulers of Austria, Hungary and Poland, supplemented by similar requests from Petrograd, prompt permission was accorded by these states to allow the passage of troops through their domains for the defense of Europe.

The intricate system of military railways which had lent such strength to the central empires was utilized again. The German, Austrian and Russian systems became as one, and train after train of troops, cheered by former enemies, rushed unopposed across the old frontiers headed for the East.

Ere long, Germany had two million men ready to add to the five millions of the allies already on the Siberian front. The vast stores of munitions and arms which had been surrendered by Germany and Austria were returned from England and Russia. Belgium, having received a share of the spoils of war with restoration, announced her endorsement of the course of the allies. Although not prepared to take any active part at the moment, Belgium sent the arms stored in her governmental warehouses back to Germany with the rest of them.

With the greatest secrecy, ten American, ten English, five Russian and fifteen German army corps, totalling two million men, concentrated near Constantinople. The Russian fleet which had left via the Suez Canal to effect a junction with the allied fleet in the Pacific had arrived too late to hazard action. It had been directed to return and was then assembled in the Sea of Marmora. To cover the flanks of the proposed advance through Asia Minor, the fleet was divided into two strong squadrons and ordered, one to the Black Sea and one to the eastern Mediterranean.

The objective of the expedition was a stroke at the flank of the Mongolian-Turkish movement. Little opposition was encountered on the Asia Minor peninsula, but reports of aviators proved that the Mongolian advance further north was temporarily halted and that troops had been detached in numbers to defend the neck of the peninsula from Trebizond, southward along the Taurus Mountains where strong forces were already entrenching.

Meantime, every shipyard in the United States, England, Russia and Germany was hard at work on the construction of submarine cruisers, protected against air attack by triple decks.

The introduction of Germany into the alliance gave rise to a question which opened a way for negotiations with France to become a party to the world government movement.

Under the dominion of the German Empire, Alsace and Lorraine had become Germanized to a considerable extent. True, the old Alsatian and Lorrainian families had maintained a sort of absent allegiance to the spirit of France, but during the great war numbers of men from these provinces had served under the eagles of the Kaiser. German families colonized in the provinces after the Franco-Prussian war had blended into the intimate life of the section to such an extent through intermarriage and association, that a goodly portion of the population gave sympathetic allegiance to the Fatherland.

France had been impatiently waiting for the promised loan from the United States. When people of the Lost Provinces applied to Germany for enlistment they were temporarily refused until France was asked what her wishes were on the subject of employing them, giving evidence of good faith by the question.

Soon after the alliance with Germany was concluded, a representative committee of statesmen bearing credentials from the Kaiser sailed for America to discuss ways and means with the Council. Utilizing the provincial question as an opening wedge, representation was made to France of the Mongolian invasion of Europe in general. It was pointed out that the preliminary union of the four countries of the alliance was practically accomplished.

For her own benefit and in the interest of the world, France was invited and urged to join the alliance. While couched in the most diplomatic language, with the suavest reasoning, the mailed hand within the velvet was not so far concealed as to be unrecognizable. The loan was not forthcoming, France was in direst need, the coalition of powers was too stupenduous to be defied—and the French Chamber of Deputies voted in favor of amalgamation.

The action of the Chamber precipitated a crisis in France. While the soldiers of that land had demonstrated an almost utter lack of frenzy and excitability which the world at large had accustomed itself to regard as an attribute of the French people, with the war period passed, it broke out again as of old, and a rabble became a second Commune, while the Commune flared into civil war. The forces of the land differed in opinion as to amalgamation. Whole regiments declared themselves, under their officers, on one side or the other, and sanguinary encounters occurred between the factions all over France.

Summoning the French Amalgamationists to rally to the cause in northern France, the coalition detached a force of ten army corps from the training grounds of England and landed them on French soil.

Within six weeks the five hundred thousand trained men swayed the balance, aided by the amalgamation faction, and France, coerced, joined the alliance. The President of France retired into civil life and an amalgamation president—a former French leader in the great war—and administration were elected and duly installed. Then France was asked to furnish twenty army corps to the allied forces.

Self-interest, abetted by the clamor of the people, moved Austria, Hungary and Poland to follow the course taken by Germany in joining the amalgamation. Switzerland also threw in her lot with the cause.

Within a few months after the declaration of war, ten million men, mostly veterans, were aligned in defense of Europe. The spread of the world government had become so rapid, the promise of a last war which was to banish strife forever from the earth, become so alluring, that many of the lesser countries undertook voluntary preparation for joining the movement.

Not for a moment had the Council relaxed its propaganda. Instead, it spread its tentacles to embrace every country of the civilized world. Norway and Sweden signified their willingness to join the coalition, provided the joint action of the powers against Mongolia demonstrated the possibility of cooperation without friction.

Portugal was in the throes of plot and counter-plot for restoration of the monarchy and maintenance of the republic. Too potentially weak to menace any power, an armistice was arranged by the coalition during which the advisability of Portugal joining the alliance was discussed. It ended by the adjustment of differences, the establishment of a temporary amalgamation government—and peace.

Caught between Portugal and a practically united Europe, Spain signified hospitality of attitude toward the movement on the same basis as Norway and Sweden. Denmark and The Netherlands took the same course. Italy applied for membership in the world federation and offered an army of a million men to aid in checking Mongolia.

From the Arctic to the Mediterranean, Europe was at last a unity in a common cause. There remained but two great continents with which to deal as the allied offensive developed in Siberia. Africa was a negligible quantity for, as colonies of the European powers, the various sections of that geographical division must follow the fortunes of their mother countries.

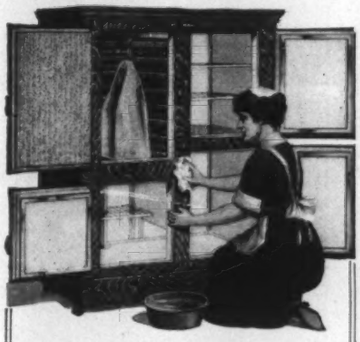
Asia must be subdued and South America brought into line.

At the invitation of the United States and the European states signatory to the alliance, commissioners appointed by the administrative bodies of the three great South American countries, met the Council and other commissioners of the alliance to discuss the invitation for South America to join the movement.

Some rather natural jealousies developed by failure to include the lesser South American states in the conference was utilized to advantage, and invitations were despatched to the remainder of the countries of that continent to attend.

There developed little difficulty in inducing the South American countries to join the movement. It seems far too casual to dismiss the stupendous accomplishment of tentative world amalgamation with a few sentences, but the intent of this record is more to outline the benefits that were derived from amalgamation than to present a detailed history of the manner in which it was consummated.

A CERTAIN degree of general satisfaction was felt through the Occidental world at the progress of the war. As the combatants possessed such utterly dissimilar physical characteristics, there was no need of a strict censorship of the press, or as it was practically impossible for a Mongol to show himself within the limits of the allied



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domains, there was little if any danger of the Oriental forces receiving information from spies. With the public of Europe and the Americas aroused to a high pitch of enthusiasm over the great amalgamation movement, there was no Caucasian willing to — or who dared — act as a Mongolian spy.

This satisfaction resulted from the definite checking of the invasion. It is true that at this time the Allies had made no gains or had recovered none of the territory lost in the first rush, but with the resources of armament developing rapidly, assurance was felt generally that victory would ultimately come to the Occident.

By agreement between the legislative bodies of the nations, it was decided to hold general elections to designate parliamentarians of the territorial congresses on May first, 1925. In addition, the vote was to constitute official public approval of amalgamation.

By sundown of May third it became known that there had been a landslide in favor of amalgamation.

Immediately after the result of the elections became known, the President of the United States summoned the first World Parliament to convene at Washington, which city, out of deference to the nationality of the originator of the plan, was to be the first capital — until the permanent capital was established by due process of legislation.

In a few days, the delegates from the nearer countries began to arrive in the city. Each former nation dispatched a cruiser as the official Argo to bring the delegates, each delegation being headed by the former ruler of the country represented.

The handsomest private residences in Washington were tendered by their owners to house the Parliamentarians. People flocked from far and near to view the installation of the great body, and the resources of the residential district were taxed to their utmost. Stores and warehouses were turned into temporary dormitories, while restaurants sprang up like mushrooms.

The beautiful plaza about the Union Station was packed to its limits while the Metropolitan police, augmented by troops, struggled to keep open an avenue of departure through the mass of spectators.

The sentiment of the people was frequently expressed as some Euopean notable, recognized from his photographs, rolled by in an automobile. Of all those who entered Washington on the way to the Parliament, however, none excited the applause of the throng so much as the former Kaiser of Germany.

Clad in civilian clothing, Wilhelm Hohenzollern, his hair snow white and his face deeply lined, with the famous mustaches flaunting imperially upward, looked out in response to the tumultuous cheers which seemed to rock the streets. As he bowed deeply in acknowledgment, those nearby could see tears gathered in the worn corners of his eyes, to fall unchecked and unashamed.

The King of England and the Czar received their just plaudits, as well as the temporary President of France, he who had led the French armies through the latter part of the great struggle. Albert of Belgium was also cheered to the echo, and he smiled happily in reply.

A quiet man, frock-coated and top-hatted, was suffered to pass almost unnoticed until someone shouted:

"The President of Switzerland — God bless him!"

There is no necessity for enumerating the particulars of the procedure. A full report is to be found in Volume One of the Parliamentary Record.

It was a most notable gathering which assembled in the remodeled Pension Office when the Parliament met. The former rulers of the various countries were ex-officio chairmen of their delegations and they personally escorted the President of the United States to the chair of the presiding officer, as he was, by preliminary agreement, to occupy that post until such time as a permanent official should be elected. It was a foregone conclusion that when the matter was taken up, the honor was to be his.

The chaplain of the American senate, to avoid possible jealousies on the part of various sects, was chosen to invoke a blessing upon the assemblage.

At the conclusion of the prayer, a gavel rapped sharply. The President spoke:

"Through and with the consent of the civilized world, in the name of God and of humanity, I declare the first World Parliament opened." So still were all those present that the voice of the speaker carried clearly to the furthermost corners of the great hall.

And thus, with dramatic simplicity, a forerunner of the freedom from complexity which was to mark the future administration of affairs, the curtain arose upon the world-state, the dawn of the era of enlightenment and the true brotherhood of mankind.

After three days' time, the constitution which had been finally drafted by a committee appointed for the purpose, was adopted. One of the sharpest discussions arising during its consideration centered about the granting of suffrage to womankind. While a majority of the American states had previously amended their constitutions to include universal suffrage, few other countries of the world had taken this step.

The English delegation, in recognition of the way the women of that land had thrown themselves into the undertaking of the home work formerly performed by the men who were called to the battle-line, stood solidly for it. France followed suit, Germany, Austria and Hungary as well, and for the identical reason which actuated the English delegation. When Russia cast her great vote in favor of granting the privilege, not only out of courtesy to her former allies, but on account of the acknowledgment of a new-born justice, the provision carried.

The article which provided that the Parliament was to be in constant session was universally adjudged a wise one. To permit vacations, provision was made that leave of absence might be granted to not exceeding twenty-five per cent. of the membership at one time. This vacation was, of course, optional, as a majority of all the delegates was to constitute a quorum.

WHILE awaiting the report of the committee appointed to draw up a temporary schedule of taxation, the question of the establishment of the permanent capital of the world was considered. With natural desire, each delegate strove to point out the advantages attaching to the location of the capital in his homeland. For a while there seemed to be no common ground of agreement, although a number of the delegates admitted that to break a possible deadlock, they would consent to its establishment in the United States.

The former President of the Argentine Republic who headed that division's quota, a quiet, studious man with the history of the world at his finger-tips, was granted the floor while the discussion was at its height.

Through interpreters attached to each delegation, his speech was translated. Since long before the Christian era, he said, there had been recognized one spot so located geographically as to compel the opinion of statesmen and strategists that it was a natural seat of empire — Constantinople. It was pointed out that, strongly guarded by natural features in case of a possible attack, it comprehended a surrounding and convenient territory ample for expansion to accommodate all who might be required to reside there in the administration of government.

In addition, he continued, it was not only centrally located with respect to the civilized and developed divisions, Europe in particular, but Constantinople adjoined that vast dominion of Asia which, when the Oriental war should be concluded, was to be endowed with the same degree of modern progression as that of any other land. He offered the motion that the world-capital be located there.

The "dark horse" won. A committee was immediately appointed to make the necessary arrangements and send a commission composed of leading architects of the world to examine the existing condition of Constantinople as well as to elaborate plans for the construction of such governmental buildings as should be necessary.

The capital was to be made the most modern and beautiful city in the world. Symbolic of the condition which was to mark the future, the Parliament invoked the name of the ancient Greek goddess of Peace, Eirene, the fabled fair daughter of Zeus and Themis, and with the according suffix, announced the name of the new city as Eirenopolis, modernized in spelling to Irenopolis.

Coincidently, a commission of parliamentarians met with a body of famous artists to devise an appropriate flag for the new government. In the spirit of prompt execution which had so far characterized the acts of the Parliament, within a short time a report was rendered and the recommended standard was adopted. Our present banner came into existence thereupon, a square white ground bearing a golden torch within a wreath of everlasting green.

One was made immediately, and on the day following its adoption it was hoisted in

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These words of one physician concerning the wonderful value of the food, Grape-Nuts, agree with the testimony of hundreds of others who use this splendid whole wheat and barley food themselves, and recommend it to their patients.

There are several reasons:
—it digests with remarkable ease;
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For young or old, as an every-day ration—

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Cleaning windows with Bon Ami is child's play, anyway!

That thin, white film of Bon Ami dries to a soft, dry, white powder and comes off the glass with one wipe of a dry cloth. Comes off dry—that's the point; for in coming off dry, no smears or soapy streaks are left.

Use a thin, watery lather, so thin you can hardly see it on the glass till it dries. Most people put it on too thick. A thin coating cleans just as perfectly and is easier to wipe off.

Some people prefer tissue-paper for wiping off the dry Bon Ami. It saves washing a cloth afterward, for the tissue can be thrown away.

You can use either the cake or powdered form of Bon Ami on glass. The cake, however, seems to remain the old favorite for windows and mirrors, while the powder is the favorite for bath-tubs, linoleum, marble, etc.

"Hasn't scratched yet!"

Made in both Cake and Powder form

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CLEANS ALL SURFACES POLISHES ALL METALS
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the course of a great civil ceremony over the temporary House of Parliament.

The Department of War was organized soon after the Parliament assembled with the specification that it should cease to exist upon the conclusion of the Oriental war, Mongolia be brought under the world government and the armament of that empire removed. Later, provision was to be made for the establishment of international police forces.

A committee of five was installed, composed of delegates from Germany, England, France, Russia and the United States with William Hohenzollern as its chairman, to direct the prosecution of the last war. Room was made in the War Department building for the establishment of its headquarters and its new duties were entered upon at once.

The situation in Asia at this time had reached a condition of stalemate similar to that which had frequently marked the European war. The Mongolian advance had been checked, but the better gathering of the Asiatic resources had resulted in the raising of strong additional forces which were to renew the attack upon Europe with fresh vigor within a short time.

The offensive undertaken by the Occident against Asia Minor had resulted in throwing back the Mongolian advance in the vicinity of the Caspian Sea, but with the line once straightened out a ceaseless hammering failed to produce further appreciable results.

In the meantime, though, work on the new navies had been ceaseless. The German fleet, which had remained practically intact at the conclusion of the European war, augmented by such ships of the territorial divisions as were available, became the nucleus of the new navy destined for a trial of strength at an early date with the Mongolian fleet.

It was realized by the Parliament that effective organization of the world government could not be completed until a decision in the East was rendered. But while the main energies of the new government were to be directed toward bringing the war to a speedy termination, plans were to be perfected for the immediate installation of governmental machinery in Mongolia and Asia upon the conclusion of hostilities.

The next step of the Parliament was that of establishing the Department of Finance. The committee was quickly and happily formed, for in each delegation from the various countries there was fortunately at least one Captain of Finance, and in the large delegation from the United States were to be found every member of the Council who had been so instrumental in weaving the fabric of amalgamation.

The chairmanship of the committee was tendered the financial wizard of America, who accepted it and automatically became the Secretary of World Finance. The first act of the committee was the recommendation for adoption of a standard system of coinage founded upon the metric, to embrace units of gold, silver, nickel and copper. Treasury notes were also to be utilized. A consulting committee of sculptors devised a design for the coinage. It placed the torch and wreath of the government upon one side of the coin and upon the reverse side a head typifying "Peace," with the motto taken from the coinage of the United States, "In God We Trust."

It was decided by the Parliament that the monetary mediums then in circulation in the various lands should be redeemed in the new coinage as fast as it could be stamped. Each territorial division through its individual parliament was authorized to decide and promulgate the rate of exchange between the new coinage and the old.

Within a short time after the genesis of the Department of Finance the committee presented a report upon banking and offered a recommendation for the establishment of a Federal Bank system to supersede all banks then in existence. Each private bank, corporation or state bank was to be taken over by the Department of Finance at a just appraisement, and federal officials and forces were to be installed.

As many financiers were represented in the Parliament, it was not to be expected that they would willingly sacrifice their individual view upon banking, and their private occupation as well, unless the conviction was forced upon them that it was for the benefit of all.

"In business," said a prominent financier, "the less the government interferes the better for business. Under your plan you may appoint, and should, men to offices in these governmental banks who have studied the banking business all their lives, men who are real bankers, who know through experience — and often by a sixth sense — how much to lend, to whom to lend and when to decline to make any loan at all. But old ties and customs are hard to ignore.

"Banking is founded upon loans. How are you going to prevent personal prejudice and spite from creeping into their administrations? We have all seen it at times on the part of certain federal officials who, 'clothed in a little brief authority,' have not been able to preserve the balance of their responsibility to all."

The Secretary of World Finance took the floor. "I cannot agree," he replied, "with the gentleman who advocates a policy of excluding the government from supervision of financial affairs.

"The main benefit which, as I see it, would accrue to the world through complete governmental supervision of finances, would be the elimination of the middleman.

"Under official administration there would be no stockholders demanding dividends which must be earned before they can be paid. With a rate of interest demanded on loans which would require only sufficient earnings to be made to defray the expenses of banking administration, the money which, under the private bank system goes to fatten the incomes of those financially interested in the institutions would be saved to the borrowers. This saving to the individual, though comparatively slight on each loan, in the sum of financial transactions over a span of time will mount to a stupendous figure.

"As the purpose of amalgamation is to benefit mankind collectively and individually, it is my earnest conviction that under it, this system of banking should prevail, for figures cannot lie.

"Needless to say, I and my colleagues in the financial world have studied the matter deeply. It is, then, with the earnest conviction that the inauguration of the federal banking system urged upon the Parliament would be to the lasting benefit of business in general, that I ask the adoption of the committee's report."

By the closest vote yet recorded in the Parliament the recommendation carried after a sharp debate, and the federal banking system was established.

TO weld the federation closer together, it was deemed most important that a common language be adopted. The exponents of international tongues such as the Esperantists, were invited to an official congress, requested to go into the matter thoroughly and to submit a report as soon as possible.

Deficiencies existing in the various languages were to be detected and remedied. The tongues of the earth were to be examined for subtleties of expression, their exact degree of meaning determined and a corresponding word devised for world-wide use. It was further recommended to the Parliament, and the recommendation was adopted at the time the language congress was called, that all newspapers be required to devote each day a certain amount of space to the new language lessons, the forms of which were to be prepared by the congress.

The committee of architects returned to Washington from Irenopolis, the new capital, to present its report. The site, they submitted, was ideal for the required purpose and already tentative plans had been drawn for the definite laying out of the city.

There was such a dearth of labor due to the war, at that time, that the parliament concluded that nothing should be undertaken in connection with the remodeling of Irenopolis until peace was achieved.

At this time conditions were such that the Department of War, in conjunction with the navy, decided to attempt the major strategy which was eventually to terminate the war.

The great fleet of submarines, submarine cruisers, supply ships and destroyers which had been building ever since the destruction of the original Armada off Guam, was ready at last. The ships, as fast as they had been finished, were utilized in the training of an adequate force to man the entire fleet.

Over five hundred submarines were ready. In addition, swift vessels of the destroyer type had been expressly fitted out with aeroplanes and guns to combat the air fleet which Mongolia had so largely augmented since the great battle.

Scientists had devised a projectile to be used against aircraft, and its manufacture had been undertaken in each country with the greatest circumspection. Those engaged in its manufacture had been isolated and no word of its construction had come into the possession of any Mongolian spy.

So the great shell was stored in the maga-

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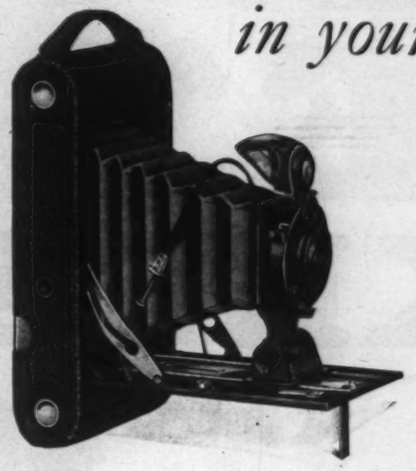

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No. 2C Autographic Kodak Jr., meniscus achromatic lens, ...	$12.00
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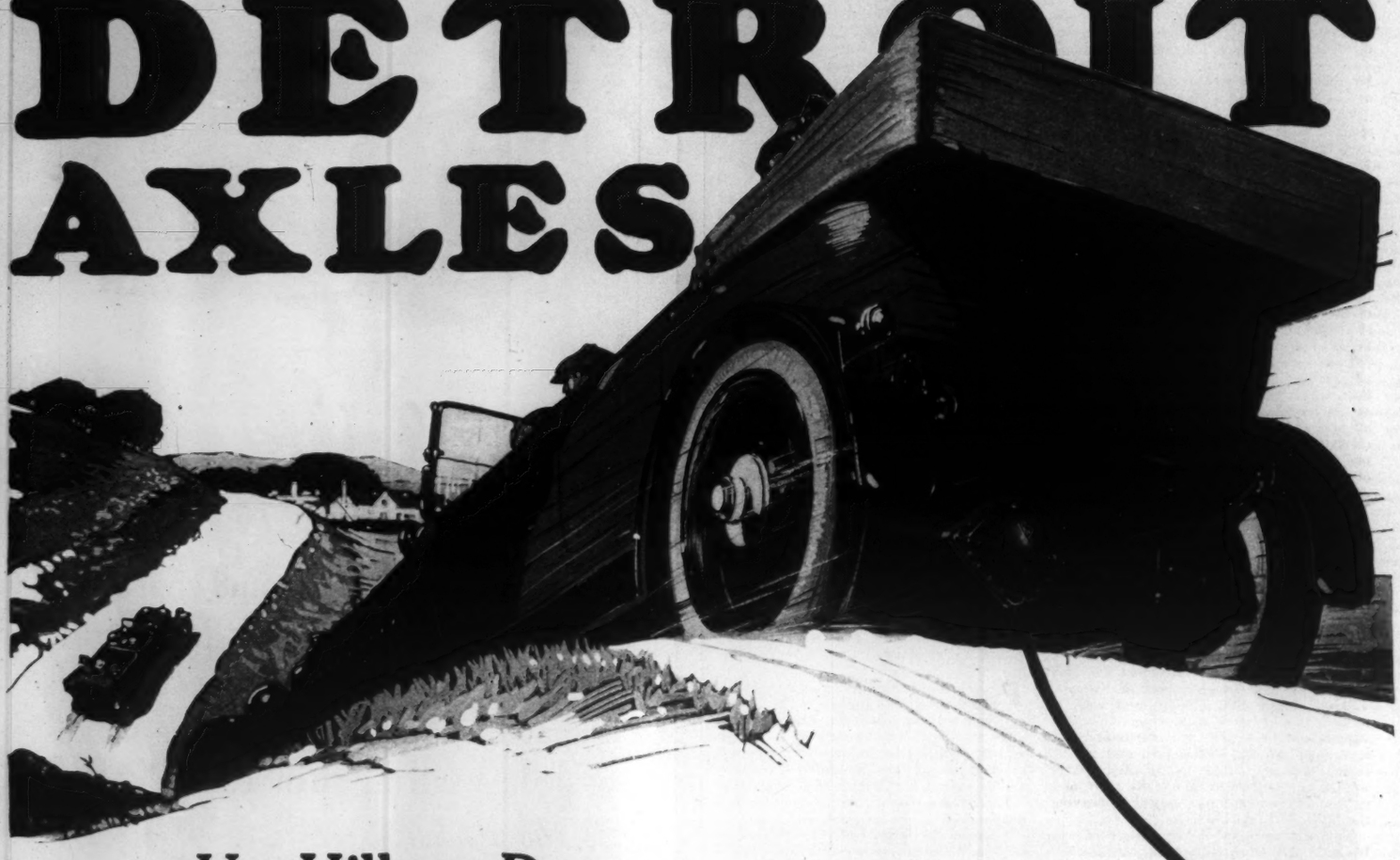
TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES



Up Hill or Down
It's Double Duty for the Axle

Gathering headway on the level you take the up-grade with a running start—

And almost immediately *two tremendous forces attack the gears in your rear axle.*

All the way up to the summit, motor-power is *pulling ahead*, weight of car and passengers is *dragging back*. Coming down, it's the motor or the brakes that hold back, and gravity that pulls ahead.

Six gear teeth must withstand the efforts of these conflicting forces to tear them apart or force them out of mesh.

Six little teeth—three in the pinion and three in the big bevel gear! And while under that relentless stress, they must also take the sudden wrench, shock and pound of every rut and thank-you-ma'am.

But for your protection, Timken-Detroit Axle engineering insists, first of all, on *anticipating and providing for the extreme emergencies of hard service.*

Back in the factory, a companion gear to the one in your axle—exactly like it in every detail, made of the same steel, fashioned by the same machines—was sacrificed to prove that *your* gear would do its duty.

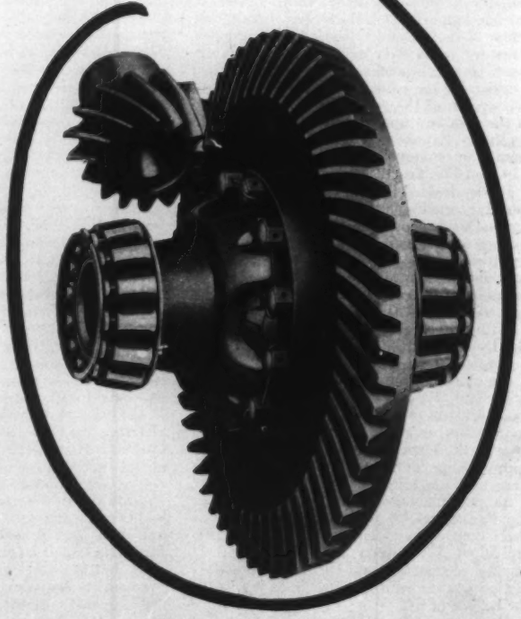
That brother gear was locked in mesh between two pinion gears revolving in opposite directions with forces greater than the forces of motor and gravity on the steepest hills.

More and more power was turned on till the teeth of gear or pinion finally gave way —*far beyond the danger limit.*

Not that Timken-Detroit Gears are indestructible or that the full power of a high speed motor might not—*once in a million starts, perhaps*—break a tooth, for perfection is unattainable through human agency. *Nor has the steel-making art been able to attain absolute uniformity.*

But the margin of safety provided by that gear test protects you on the hills or the level. And you'll find it in every part and piece of Timken-Detroit front and rear axles.

The inside facts about good axle construction are yours for the asking. Write for the Timken Primer, C-7, "On Axles." Sent free, postpaid, on request.



The smaller of these rear axle gears takes the power of the engine.

The larger one delivers that power to the rear wheels. The six teeth in mesh at any time must literally lift your car up over the hill against the resistance of gravity.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

zines. It is now too well known to require a detailed description here. As war is over and done with for all ages, the manufacture of them has ceased and specimens may be found only in museums, as relics of a past age of strife.

The incandescent spirals which shot out from the shell as it exploded on high reached for hundreds of yards in all directions, searing anything which they touched. The few Mongolian aviators who survived the attack of these devilish instruments of war, still recount with bated breath the hopeless feeling which overtook them as they witnessed the machines of their fellows, grasped by the fiery tentacles and cut through the wings, fall fluttering to earth.

Naturally, in the great broken lands of Asia where the battles raged, there was ample opportunity for manoeuver. While a deadlock existed, it was impossible to occupy the entire line solidly, and vulnerable points were discovered. Whole allied reserve army corps became railway construction units, and the glistening arteries of supply, steel rails, followed the course of advance.

By quick massing of forces behind covering mountains, and an overwhelming attack, the Mongolian forces in Persia were beaten back through Ispahan and Teheran, uncovering the entire Persian Gulf section.

Between the southern extremity of the Caspian Sea and the northwestern point of Afghanistan, the Mongols made a desperate stand; but the success of the Occidental movement had strategically compelled a retirement of the Mongol line further north, for, should the southern angle fail to hold, the position was threatened in flank as well as in communication.

Three million Occidental troops were landed in India, where the revolution, already coming under control, was quickly suppressed. Those troops who had remained faithful to England added their strength to the main forces, and the united armies moved northward to attack the Mongols who held the southern slopes of the Himalayas.

When the European contingent of the submarine fleet was about to pass through the Suez Canal, sufficient forces were first landed to clear the country and avoid the possibility of a spy's gaining knowledge as to the sailing of the flotilla. The passage of the Canal was made undetected and the great fleet sped to the Straits of Malacca to await the American ships.

America, when the war was declared, had promptly interned every Mongol within her territory. As a result, there was no intimation to Mongolia that offensive naval action was about to be undertaken. The submarines crossed the Pacific without being discovered, and effected a junction with the European fleet near Singapore, whence the Armada sailed for the Sea of Japan.

A little to the southward of Tsu-Shima, where, during the Russo-Japanese war the Russian fleet had been destroyed, the Mongolian communication guard was found. Aeroplane reconnaissance was encountered from Japan, resulting in the discovery of the approach of the Occidental fleet, and the ships of the yellow race were lying in wait.

Once more the fleets locked horns in desperate conflict. The Occidentals possessed one great advantage, however, over their opponents, for the improved submarine detector, developed in secrecy, proved of inestimable value in locating the approach of an enemy's ship.

The dial needles of the indicators which marked direction, distance, and depth, swung true, and when the bell which warned that a friendly craft was in line with the torpedo tubes, failed to sound, a magnetic torpedo was sent accurately crashing into the hull of the enemy.

One by one the Mongolian submarines were sunk. The fleet of dreadnoughts and battle-cruisers which valiantly steamed into the face of their invisible foes, when the Mongolian admiral threw them forward in a desperate hope, fared no better than the swift submarine-destroying vessels which strove to locate the attackers. They were literally lifted off the surface of the seas by torpedo blasts, to sink bubbling to the ocean's bed.

Once more there came the flight of Mongolian aeros, their number estimated at about two thousand. They had proven a safeguard once before, and hope was again placed in them.

To meet this attack the submarines rose to the surface, cleared away their anti-aircraft guns and sent salvos of the terrible X shells screaming aloft.

About four hundred giant submarines opened fire upon the aeros with from four to six guns each, at least a gun to an aeroplane. The bursting of the X shells formed a perfect canopy of flame and the snarling ribbons of incandescence filled the air with their shrill attack. The first line of the approaching air fleet crashed full into the face of the fire; the aeros seemed to check themselves in flight, poised for a moment like wounded birds, then collapsed in a writhing, fluttering curtain to the devouring waves below.

Line after line met the same fate. The precision of the air attack faded away like a mist as they met the searing fire. Within ten minutes after the first shot was fired, none of the aircraft was aloft except a terrorized few which turned tail as the last line witnessed the awful destruction of their fellows ahead and fled, panic-stricken, for safety to Nippon.

And so the line of communication was definitely severed.

In anticipation of some such eventuality, the capital of the Mongolian Empire had been located at Peking. The great munition shops too, were established for the most part on the mainland, so the severance of the Japanese islands from Asia effected no material lessening of supply to the forces.

But the moral effect told heavily.

Japan and China had not been welded together sufficiently firmly or for long enough to obliterate the individual fealties of their peoples to their own lands. While Japanese prestige had forced itself convincingly upon the Chinese it was not firmly enough seated as yet for them to ignore the loss of the Japanese territories. Japan had been proclaimed as impregnable and the people had believed. But when the armored air boats flew into China from the Armada and scattered leaflets telling of the late victory, inviting the men of China to examine for themselves, and outlining the blending of the rest of the world under a common government where peace was to reign supreme and forever, there were those who believed, those to whom the raging war was at complete variance with the peaceful mode of living which had been in-born in them for centuries, and this word, grim for the Japanese cause, was passed from mouth to ear.

The Chinese statesmen who were in power when Japan made entry into China had been secluded ever since. They had been against absorption by Japan, and entertained a feeling of liking for America which was the result of years of kindliness from the great former republic.

Japan had counted too much upon racial allegiance to her from the peoples whom she had sought to bring beneath her sway. Her sense of security was demonstrated by failure to keep sufficient of her troops near at hand to suppress a possible uprising, and when, after the Chinese conspiracy broke against Japan which gained momentum with incredible speed, it was too late to repair the omission.

Troops in Japan were marooned there by the severance of communications. The attack of the Occidental forces in the west was too determined and continuous to readily permit withdrawal of first-line troops, for the front could not safely be weakened at any point.

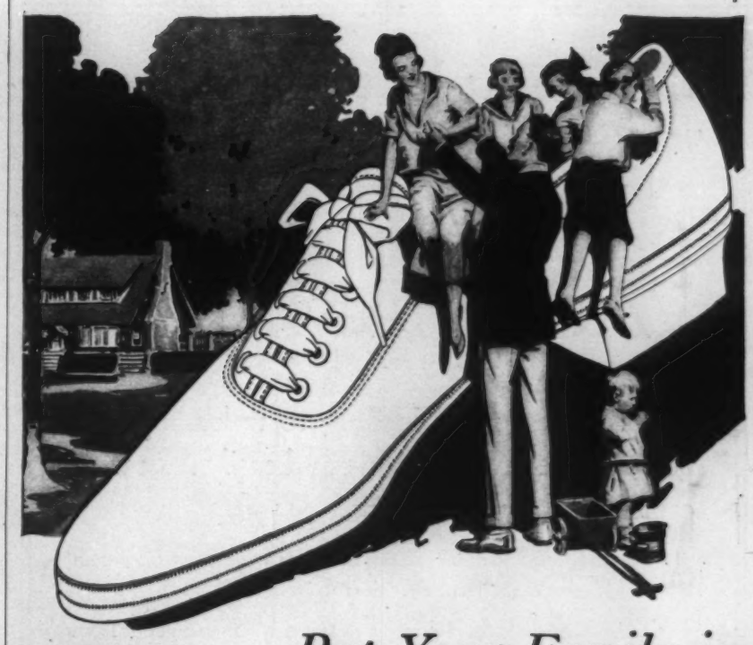
Great bodies of reserves which were being held to plug any gaps that might occur in the Asiatic position, were ordered back to suppress the uprising; but the thread had been broken, the damage done.

Chinese troops of the reserves killed their Japanese officers and declared themselves for China alone. Masses of natives who had not yet been called upon for service, but who had watched thousands of their fellows march away to be turned into soldiers, swarmed over the munition factories and destroyed them, as well as the newly made railways which were of such paramount importance to the supply of the forces at the front.

A period of lawlessness, rapine, plunder and murder, set in. And while the Japanese troops which, under desperate despair, were detached from the front, shot down the insurgents by thousands, the continuity of supply was broken. Food and ammunition failed to reach the troops, growing more and more scarce day by day, and the news, transmitted by important officials of the revolt to the commander of the victorious Armada, was relayed by wireless to the Occidental general staff.

Seizing the moment, the attack of the Occident redoubled in vigor. For a period the Mongols blazed fiercely in reply, and the dead were piled in wind-rows before the blast. But gradually the intensity of the defending fire diminished, and those of the enemy in authority knew why. There was a shortage of ammunition.

One by one the elements of the great Mongol artillery grew silent; diminished was the rain of musketry which had formerly greeted each attack. When general advance was



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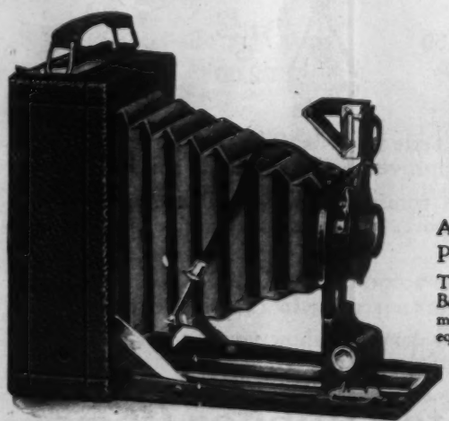

An illustration of the PREMOETTE SR.

The Shutter is the Kodak Ball Bearing with Kodak Anastigmat lens *f*.7.7. With this equipment prices are:

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$3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, . $17.50

ordered at last by the Occidental staff, with a final desperate hurling of their remaining charges into the face of the assault, whole Mongolian army corps broke before the combined hail of artillery and the flash of leaping bayonet, or stood stolidly with breast open and undefended against the plunging steel.

The deadlock had been broken from within!

For a time, the Mongolian forces strove to rally in rear of the old front. River and mountain range became stout temporary barriers behind which attempt was made to check the onslaught. But the Occident, with the reports of the aviators pointing the topographical way, turned position after position until the great line which had reached from the Arctic to the Himalayas was gaping, unheld in a score of places.

Following the victory of the Armada, transports which had been gathered from every land and held in readiness for the moment, were despatched with their troops. Six weeks after the line of communications was cut, three million Occidental troops were landed in the province of Pe-Chili, swept away the slender Mongol forces which opposed them and the transports scurried away to begin the work of supplying the great array.

The Chinese uprising was at its height. With the western line breaking under the shortage of ammunition, the huge forces of the Mongols teetering on the verge of starvation through failure of their supply system, India once more a unit and the avenue of attack on the flank, Mongolia — practically Japan — was forced to sue for peace.

At once all advances were halted. The emperor, who had fled from Peking with the seizure of Pe-Chili province, so near the seat of government, went personally to the headquarters where the Japanese field marshal was haggling for terms, and, with his counsellors, he undertook to obtain terms which would leave Japan an independent state.

But the war had been waged to the bitter end by the Occident merely to complete the cycle of amalgamation and no alternative terms were offered. Japan — Mongolia — must subscribe to the merger of all lands under a common government, or the war must continue.

Pride held the Emperor unshaken; he could not capitulate on such terms. An epidemic of suicides among the higher Japanese officials ensued, for they blamed themselves for the failure of their invasion of Europe. And at that moment, when it seemed as though word must be given to resume the Occidental advance, a Chinaman crept into the presence of the Mongol ruler and assassinated him.

The field marshal who held supreme command of Mongolia's horde accepted the terms of the Occident and ordered the disbanding of his forces. Artillery, rifles and equipment were deposited under guard as the troops marched past concentration points, and the Oriental soldiers were conducted by their own officers and under Occidental supervision to their homes.

The Japanese islands which had not yet been taken, owing to the impossibility of a submarine fleet developing offensive action against land fortifications, were threatened by the battle-fleet which appeared off its principal ports. The Japanese who had returned from the vanquished forces of Mongolia, were permitted to enter their homeland to tell of the true state of affairs.

Negotiations were begun and, recognizing the futility of resistance against the entire world, Japan opened her ports. The frowning guns were silent as the fleets steamed majestically into the harbors, flying the new flag of the Central Government, and the quiet crowds which stared at the forces which landed seemed apathetic and stricken by the blow.

To insure a complete understanding by the Japanese people of the true meaning of amalgamation, the machinery of propaganda was revived and altered to meet the conditions existing in that country, and its teachings were spread broadcast through the educated Japanese who were first given opportunity to digest its possibilities and promises.

In China, the same plan was followed. Those Chinese officials who had fomented the uprising which had proven to be the key to Occidental victory, had been primed with the literature of amalgamation, introduced there even before Mongolia had decided to wage war upon the Occident. It commended itself to their philosophy; it agreed with life precepts which had been handed down from father to son for generations, and, as such disorganized machinery of administration as existed in China lay in their hands, it was not difficult to complete agreements for the benefits of world welfare to be introduced.

In 1916 or 1917, belief that amalgamation could ever be anything except a wonderful dream was hardly possible, even to visionaries. But the natural development of the movement seemed to create a building spirit, a strong psychic current that spread over the globe and influenced the mind of mankind to seize upon the new order of things.

At Washington, the news that Mongolia was vanquished at last was hailed with a human hymn of gratitude that arose from every heart. The world was indeed become altruistic.

War has a way of impelling, on the part of those who participate in its great movements, a certain delight in concerted action and the achievement of an objective. The gathering of a great body of men seems to inspire its members with the conquering spirit. It was recognized that this spirit could be easily directed toward the conquest of natural and physical obstacles, Herculean tasks such as the moving of mountains to open a way into a new land; and as the troops were returned to their native heaths for disbandment, the individuals were urged to volunteer for the great enterprises about to be undertaken in the interests of world development.

The artisans of Persia, Asia Minor, Turkey, the Balkans, Austria and neighboring territories, mostly former soldiers, were invited to participate in the building of the new city of Irenopolis. Those workmen who elected to join the industrial army were to be permitted to take their families with them and were to be housed and fed under the direction of the architectural commission.

There was a prompt response. While weary of warfare, and possessing some of the actuating spirit of the new government, the men rather welcomed opportunity to remain members of an organization, even semi-military in form, and their applications for enrollment in the new industrial battalions poured in.

From the fusing and blending of world-wide ideas, a distinctive type of architecture had arisen which combined the best of each. This era of architecture was to receive its first expression in the City of Peace.

Elaborated plans for the new city were published that the world at large might see. The ends of the earth were summoned to furnish their quota of material — marble, granite, jasper. The woods, ebony mahogany, palma-brava, lignum-vitæ and others were selected for their beauty and endurance. Concrete construction was to obtain as a base, re-enforced by steel.

The lovely hills before which the storied Bosphorus smiled in the sunshine of a fair land, were to be terraced, to blossom forth with an array of official residences, while the rim of the Golden Horn was to be cleared of its old buildings and be made over into a broad park wherein the stately buildings of government were to be reared.

For miles beyond the official city proper, the plans provided for the reservation of a territory which was to be given over to residential and mercantile houses. Each plan for the erection of a private house, however, it was decreed must be submitted to the commission, to prevent the introduction of unsightly buildings or those of dangerous or inflammable type.

Plans in great number were prepared by the architects for private residences, both large and small, and there was to be no charge made for their utilization.

The new city was to be laid out on an exact plan, with a facile numbering and lettering of streets and avenues, that one's way might be found readily about the city. Broad speedways were to be built skirting the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora, with others leading into the interior.

As the cleanliness and order of Irenopolis replaced the squalor and confusion of Old Constantinople, those long resident there could not but mark the improvement, and they too imbibed something of the spirit of progress which had crowned the achievement of amalgamation.

[*The end*]

McClure's has always gone in for special articles that touch some subject of the moment. The great War has been treated in the greatest way in the pages of this magazine. Some fine War fiction is scheduled for early issues

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Please send me booklet on the treatment of constipation
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A King in Babylon

Continued from page 11

her mother was Ma Creel's sister, and when her father lost his life through the snapping of a guy wire, and her mother died of shock a week later, why, of course, Ma Creel took her. And whether through Ma Creel's influence, or her own disposition, or both, she grew up to be the sweetest, cleverest, and most tormenting girl that I have ever known. Of course she had gone into the movies as soon as she could walk, almost; and the principal trial of my life was the fact that she was away so much, on other locations; and recently, she had been doing some work for the Apex.

I may as well state here that I am in love with Mollie, and have been ever since she was a kid. In fact, she isn't much more than a kid, even yet! Just at the dangerous age when she might lose her head over some handsome scoundrel. Consequently, when Creel told me to pack my bag for Egypt, I did not respond with any great enthusiasm, not knowing what his arrangements as to his family were.

The state of my affections was, of course, no secret, and Creel smiled drily as he looked at me.

"You don't seem overjoyed," he said. "It's a great chance, but if you don't want to go ——"

"Is Mollie going?" I blurted out.

"Yes, Mollie's going — but if you'd rather stay on here ——"

"Oh, shut up!" I said. "You know what I mean!"

"Yes," said Creel, "I do. And all I've got to say is this: if you can't finish your job with two long sea-voyages and two or three weeks in the desert, I'm going to give you the boot myself, if Mollie hasn't the heart to, when we get back!"

"All right," I said; "I agree to that!"

And I did my work that afternoon with the blood singing in my ears. Yes, if I couldn't bring Mollie to terms on a trip like that, I might as well give up. Up to the present, I really hadn't had a fair chance. She was away so much, that there hadn't been time for any decisive action. Just when I had my artillery preparation complete, and was ready to rush in my infantry, she would whisk away to the other side of the country!

At that time, she was working with a company down in Florida, and I hadn't seen her for a month. I kept up a daily bombardment of clippings and bon-bons and such things, but I couldn't see how effective it was, and the only reply I drew was an occasional postcard telling of the ripping time she was having, or a photograph showing her in the midst of a bunch of obviously-enslaved muts, who were looking at her in a way that made me want to smash the lot of them. And when I found out that our male lead was to be Jimmy Allen, and that Creel and old Digby were the only other men in the party except myself, I felt better than ever.

Jimmy Allen was a square fellow, and he wouldn't flirt with Mollie, because he knew how I felt about her. Probably he wouldn't have flirted with her anyway, for he never seemed to have any real affinity for women. He was a splendid actor, and his love-scenes certainly looked like the real thing; but I happened to know that more than one leading lady who had tried to continue them off-stage had been turned down. Not harshly, of course; Jimmy couldn't be harsh with anyone; but he just hadn't seemed to understand. For one person not to seem to understand, when the other knows all the time that he *does* understand, is deadly in a case like that!

Jimmy was cursed with the fatal gift of beauty. It was that which, in the beginning, had caused him to be singled out from the extras. He had dark, mysterious eyes, and crinkly black hair that waved just enough and not too much, and a dusky, lustrous sort of skin that the camera somehow made the most of. There was something about him that always struck me as Oriental—though the only Orientals I knew were Jews — and old Omar, whom I had recently discovered — and he wasn't in the least like them. And I also knew his father and mother, an unassuming Irish couple living in Jersey City, where his father was sergeant of police. So there couldn't really have been anything Oriental about him; it was just chance which had given him that appearance.

Well, his good looks had brought him many a punching as a boy, which left his black eyes blacker than ever, and his shapely nose dripping gore, and no doubt he had cursed them often enough; but they had proved a blessing in the end. In the first place, they had caused him to be singled out from the crowd of boys loafing around the gate of the Pathé studio when a bell-boy had been wanted in a hurry. Other small parts had followed; he had worked hard, as he matured; and when the directors finally discovered that he could act as well as look soulful, and that the public liked him, there wasn't any limit to his future!

I'm bound to say that Jimmy wasn't spoiled by it. He still lived at home, and brought his mother over occasionally to see Ma Creel, and kept on fighting off the ladies. There was really something lacking in him where women were concerned. It wasn't that he didn't like them — he did, in a way — liked to have them around, liked to josh them, liked to put an arm about them sometimes — but beyond that he wasn't interested. Funny thing, too — the quickest and surest way to make him mad was to intimate any resemblance to Galahad!

If I hadn't known better, I'd have said there was a great love in his life which left no room for any small ones. But that was nonsense. I had known him since he was a boy; I had even helped punch those black eyes of his; and there had never been the suspicion of a girl. Since we came back from Egypt, I have thought it over a good deal, and I think that now I understand.

WE finished the picture we were on, and I had a chance to loaf a little and go around and see what the other fellows were doing, while Creel got things into shape for his great film. He was a busy man, those days. In the first place, he had to get his idea sketched out, so that he could tell what would be needed in the way of props and backgrounds and locations; but he kept mighty quiet about it for fear some inkling of it would leak out, and some other producer would beat him to it. I don't believe he ever showed that clipping to anyone but the old man till we were well on our way to Egypt — I know he didn't show it to me till long afterwards, and I hadn't the slightest idea what the film was to be about. If there had been any way for him to suppress Henley's poems, he'd have done it without the slightest compunction!

Then, after he had decided what locations he'd need, he had to find them; and he studied photographs and talked to the experts up at the Metropolitan Art Museum till he knew Egypt pretty well from one end to the other. I gathered that what he was looking for was some imposing place at the edge of the desert, which had not been fully excavated, and where he could set his gangs at work, and from this I inferred that Jimmy Allen was to play the part of an explorer digging into the old tombs, and, of course, making all sorts of startling discoveries. When I think of the discoveries we really made . . .

And at about this stage, Creel struck a snag which nearly upset the whole plan, for he discovered that it was exceedingly doubtful if he could get into Egypt at all. What with threats of a Turkish attack on the Suez Canal and her desire to keep secret her own preparations to meet it, England wasn't exactly welcoming any visitors to Egypt just then. Moreover, the United States government, while stoutly maintaining the right of its citizens to go anywhere they wanted to, was declining to issue passports to anybody who couldn't show a good and sufficient reason for going abroad, and without passports it was impossible to get on a ship — to say nothing of getting off again!

In the beginning, Creel's application came back with the intimation that it would be perhaps as well for him to confine his activities to America for the present; and his subsequent protestations as to the immense service he was planning for the cause of art were received coldly, not to say skeptically. Finally he gathered together our photographs and pedigrees and birth-certificates, and departed grimly for Washington. He was gone three or four days, and when he came back, he had not only the passports, but a letter from the British ambassador, recommending him to the good graces of the

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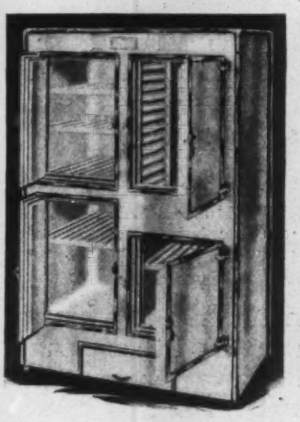

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authorities in Egypt. How he got it I don't know. He has always refused to tell me—perhaps it is a secret which must wait till the war is over!

Then, just as everything seemed serene again, he struck another snag. The old man called him into the office one day and told him he couldn't get Felice Tabor.

"She positively refuses to go abroad," he explained. "She's afraid she'll be submarined. Besides, I think she's in love again!"

"Did you offer her enough?" Creel asked.

"I offered her ten thousand and expenses," said the old man. "Don't you think that was enough?"

"Yes, I do," said Creel. "If she doesn't want to go, that settles it, I guess," he added gloomily. "However, I'll have a talk with her."

He did, but Felice remained obdurate. In spite of the fascinating picture he painted of the great opportunity it would be for her, of his assurance that there was not the slightest danger, and of many other things explained with the fluency of which only Creel was capable, she refused to go. It wasn't often that Creel acknowledged himself beaten; but he was beaten then, and he admitted it that evening. He said afterwards that it was Fate—and I am inclined to agree with him!

"I've got to get somebody else," he said, "and mighty quick, too. We're going to sail a week from tomorrow."

"There's lots of actresses," I pointed out. "Too many, in fact."

"It's not only an actress I want," said Creel; "it's a type. I want a woman—a beautiful woman—with dark hair and eyes and skin, and the look of the Orient about her. I want her to suggest the Mysterious East by the way she moves. I want her to have the sensuous Oriental atmosphere. Jimmy Allen has it—though with him it's only skin deep! and the Lord alone knows where he got even that! But that's the reason I'm taking him. Now, if I can get just the right type of woman, who also knows how to act, I'll put over the greatest picture that was ever thrown on the screen."

I named two or three women who had some reputation and who I thought might perhaps fill the specifications. But he shook his head at all of them.

"They're all hackneyed and stilted," he objected. "They've all been taught to get certain effects in certain ways. So has Felice Tabor, for that matter; but she has intelligence, and if I could have got her out there in the desert where she couldn't run away, I'd have whipped her into shape. But these other women haven't even intelligence. They'd behave on the Nile just as they do at Rector's. Besides, the public is tired of their tricks."

He sat for some minutes running his fingers through his hair, and I knew what he was thinking: if he could only discover an unknown, a great unknown, and introduce her through the medium of a great picture! That would be a double triumph! At last he jumped up, shaking his head.

"Let's forget our troubles by looking at other people's," he said, and we spent the rest of the evening in and out of the picture houses along Broadway.

The pictures we saw were, of course, the very cream of the week's releases—otherwise they wouldn't have been on Broadway; but we grew more and more depressed as we went from one to another. They were well-staged and well-acted, the photography and lighting were excellent, the direction in many instances artistic and subtle; but their plots, in so far as they could be said to possess plots at all, were puerile. They were enough to make the angels weep!

Creel's face was grim as we came out of the last show.

"There you are, Billy," he said; "you see the depths to which the motion-picture business has fallen!"

"Some of the companies are putting out original stuff," I said.

"Original!" echoed Creel. "Noah might have called it that! As a matter of fact, most producers don't want new stuff. They're afraid of it. What they want is the old stuff done over!"

"Yes, that's true," I agreed. And it is.

"And when they try to write new stuff—well—do you ever read the summaries in the back of the *World* and the *News*?"

"Sometimes," I admitted.

"And you call them original?"

I had to confess that most of them reminded me of the literary exercises at a country school.

"That's just it," said Creel; "and that's the sort of stuff I have to produce! Oh, my God!"

"You won't have to this time," I pointed out.

"No," he agreed, but his face didn't light up the way I thought it would. "No."

He stood for a moment looking gloomily up and down the street; then he bade me good-night, and plunged into the Subway.

IV

THE trouble was that Creel was suffering from the reaction which every artist feels when he turns his great idea over and looks at it and tries to work it out. He was wondering if, after all, it was as brilliant as he had thought it; he was doubting his ability to develop it as it should be developed. He always got into the dumps at this stage of every picture he put on, and it was then that Ma Creel and the old man showed the stuff they were made of. There was never any doubt in *their* minds—apparently!—and between them they always managed to boost Creel along over the low places.

They did it this time, but it was a hard pull, for his usual despondency was increased by the fact that he hadn't been able to find an actress to suit him. And the sailing-day was drawing steadily nearer—and Creel swore it shouldn't be postponed. He was superstitious about postponements. He and old Digby were so swamped with the work of checking up the costumes and props and making sure that everything was provided for, that finally he asked me to help. But there was one prop which fairly gave me the creeps.

"Come in here," Creel said to me one day; "there's a member of the company you haven't seen," and he led the way into the workroom.

There on the table lay what looked to me like a half-decayed body. The foreman grinned when he saw the way I jumped. But I could almost smell it. The nose was gone and the eyes; the leathery lips were parted in a ghastly smile, and there was a long wisp of black hair clinging to the blackened skull. You could see the ribs sticking up, and the abdomen had fallen away into the pelvis.

"What do you think of her?" asked Creel proudly.

"Is it a *her*?" I countered feebly.

"My dear boy," said Creel, "you see before you all that remains of Meri-Tau, a young lady once the toast of the court of Pharaoh, but who fell into evil ways, and whose end was most tragic."

"Really?" I asked, for I couldn't for the life of me tell by looking at the thing whether it was a fake or not.

Creel laughed. "That's a compliment for you, Peter," he said to the foreman.

"Then it's a fake?" I asked.

"It was made on the premises," said Creel, "by Peter and his assistant, under the supervision of an expert from the Metropolitan."

When I found that it was only papier-mâché, I went closer and looked at it. It was certainly a masterpiece.

"It is a copy of a real one," said Creel; "but I think we've improved on the original. That smile, now," and he indicated the grinning lips.

"Why didn't you borrow the original?" I asked. "Or buy it?"

"The original wouldn't have done, even if I could have got it," Creel explained. "It wouldn't stand the handling."

"Will it have to be handled?"

"Oh, yes," said Creel with a smile. "Jimmy Allen will have to hug it quite a good deal."

After all, I reflected, there were some advantages a camera-man had, even over a leading actor.

"Who's your other lead?" I asked.

Creel's face clouded.

"I haven't got her yet," he said. "I've got an option on two girls who might possibly do, but I'm not going to close till the last minute. Something may turn up. I always was lucky, you know!"

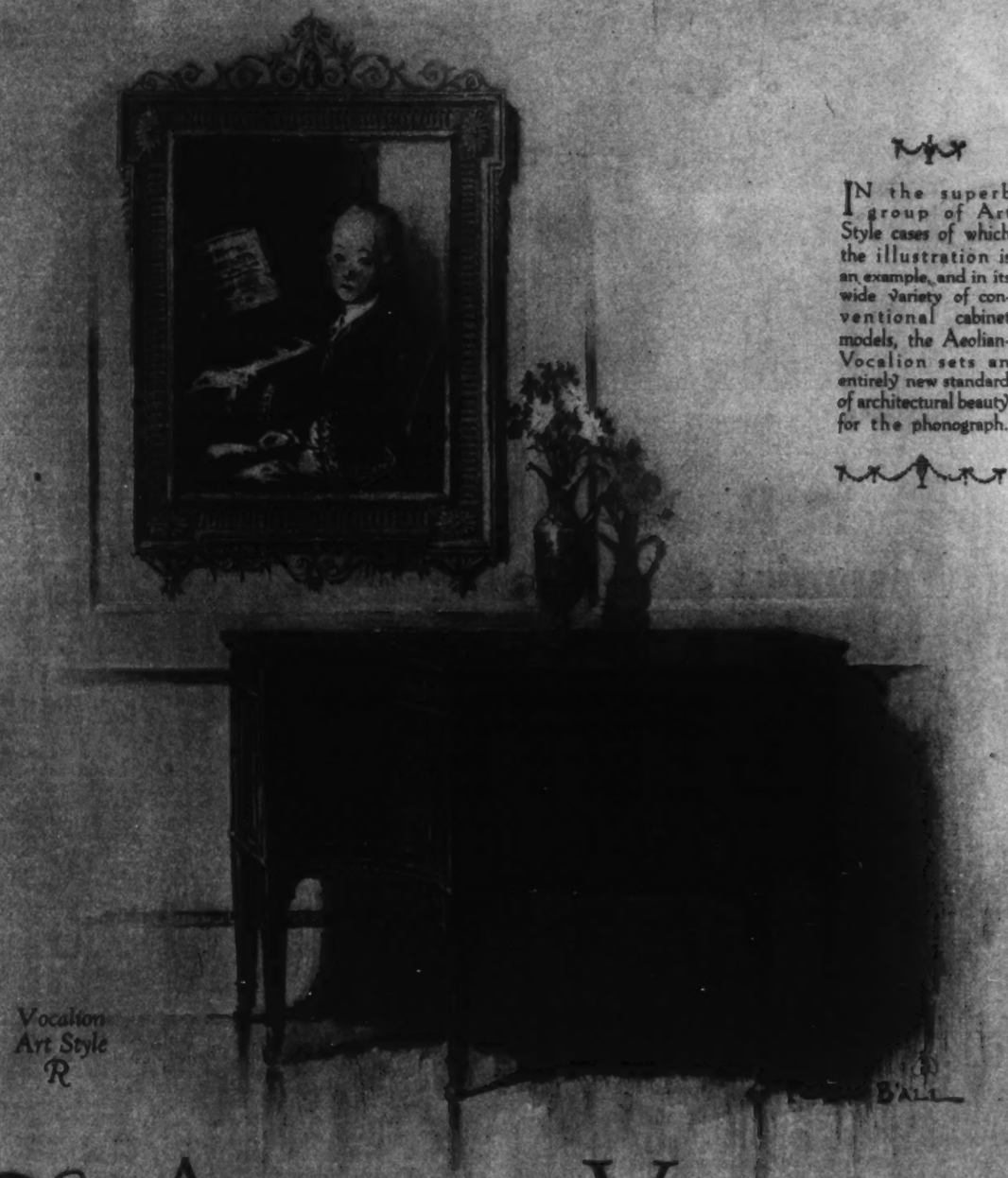
That night Mollie Adams came back from Florida, and I lost interest in Creel's troubles; I instantly acquired a lively set of my own!

When I called her up and asked if I might come around and see her, she shied right away.

"I haven't got time," she said. "If I'm going to Egypt, I've got to be getting ready."

"If?" I echoed. "Is there any 'if' about it?"

"I hate ocean voyages, and the Apex people have made me a mighty good offer. I'll make up my mind tomorrow."



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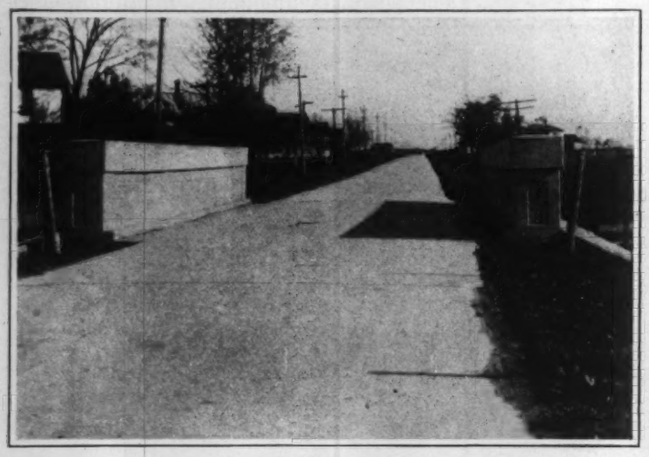

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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

"I suppose you know I'm going?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "Aunt Mary told me."

There didn't seem to be anything more for me to say except good-by, and I was just going to hang up, when she stopped me.

"Wait a minute," she said. "Aunt Mary wants to see you about something. She wants to know if you can come around tonight for a little while."

"Of course I can," I said. "Wasn't I just asking you if I might?"

"Oh, so you were," she said. "Well, Aunt Mary will be looking for you about eight."

I spent the afternoon overhauling my cameras and getting my apparatus generally ship-shape, just to have something to occupy my mind, and in the evening I went around to Ma Creel's. I hardly expected to see Mollie after what she had said over the telephone, but it was she who opened the door. She explained that Ma Creel would be down in a minute, and while we were waiting, she told me all about the good time she had been having in Florida, and how a fellow named Rogers had been blowing himself for her.

"He's a real actor," she went on, with what seemed to me unnecessary enthusiasm, "and one of the handsomest men I ever saw. Not the wishy-washy kind, but strong and virile — the sort of man who would protect a woman against the world."

"I always thought you were perfectly able to protect yourself," I said.

"I suppose I am," she agreed; "but a girl gets tired of the battle — she longs for a strong man's arm about her."

"Well," I began, "I've got an arm — two of them, in fact ——"

"He has signed up with the Apex for two years," she cut in before I could finish, "and he's awfully anxious that I should join, too. They've offered me a splendid contract — and they're getting ready for a perfectly swell production — and I certainly do like Florida."

"I've been to'd," I said, "that Egypt is much more interesting."

Mollie grimaced.

"Smells and fleas, principally, so Mr. Rogers says!"

"What does he know about it?" I demanded.

"He has been looking it up for me."

"That was kind of him!" I snapped; I couldn't help it. Mr. Rogers had got on my nerves.

"So I thought," agreed Mollie coldly. "He was always trying to do things for me."

"Look here, Mollie," I said, desperately, after a moment; "you know I love you — everybody else knows it, at any rate ——"

"Yes," broke in Mollie bitterly, "they do! That's just it! What right have you to plaster me with 'Don't touch' signs? It makes me feel like a fool!"

"Well, I can't help it — and I'm not ashamed of it! And I haven't plastered you with 'Don't touch' signs — at least I've never observed that anybody ever paid any attention to them. But what I was going to say is that you've never seen enough of me to really make up your mind about me."

"Oh, haven't I!" said Mollie.

"No, you haven't. What with Florida and Mexico and the Adirondacks, you haven't been here enough to get acquainted with me. Now here's what I propose — you come along with Ma Creel. I won't bother you — I promise you that: but I'll be around where you can find me if you want me; and you can sort of size me up, and if you decide you don't want me, why, all right. I'll never whimper, however bad it hurts! But I *do* think — if only for the sake of old times — I ought to have a chance before you turn me down."

"I'll think about it," said Mollie, looking at me kind of queer. "What *is* this show, anyway?"

"I don't know," I said, "except that there's a mummy in it — the ugliest one I ever saw. Creel is keeping mighty close about it — he's afraid somebody will steal his idea. But he says it's a big one, and that's enough for me."

"Mr. Rogers was saying that it's common report the old man is nearly down and out," Mollie remarked.

"Mr. Rogers had better mind his own business!" I snorted, for I couldn't stand it to hear anybody knocking the old man. "He's been losing money — we all know that — but he hasn't lost his nerve, which is more than can be said of some of the others."

"Well, you needn't get so mad about it," said Mollie. "I think as much of the old man as you do."

"One would never suspect it!" I retorted. "Not to hear you passing on the knocks of every cheap actor who comes along. If I'm not mistaken, this Mr. Rogers of yours was fired by the old man about three years ago."

"He resigned," said Mollie. "He told me all about it. The old man took a grudge against him because he had ideas of his own."

"Importance!" said I.

"What?"

"You didn't finish your sentence," said I. "You left off the last word."

"Look here, Mr. Williams," said Mollie, her eyes blazing, "you're getting altogether too smart for a camera-man. You ought to be writing scenarios."

"I've often thought so myself," I agreed.

"And since I haven't any use for a highbrow," Mollie hurried on, her lips shaking a little, "I'll just bid you good-by now, without waiting for that trip to Egypt."

"All right," I said; and reached for my hat, with a dim notion that I would walk straight to the river and throw myself in.

And just then the door flew open, and Creel came in.

He came in like a whirlwind, and dashed his hat in one corner, and caught Mollie around the waist and pulled her from her chair and hugged her.

"Where's Mary?" he shouted, waltzing Mollie around the room. "Where's my wife? Oh, hello, Billy," he added, seeing me for the first time. "Didn't know you were here. Might have known it, too!"

"Let me go!" panted Mollie, tearing herself out of his arms. "Mr. Williams came to see Aunt Mary."

"Of course!" chortled Creel, still hugging her. "That's what I meant! Well, has he seen her?"

"No," said Mollie, her face very red; "not yet. I was just going to call her ——"

And just then Ma Creel came down the stairs.

"What's all this noise?" she demanded; and then she saw her husband's face and gave a little gasp of relief. "Have you found her, Warrie?" she asked, running to him.

Creel dropped Mollie and hugged his wife.

"Yes, darlint, I've found her! The very girl! The living, breathing ideal I've been dreaming of! That Tabor woman's nowhere!"

"Who is she?" they demanded, in the same breath.

"I don't even know her name," said Creel, "but I happened in at that little house on Fourteenth Street, and they were showing a French film, and I took just one look ——"

"Is she French?"

"Yes — and exactly the type I want! You should see her eyes! She only had a small part — but she can act — I could see that! Her fortune's made — and so is mine!"

"But where is she?" asked Ma Creel.

"She's in Paris, I guess. Anyway, I cabled Powers, our Paris man, to get after her quick and sign her up, and have her waiting on the pier at Marseilles when our boat reaches there."

"But suppose she won't go?"

"Oh, she'll go," said Creel easily. "It's a great chance for an obscure little actress. Besides, Powers will kidnap her, if necessary. I know Powers. By the way, Mollie," he added, putting his hand in his pocket, "here's your contract. The old man O.K'd it this afternoon. He said he was glad to give you the increase."

Mollie's face was crimson as she took the contract; then she marched out of the room without saying a word.

"What's the matter with her?" asked Creel. "She'll get a hundred a week extra ——"

"I don't think it's the contract," said Ma Creel. "I thought I heard her and Billy quarreling ——"

"Yes," I said. "I was just reaching for my hat when Creel came in. She'll never sign that contract!"

"Sign it!" echoed Creel. "Why, man, she signed it yesterday!"

And then, when they saw my face, they both began to laugh as though they'd never stop!

V

CREEL was justified in his belief that Powers would turn the trick, for late next day he got a cable advising him that Mlle. Marguerite Roland had been duly engaged, and would join our party at Marseilles. I judged it was the artistic opportunity which had appealed to her, for the compensation to which she had agreed would seem pitifully small to an American star, even of the second magnitude — though, to be sure, it sounded pretty well in francs.

With that cable, the last cloud was lifted from Creel's spirits. He seemed to have no

doubt at all that the girl thus chosen — on the spur of the moment, almost sight unseen! — would make good.

"The old man is scared to death," he confided to me that evening, when I dropped in casually in the hope of seeing Mollie — who wasn't there. "He wants me to take one of these other girls along as an understudy, in case my star falls down. But she won't fall down — I can tell that by looking at her. She's full of grit, and she'll work as long as she can stand on her feet. Besides, she's the type, Billy — the absolute type. It's almost startling! Since I've seen her — and I've had that film run through for me half a dozen times — since I've studied her, I feel that I'd rather not make the picture at all than make it with some other woman in the lead. I've told the old man so. He thinks, too," he added, "that we ought to have an extra camera-man; but Digby can do the camera-work, if anything should happen to you."

I knew quite well that Digby could *not* do the camera-work, but I didn't say anything. A good camera-man deserves nearly as much credit for the success of a film as the director — I've seen pictures in which he deserved more. Perhaps some day he will get it. But I'm afraid that day is still a long way off!

With the question of the leading lady settled and out of the way, Creel was able to devote his whole attention to the final preparations. He soon had things humming. The costumes were being made in a shop somewhere uptown, from designs approved by one of the Metropolitan experts, and when they began to be delivered, I saw that Creel had taken the old man's advice not to stint himself. Every member of the company, it seemed, would appear both in modern togs and in those of ancient Egypt, and it was when I learned this that I got the first inkling of what was in Creel's mind. The picture, evidently, was to be built around the idea of reincarnation; and I knew that it would be worked out in some new and start'ing and convincing way. If I had guessed how startling . . .

Powers was instructed by cable as to the modern dresses for Mlle. Roland, and was also told to see that she got some lessons in English, as none of us knew anything but tâble-d'hôte French. He cabled back that, though she already spoke English quite well, he was giving her a lesson every day while they discussed the gowns, and I could fancy the gay time they were having spending the old man's money! The Egyptian gowns which she was to wear were made in New York with the others, and were left with open seams here and there to be fitted by Ma Creel, who was to act as wardrobe-mistress, after Mlle. Roland had joined the party.

In addition to the costumes, there was a medley of other props — camel trappings, a painted mummy-case, an elaborate Oriental tent, with all sorts of cushions and rugs and fittings. Digby said it reminded him of the old days with the big top, before moving pictures were thought of, when the show ended with a spectacle called The Queen of Sheba. Even there, there had been no mummy! It amused me to see with what pride and tenderness Digby packed that monstrosity away in its case! For me, I was glad to see the last of it. I never looked at it unawares without jumping.

I had wondered considerably how Creel was managing the Egyptian end of it, for of course an expedition would have to be organized there; but he said nothing about it, and I knew better than to ask questions about what was none of my business. And then one day he told me that he had about decided on his locations, and asked me to go up to the Metropolitan with him and look at some photographs. Even a camera-man's advice, it seems, was worth having!

But even without it, Creel wouldn't have gone wrong. I saw that as soon as I looked at the photographs. There was one of a big, half-finished excavation, with a queer double flight of steps leading down into it, and a row of columns up its center; there were sections of a wall, and fragments of other ruins; there were great heaps of sand from the excavation; and finally one of the loveliest oases that I have ever seen, even in pictures, with groups of slender date palms and gnarled acacias running right down to the edge of the desert.

"How are those for backgrounds?" Creel demanded, triumphantly; and I could only say that they were as nearly perfect as such things could be. "All right," said Creel. "If you approve, we'll go and close the thing up."

So we went down to the office of the director, and I learned of the tentative arrangement Creel had made. The Metropolitan, it seems, at the time the war broke out, had an expedition in Egypt in charge of a man named Davis. He had been excavating the ruins just outside the oasis shown in the photographs; but the English had feared an outbreak on the part of some of the native tribes, and had sent out into the desert after him and compelled him to pack up and come back to a place called Luxor, on the river, where there was a garrison. He had been there ever since, trying in vain to get permission to resume work. The museum had been about ready to recall him and abandon the project until the war was over, when Creel's inquiries suggested a possible combination of forces, if the locations suited.

It didn't take long to complete the arrangements that morning, and instructions were cabled to Davis to get the expedition together, ready to start at a certain date.

"He certainly will be pleased when he gets that message!" said the director, as he sent it off. "We'd have called him home long ago, if he hadn't been so set on staying. He believes he was just at the point of making some important discoveries when the English called him in. He nearly went mad when he found he couldn't go back — he's been moving heaven and earth — wanted us to get the President to interfere. We had given up hope of being able to do anything until after the war. How did *you* get permission?"

"There was a wire or two I could pull," answered Creel, with a smile, "and I pulled hard! I'm mighty glad we have been able to get Professor Davis."

"So am I," said the director. "He's a fine fellow — enthusiastic, untiring — and one of the greatest Egyptologists alive. I am sure he will be of great use to you."

And with that he bowed us out.

"He'll be immensely va'uable," said Creel, as we went down the steps together. "I didn't let on in there, but I don't see how we could get along without him, or somebody like him. He knows how to handle the natives — can talk their lingo and all that. And he'll know what things are worth, and will see that we're not cheated. The agreement is that he's to help in every way he can. In return, we're to turn over to the museum everything we happen to dig up. Not that I expect to dig up anything — we'll waste precious little time doing any real excavating — but they say you never can tell!"

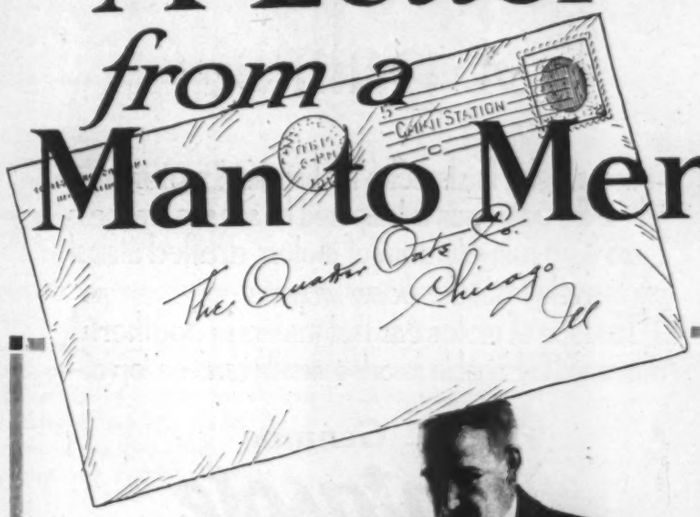
THE oasis, it seemed, was two or three days' journey back in the desert from Luxor, where we were to join Professor Davis. Creel had cabled him to provide everything needed for a two weeks' stay, and to engage the necessary outfit for that length of time. He had specified ten camels and fifty natives as his requirements, and the rest he left to Davis. Between the two of them, I suspected that those poor Orientals were in for a strenuous time!

Jimmy Allen, who had been doing some work at Chicago for the Selig people, blew in the day before we were to sail. Creel was closeted with him for nearly an hour, and I suppose gave him some idea of what the picture was to be, for Jimmy came out with his face shining and his big eyes bigger than ever, and I heard him tell Ma Creel that evening that he felt this was going to be his masterpiece. I couldn't help smiling, for I had heard him say the same thing before! None of us guessed how right he was!

The old man had insisted on giving us a send-off, though Creel tried to stop him; and so a long table was set up in the studio, with a shorter one across the top for the guests of honor — which was us! — and all our people were there, and before the evening was over they let themselves go. It was easy enough to sense the undercurrent of emotion — everyone seemed to feel that the affair marked a sort of crisis in our fortunes, and that our whole future depended on our making good. I confess I felt that way myself, and we were all pretty tremulous when we said good-night.

It was good-by, too, for everybody but the old man. The word was passed around that it wouldn't do any good to come down to the boat, since nobody would be admitted to the pier except those who were sailing; but of course the old man managed to get past the guards. All our baggage had to be examined piece by piece before it was put on board, to make sure there were no infernal-machines concealed in it — you should have seen the inspector jump when he came to the mummy! — and each of us had to pass a Scottish Rite examination before our passports were O. K.'d and we were permitted to go up the gangplank. It was an Italian boat called the *Caserta*, and she was loaded fore and aft with all sorts of crates and boxes and bags, until there was hardly room for her

A Letter from a Man to Men



The Quaker Oats Company,
Gentlemen:

I think that more men should know what I know about Puffed Wheat at noon.

I used to eat a hearty luncheon, and it cost me half a day. My best work was done in the morning. My afternoons were dull.

But somebody told me of Puffed Wheat in milk. And it changed the situation. It's a perfect luncheon—like a noon dessert. It nourishes like meat. Yet it doesn't affect the brain's activity, I find.

Wherever I lunch I find that dozens of men have adopted this noon dish. And I know why. But I believe that thousands more would be glad to know what I know. And I suggest you tell them.

Not only men, but mothers. For it must be just the same with children who study afternoons. Until work and study hours are over, Puffed Grains seem perfect foods.

(Name on request)

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

His Luncheon

This is the luncheon he advocates. A dish confined to breakfast in too many homes.

A dish of whole grains, puffed to eight times normal size, with every food cell exploded. Bubbles of grain, flimsy, crisp and toasted, made to easily digest.

Made by Professor Anderson's process — by exploding every food cell. It supplies all the needed elements in most inviting form. And it doesn't tax the stomach.

Order it at your lunching place, or try it in your home. You will find that Puffed Grains—supreme as breakfast dainties—have other uses equally important.

They should largely supplant the flour-made foods which lack the outer wheat coats.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(1566)

Down the avenue of palms...

-where singing birds echo the humming motor and where the tropic sun is tempered by soft sea breezes- there flows a mighty army of motors drafted almost exclusively from the *beau monde.*

The type of motor car that winters in Southern climes and fashionable resorts generally carries a top of-

Genuine Pantasote

This top material withstands the fiercely beating rays of tropical suns as staunchly as it does the frost, sleet, and snow of northern winters.

Pantasote, the most expensive top material, is associated with and used on the best Motor Cars.

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TO USE THIS LABEL ON MATERIAL NOT MADE Pantasote MAKE IS A PENAL OFFENSE

Avoid misrepresentation — even though it be unintentional. Look for this label on tops represented as Pantasote.

The Pantasote Company
1712 Bowling Green Building
New York

passengers to walk about the deck; and on either side of the stern was a wicked-looking three-inch gun for the submarines.

It sort of grips one by the throat to look back at little old New York fading into the skyline, as one sails out past the Statue of Liberty. Mollie is a thorough New Yorker and I realized that it was an unusually favorable moment to begin my campaign; so I went to look for her, and was surprised and disgusted to find her leaning against the rail looking as sentimental as anyone could wish, but with an eager young Italian officer on either side of her. She nodded to me so coolly as I approached that I hadn't the nerve to stop, but drifted on past, feeling like a despised derelict. I soon found that I was, in fact, a sort of outcast; for Creel and Jimmy got to work at once on the details of the scenario, while Ma Creel and old Digby settled down to endless reminiscences of their circus days; and there was nothing for me to do but sit grouchily in one corner of the smoking-room, and listen to the endless talk about submarines.

There was one fat little man who posed as an authority, who hinted darkly at inside information about a certain dangerous spot just outside Gibraltar — "I'll breathe easier when we've got past *that*, sir!" — and who had invented a life-saving undervest, which he displayed proudly. It was stuffed with wool or something, and had a pocket for biscuits and another for brandy and a third for letter-of-credit and other valuables, and if it lost buoyancy for any reason, there was a tube through which to blow it up with air. He averred that he could be quite comfortable in the water for forty-eight hours or so, and I think he rather wished a submarine *would* take a shot at us.

So did I, at the end of a day or two! For Mollie had apparently forgotten that I was on the ship; when she did see me, it was with an air of mild surprise, as though she was wondering where we had met before; she never appeared in public without a uniform on either side of her — young, upstart subalterns, who glared at me coldly and stroked their little silky mustaches superciliously whenever I tried to get past their guard. I wouldn't have minded them so much; but the coldness of the reception I got when I *did* get past simply maddened me! But I knew, if we were submarined, those tin soldiers would be sunk in a minute by the ton or so hardware they carried around with them. Then I would be left to rescue Mollie!

That was a happy dream; but I admit my heart jumped when I went out on deck one morning to find the life-boats being swung out and lowered to the level of the rail, and provisioned with biscuit-tins and water-beakers. And back at the stern, I found a gun-crew limbering up the two three-inchers, and my heart jumped again when I saw the case of wicked-looking shells ready to hand on the deck between them. And then, as I started down to breakfast, I discovered an excited crowd around the bulletin-board, and the little fat man was solemnly reading aloud a notice posted there, warning the passengers that the signal to abandon ship would be five short blasts of the steam whistle, and telling them what to do when the blasts were sounded.

It was a rather sober crowd that went in to breakfast, and the sobriety increased when we came out half an hour later and found the crew stretching heavy tarpaulins over the deck-house fore and aft, completely enclosing it, so that not a ray of light could escape from either the smoke-room or the music-room. Then later on, when we went down to our cabins, we found that windows and ports had been closed and locked and covered with heavy brown paper. And finally, as a finishing touch, we were put through a boat-drill, and every passenger was required to put on a life-belt and have it properly adjusted. It caught one by the throat to see the children with their belts, and to think . . .

But we saw no sign of any submarine, not even at that crucial spot outside Gibraltar; and we slipped into the Mediterranean one night as dark as a pocket with everybody sitting on deck grasping a life-belt tightly; and we finally ran safely into the harbor at Marseilles, where we were to change to a P. & O. steamer for Port Said.

Powers was waiting for us on the quay. He took Creel away with him, and I suppose introduced him to Mlle. Roland; but we had our hands so full getting our stuff off and convincing the French authorities we weren't German spies, that I had mighty little time to wonder what he was doing. Besides, I had seen the way the two Italian officers bade good-by to Mollie, and if I had needed anything to think about, I could have thought about that!

The P. & O. boat was due to follow the *Caserta* in — one destroyer had convoyed us both, it seemed — so we didn't have time even to look at Marseilles; though I thought for a while it was destined to be the end of my earthly pilgrimage, for the French seemed determined to send us all to jail and shoot us at sunrise. But just as sentence was about to be pronounced, Powers showed up and straightened things out. It seems he had improved his time while waiting for us by looking up some of the officers he had known in Paris, and, I presume, spending some of the old man's money on their entertainment; but it was surely a good investment, for they rallied to him now, with the result that we finally got our passports stamped, and hurried back to the pier to find that the P. & O. boat was already there.

And then for a while it looked as though they weren't going to let us on the boat; and when they finally agreed to take us, they refused absolutely to take our properties; and then, when they were persuaded that they could find room for them, they insisted on examining all of them, and I had the hardest kind of work keeping them from cutting open my film-cases to see what was inside. It was at this crisis that my respect for Powers went up about a thousand per cent. He was never flurried, he never had any doubt of the outcome, and as a dispenser of soft-soap he could give the French cards and spades. Well, he finally got everything arranged, and saw our stuff put on board, and waved us up the gang-plank. He certainly must have been glad to see the last of us!

But even before I got on board, I knew what would happen, for I saw some British officers leaning over the rail, staring down at Mollie. And she didn't seem to mind. . . .

ALL this time I had seen nothing of Creel, which seemed very strange to me, for he wasn't a fellow to shift any of his troubles to other people; but Powers said it was all right — that Creel had left things to him and had gone on board with Mlle. Roland. After I had gone to my room, and made sure everything was all right, and got cleaned up, I started on a little stroll about the boat to see what she was like, and when I stuck my head into the lounge, there was Creel having tea with a girl whom I knew at once was our leading lady; and Ma Creel was helping him do the honors. I tried to get away before they saw me, but I must have stared an instant, for Creel looked up and caught my eye.

"Oh, there's Billy," he said. "Come here. Billy, I want to introduce you to Mlle. Roland."

Of course I couldn't get away then, so I went in.

"Mlle. Roland," he said, in his best society manner, "permit me to present to you Mr. Lloyd Williams, our camera-man. Everybody calls him Billy," he added, "and I presume that you may."

"Please do!" I said, as the girl looked up and smiled.

And in that first instant I knew that Creel had struck gold! Such eyes, such a mouth — but there, I'm not going to describe her now!

"I am pleased to meet M'sieu Beelee," she said, with just enough accent to give piquancy to her talk, and she gave my hand a warm little clasp. I felt somehow that I was going to like Mlle. Roland!

"Is everything all right?" Creel asked.

"Yes," I said; "but we certainly had a strenuous time."

"Oh," said Creel easily, "Powers knew the ropes. He told me I'd just be in the way. So I have been looking after Mlle. Marguerite."

"He hass tole me of t'e wonderful feelm he hass plan," said that lady. "Iss eet not one grand eeday?" But there — to try to reproduce her accent is merely to travesty it. It shall be left hereafter to the reader's imagination.

"I don't know," I said. "Nobody confides in a camera-man, Miss Roland."

"Do they not?" she smiled. "But *I* will confide in you, M'sieur Beelee."

Her eyes turned me a little dizzy, and before I could collect my wits and stutter out a reply, Creel cut in.

"I wish you'd round up the rest of the folks, Billy," he said, "and bring them in here to tea. I want Mlle. Roland to meet them."

"All right," I said, and started out.

The first one I found was Mollie Adams. As I had foreseen, she was leaning over the rail with a British officer on either side of her — very close on either side.

"Creel wants to see you in the lounge, Mollie," I said, strolling up, casual-like.

Now I leave it to you if there was anything offensive in that; but Mollie glared at me as

THE FRANKLIN CAR

SCIENTIFIC LIGHT WEIGHT HOLDS THE ROAD

A PROMINENT Aeronautical Engineer, recently employed by the United States Government, writes to the Franklin Company:—

"Isn't it remarkable how the idea sticks in some people's heads that a heavy car holds the road better? They don't seem to know that *unsprung weight* is the principal factor to be considered. By reducing this unsprung weight to the minimum in the new Franklin, you have a car that *hangs to the road* better than anything I have ever ridden in.

"P.S.—Problem: Since I got 15,000 miles out of my tires on my old Franklin, weighing 2600 pounds, how many miles will I get with my new Franklin, weighing 2280 pounds?"

THERE is much in this question of *scientific light weight* that the average motorist does not seem to grasp.

For example, the light, flexible car may be *stronger* than a rigid, heavy car.

It is free from so much dead weight.

Picture two cars side by side: one weighs approximately 2200 pounds, the other 3,000 pounds. Each is designed to perform the same task—carry an average load of five people, about 750 pounds of live weight.

* * *

Now remember that *dead weight* is the killing thing on automobile mechanism. That's why the average Truck is pounded to pieces.

Your *light, flexible car* starts on its work *free* from nearly a thousand pounds of *dead weight.* Wherever it goes and for all its life, it moves free from that sagging, grinding load.

Your heavy car, from the minute it starts and as long as it runs, carries a thousand extra pounds of dead weight—an *excess* nearly *twice* its average *live load.*

Think what that does to the tires! Think what it costs in gasoline! Think what it means in repairs and depreciation!

And what does it give you in return?

More road ability? No!

Greater average speed from place to place? No!

More comfort and reliability? No!

Any rough road tells the story!

Every obstruction raises the heavy, rigid car bodily off the road—a constant hammering action that affects alike the car and its passengers.

While the Franklin, with its light unsprung weight and full-elliptic springs, *holds its wheels to the road.* Vibration and bump are absorbed by flexible construction. The body of the car, with its passengers, rolls along with easy, unbroken motion.

* * *

Keeping the road is a matter of *balance* and *light unsprung weight.*

No matter what your horse-power, a Franklin will pass you, over any thirty miles of winding country road. It will leave you when you slow down at the first sharp curve or rough place. And the next time you see it, it will be rounding the curve ahead, hugging the *inside* of the track at *thirty miles an hour.*

Try to follow it with your heavy car, and your rear wheels will skid clear across the road and over into the ditch, if you are not careful. Whereas the Franklin, with its scientific light weight, its resiliency and easy-rolling caster action, holds to its course.

Watch any Franklin owner handle his car. He will tell you it is the easiest, simplest car he ever drove—with a *comfort, safety* and *economy* that you get *only* from this *Scientific-Light-Weight* Car.

Touring Car	2280 lbs.	$1950.00	*Cabriolet*	2485 lbs.	$2750.00	*Town Car*	2610 lbs.	$3100.00
Runabout	2160 lbs.	1900.00	*Sedan*	2610 lbs.	2850.00	*Limousine*	2620 lbs.	3100.00
Four-passenger Roadster	2280 lbs.	1950.00	*Brougham*	2575 lbs.	2800.00	*All Prices F. O. B. Syracuse*		

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

The Simplest Way to End a Corn

Decide now to master your corn forever. Let today's corn be the last. Blue-jay will free you from the most painful corn. Apply one of these soothing plasters tonight. Pain ends. In 48 hours the corn disappears. Only Blue-jay gives this insurance. Paring is temporary. Harsh liquids are dangerous.

Millions of corns are ended the Blue-jay way. Most corns require but one application. An occasional stubborn one, two or three. Try the gentle, simple Blue-jay way tonight. You will never be the victim of corns again.

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Blue-jay
Stops Pain—Ends Corns

15c and 25c At Druggists

though I had uttered a deadly insult, and the two chaps with her turned and looked at me as though I were a strange worm of some sort. It made me mad clear through.

"I'd advise you to be quick about it," I went on. "When Creel says a thing he means it," and with that I stalked away with all the dignity I could muster. In the bar, I rounded up Digby and Jimmy Allen.

"Come on," I said; "Creel wants you to drink a cup of tea with the new star."

"Have you seen her?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes," I said; "and she is sure a peach. If she can act — phew!"

"Let's hope for the best," said Jimmy. "Creel could teach a wooden Indian to act!" and we three started for the lounge together.

When we got there, I was surprised to find that Mollie had preceded us and was being presented. Then it was our turn. Mollie looked up and saw me — or rather, she didn't see me — she just looked through, around and past me at the opposite wall; and then Creel saw us.

"Come here, Jimmy," he said. "This is Mlle. Roland."

Jimmy's face lighted up with a sort of glow as he saw the girl's face, and I remember thinking that the woman-hater had been winged at last; and then Mlle. Roland turned with a smile to greet him.

I shall never forget the way in which that smile froze upon her lips, leaving her little white teeth exposed, ready to bite. I shall never forget how the merry light in her eyes blurred out to a stare of horror. I shall never forget the convulsive shiver of abhorrence which ran through her. It was as though, looking up casually to greet a friend, she had found a spectre confronting her — a spectre which she had reason to fear and hate.

For an instant she sat quite motionless, as though struck to stone. Then she sprang wildly to her feet.

"I must go ashore," she said, in a voice thick with terror. "I cannot go on. It is impossible!"

And at that moment, we felt the quiver of the boat as the engines started.

[*To be continued*]

Next month, the scene shifts to the Egyptian desert, and the great drama and the great mystery begin in earnest

What has happened in the foregoing instalments of

SUMMER

CHARITY ROYALL had been "brought down from the Mountain" by Lawyer Royall when a child and had been taken into his home. After Mrs. Royall's death, seven or eight years later, there had been some talk of sending Charity to a boarding-school, but this did not materialize. For a while Charity took care of the home, but having a keen desire to earn some money so as to leave the dreary little New England village, she asks to be appointed librarian of the Hatchard Library.

The arrival of Lucius Harney, an architect interested in old houses, is the first real ray of sunshine in Charity's life and she immediately begins to weave a romance about him — a dream which is brought to an abrupt end when Charity learns that complaints have been made about her negligence of the library. Furious at Harney, who, she believes, has started the complaints, she dashes to the library to get her personal belongings and leave the place before she is dismissed. Realizing that his suggestions for improving the ventilation of the library have been misconstrued, Harney begs Charity to wait until he has seen his aunt, Miss Hatchard, about the matter. This Charity promises to do and she remains at the library.

Wishing to study old houses in the neighboring villages, Harney hires Lawyer Royall's buggy, and Charity drives him around on these expeditions. On one of their trips they go to see a broken-down old house up on the Mountain, but just as they reach the top of the Mountain they are caught in a storm and are obliged to ask shelter of the family living there. The squalid conditions in which they find these people, and the realization that these are the kind of folks she belongs to, completely unnerve the young girl, and when the storm abates sufficiently for them to leave they hurry out and start their drive home, Harney trying to comfort Charity. The following day Mr. Royall informs Harney that he cannot spare his buggy for a longer time, and the architect goes to a neighboring village.

Given Away!

Worth its Weight in Gold, But This

Recipe Cabinet

and 50 Choice Recipes **FREE**

THIS handsome Recipe Cabinet is better than a hundred cook books because it permits you to use your own judgment and select the recipes you want; those suited to the appetite and income of your family. No searching through page after page. To start your collection, we give 50 choice recipes, compiled by Mabel Dulon Purdy, Food Editor of The Ladies' World.

Your recipes are in a handsome oak cabinet which comes to you with a full supply of guide cards and a liberal quantity of blank recipe cards. Women's magazines, including those mentioned below, contain carefully prepared recipes. The size of these recipes in the magazines matches the size of the cards.

Ten Cents brings the Recipe Cabinet Free, and starts these magazine subscriptions: McClure's Magazine, 1 year; Modern Priscilla, 1 year, and People's Home Journal, 1 year. After you have received the cabinet and first copies of the periodicals you send us 50 cents a month for only 8 months, until you have paid $4.10 — less than the regular single copy price, since McClure's and Modern Priscilla have advanced to 15 cents a copy. You pay only 8 months, yet you get four magazines 12 months —36 Big Magazines in all, and the Handsome Recipe Cabinet Free. Cash buyers pay $3.75. If you are a subscriber to any of these magazines your subscription will be extended.

McCLURE BOOK CO. NEW YORK

Tear Off and Mail Now!

McCLURE BOOK CO.
McClure Building, New York.

Gentlemen: Here is 10 cents. Send me for 1 year McClure's Magazine, Modern Priscilla, and People's Home Journal. I agree to pay 50 cents a month for 8 months, or $4.10 in all. The Recipe Cabinet is mine FREE.

Name _____

Address _____

Note: If magazines are to be sent to different addresses, attach directions on separate sheet to this coupon. Attach family's business letterhead to coupon, or give names of 2 references in margin below. McC. 5-17

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

SELECT a Style of the Times for your next pair—distinguished up-to-the-minute shoes, backed by a high standard of quality, the same today as heretofore.

$7 to $10

The Florsheim dealer is ready to show the season's assortment of styles. His name and booklet on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
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The Gothic—One of two hundred styles—Look for name in shoe.

This Man

Has the Most Wonderful Memory Ever Known

He can give the population of any place in America of over 5,000—

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HE has 300,000 Facts and Figures stored away in his brain.

William Berol is this man's name, and a few years ago his memory was distressingly poor. His amazing efficiency was developed through his own simple practical method.

His system is being taught with great success to large classes at educational institutions in New York City. Thousands of men and women are learning it easily, quickly, by mail.

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It will assist you in recalling Names, Faces, Dates, Telephone Numbers; his simple system will correct mind-wandering and teach concentration; you will remember the facts in what you read; you can recall episodes and experiences; you can become a clearer thinker, and in public speaking seldom be at a loss for a word. Give this method a few spare minutes daily, at home, and you will be astonished.

Write to-day for full free particulars of this man's wonderful memory and our offer to you.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
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AerCel Wash Cloths

Embroidered edges; variety of fabrics at 10c each; plain edges 5c. Best stores everywhere.

Capital Knitting Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

"Grow Old Along with Me"

[*Continued from page 27*]

I have been helped most in my life by friendships with a few highly cultivated natures, simple, fine and noble; by the possession of uniform and almost perfect good health, which I believe has much to do with success and happiness in life; by the possession of a naturally optimistic and not easily discouraged temperament and disposition, which have proved of great help at divers times; by the love of good books and a keen literary taste; by a love of outdoor life, which does more to keep one in tune mentally, morally, and physically than any other one thing; by a strong faith in One mightier than myself, and a feeling that all things work around for good to those who are active, sincere and willing.

THIRD PRIZE

Mrs. Martha A. Harper, Trevilians, Virginia

I was born in Louisa County, Virginia, August 22nd, 1812. I was the oldest of eleven children, six brothers, and four sisters. All are now dead except one sister, ninety-two years of age. In 1860 I married a Methodist minister, who passed away in 1865. My husband's name was George W. Harper. He served as a private in Captain James Rampley's Company, of Maryland Militia, in the War of 1812. On account of this I draw a small pension. I had two children, a girl and a boy. The latter died in 1886. The girl is still alive—fifty-five years of age, married, with children and grandchildren.

Now since I was eighty years of age, I have acted as nurse for all of my daughter's children, six in number, all now grown and one daughter married. She has three children and I help nurse them every day. I love to patch, and run up and down the steps as lively as I did twenty-five years ago. My sight is not good, but I can get about just the same and enjoy every moment of my life, and expect to live twenty-five years longer, when I will be perfectly willing to join my loved ones in heaven, feeling that every moment I have spent on this earth has been useful to someone. I could tell of my nursing both Northern and Confederate soldiers during the Civil War, but this would have been before I was eighty years of age.

I have enjoyed most in life, being of service to others, most especially my family, my friends, and soldiers during the War. I am 104 years of age, always ready, willing and in many cases able to be of help to those with whom I come in contact. Oh! how I love my child, her children and grandchildren, and my country, and those who fought for it.

The regrets of my life have been few. I only regret that I had few chances to do good for humanity and country compared to so many others. I would like to have had twenty children instead of two, if they could have been of use to God and my native land.

I have been most helped in life by the knowledge of work well done, others made happy, and services cheerfully rendered and by the love and blessings of my child, my grandchildren and the little great-grandchildren, all of them growing up to what I hope and believe will be a life of usefulness to all with whom they may be associated; but above all I hope they will always be ready to serve God and country. God bless all your readers. I would like to hear from every one of them. As a matter of pride I hope to win the big prize and to see my old face in your paper, that others may "spunk" up and live as long as I have and do more good.

FOURTH PRIZE

Samuel T. Jones, Harrison, Arkansas

I will be eighty-seven years young the first day of the year, 1917, and barring accidents will make the one hundred mark easily, as I can sit a horse thirty miles over mountainous roads every day. I regret that the earlier and most active part of my life was wild and rambling. With the many opportunities I have had I could have made a financial success, and made my life more useful to others had I specialized. Within the last few years my conception of right has brightened, and with the brightening has come a better understanding of broader concessions and a deeper love for my fellow man; and I can see many instances wherein I could have been a real help to others had I understood myself and others better.

I fully believe that my life with Nature during the past few years has benefited me more than anything else, for through Nature I have learned to love deeper, and have gained an insight to the purities of life which go to make up a clearer mind and a cleaner body. Two other things, the reading of good, clean literature and my personal contact with pure-minded and noble-hearted men and women, have played their part in my betterment. Without a clean mind there will be an unclean body, and the latter means a shorter life. Thanks to my good father and mother, my desire has always been for the better and if all people would only "do as well as they know how" what a difference it would make; what perfect specimens of man- and womanhood we would have, both physically and mentally!

Physically I have been a man far above the average in strength, and Mrs. Jones, who is eighty, takes the pleasure of her younger days in doing her housework. We lost one child, who died of pneumonia; but all the rest—four boys and two girls—are now past the "ordinary middle age," are perfect specimens of health and are all well-respected citizens. What more would a person desire at the age of eighty-seven, in the sense of enjoyment or achievement, than a nice home and a reunion of the entire family and their families and to realize that we are each doing our own part to the very best of our knowledge to make this a more healthful and a happier America?

I am engaged, at present, in the mining business, and am backing it with the same resolute determination, active energy, and hope I used sixty years ago, and with that which I have learned, it's paying in more ways than one.

Boys and girls, I feel today as though I'd like to be a hundred and forty, for I've just finished reading in McCLURE'S "How to Live Long and Love Long," and I know I'll enjoy the reading of your letters.

FIFTH PRIZE

Mrs. Sophie Kremer Kernan, Brookland, D.C.

Because of the insistence of my dear family, who consider the activities of my eighty-fourth year unusual, I am sending some facts to you.

I have greatly enjoyed the very interesting and able articles of Mr. Moffett, which is an evidence that my mind is still vigorous. My achievements are only along ordinary lines, and my daily occupations those of a "house mother," attending to the domestic needs of a family, and keeping the household linen, bedding, etc., in order, attending to the changes in arrangements incident to the change in the seasons—emphatically, an old-fashioned woman. I believe most devoutly that the interests of the home are woman's work, but I have tolerance for the "new woman" and her strenuous efforts to obtain her "rights." As the mother of a large family, I enjoyed the supremacy of the position and was satisfied. I love all flowers from the daisy of the field to the magnificent rose of the conservatory and spend a part of the day at this season in caring for them. At a recent Flower Show of our suburban Brookland, I took the prize for 'the most perfect rose" exhibited. I was then in my eighty-third year. A few days ago I prepared my tulip bed and, unassisted, set one hundred bulbs.

I attend to my own room from preference, and repair and keep my clothing in order. For a Christmas gift to a friend I worked in the sampler cross stitch of my childhood's days—a dozen cocktail doilies; and this spring, though I can no longer paint china, I painted all the porch furniture. I love Nature, the beautiful sunsets and the glorious sunrise, for I am generally the first riser in the house, and I enjoy Art in music and painting and sculpture, and visit the galleries, attend concerts and the theatres with undiminished pleasure. Reading is, however, my greatest recreation and I enjoy both the light literature of the hour as well as the beauty and wisdom of the sages and poets of the past. Midnight often finds me absorbed in my book. These are not achieve-

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ments, but my friends seem to think that I accomplish much "for one of my age."

What I have enjoyed most in life is the affection of my own people and the continued friendship of many friends; and what I most regret is the inability to do more and to give more — not only to those so dear, but to all humanity.

What has helped me most in life is the unshaken faith in the goodness of God, and the firm belief that "He doeth all things well."

Sixth Prize

William Lake, Clinton, Iowa.

Answering your inquiry as to what old people are doing after eighty years of age, I can say for myself I am doing just as I have been doing for the last forty years—renting my houses, collecting the rents, and seeing after the repairs, buying and selling property.

As to what I have done in the way of achievement, at eighty I traveled through Mexico to two hundred miles south of the City of Mexico and return. At eighty-four I traveled through Spain, Portugal, Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, France, Great Britain and Ireland, and back home to Clinton. At ninety I visited California, took part in the Knights Templar parade in Los Angeles, and traveled through Yosemite National Park, and the big trees. I have enjoyed traveling most of all.

I regret most my hasty temper in my earlier life. What has helped me most in life has been having a certain aim and a purpose to get there — firmness, grit and probity of character, and an honest purpose in life. I thank God I have the use of all my faculties. I can read and write without spectacles, and have always been temperate in eating and drinking, but when I run to catch a street-car now, I find my wind does not hold out as well as it used to, and I feel my strength is on the wane.

Seventh Prize

Donald Mac L. MacPherson, Burnaby, B. C., Canada

I used to think that eighty was a great age. I had several uncles who lived to be over eighty. But now that I myself am eighty-three I do not feel that I am old.

In my eightieth year, it became necessary for me to make a new home. The material was not promising — a raw, new cottage on rough new land, in a new and half-developed district. I had to dig a trench two hundred feet long by eighteen inches deep in hard, stony ground, in order to bring the district water supply to our door. There were no fences, no outbuildings — just a bare, square cottage on its oblong of barren, hilly ground.

It is different now. The cottage is painted in restful tints. In front is a pleasant garden surrounded by a stone fence four and one-half feet high (sixty feet in all) with a rustic gateway. Behind, the hilly ground is terraced and where the terrace dips, it is faced with stones between which little daisies and creeping plants are growing. Here there is a strawberry bed, some raspberry, gooseberry and currant bushes, an apple-tree, a plum-tree and a small bed of various vegetables bordered with hardy flowers. Behind this is a good-sized chicken-run and a pigeon-cote. All of these improvements are my own work. The stone fence was the hardest. It was heavy work unearthing the big stones, carting them in a wheel-barrow to their destination and lifting them to a place on the wall. Some of the top stones weighed at least two hundred pounds.

This much for my outdoor work since I became eighty. Indoors, in spare hours, I carve grotesque and odd fancies out of the wonderful knots which nature forms on the limbs and roots of trees. From boyhood I could see strange faces and forms in these knots, and my fingers itched for the skill to make them visible. All my life the fashioning of these oddities has been my pleasure and hobby. My great regret is that I was not permitted to follow out my bent in this direction. But carving was "nonsense" to the powers that were in those days, and to wander in the woods "seeing things" was waste of time.

Looking back, it seems that I have loved life more than any one thing that life has to give. A beautiful day, a lovely view, a search through the woods for my knots, the study of all rare and curious things — these are pleasures which last. Even now, I would rather walk a mile or two than be hurried along in street-car or motor.

Idle times come, though, and then one of the things that help me most is an early, implanted love for reading. A good book keeps the mind alight. It softens the perspective. The world is moving fast, but to be old is not necessarily to lag behind.

Eighth Prize

Mrs. Margaret G. Sisson, Oakland, California

I was born November 19th, 1828. I take the privilege to tell you I have done some work and am glad to tell you I am not only able to, but really enjoy working.

I believe life is activity. The new-born babe begins life by moving the little hands and then the little feet to show it is fitting itself for life.

Last September we celebrated our sixty-fifth wedding anniversary. We are living with our two youngest children. We are a family of eight. We keep but one maid. Every week my son gives me money to run the house. I do the marketing, help can the fruit, work in the yard, take care of my own room, do the darning and patching and all the sewing for the house. I tend the door and telephone; I exercise night and morning in bed. I hate tobacco and all intoxicants. I believe they should not be used. I believe to live long and be happy we should live a good, pure and temperate life from childhood, as man is his own moulder.

I believe in old people waiting on themselves. It is so easy to form habits of idleness. Life is a warfare. My greatest joy is my home and family. I never saw a man I would exchange for my husband.

My greatest regret is not having a better education. I remember the excitement over "the free school" question.

I believe my determination to do what I believed to be right and always tell the truth and my singleness of purpose have been my greatest help. I think I am as happy at eighty-four as at eighteen. Surely people have many more conveniences now. If the fault-finders of today had to endure the privations that we old people had in our childhood, they would know what work and hardship meant.

Mrs. Sophie K. Kernan, with John Robinson Kernan, youngest son of her youngest child. Mrs. Kernan is eighty-four, and the boy is three

I can outwalk most of my daughters, and am not waiting to die, for as long as I can wait on myself, I enjoy living. This world is good enough for me. We retire at eight and get up about six-thirty. I think night is the time for sleep. However, my son always insists on my napping every afternoon.

Nine children came to share our home. We were blessed in raising all of them. Not until three years ago, when our fourth son at the age of fifty left this life, was our complete family circle broken.

Ninth Prize

Mrs. Margaret K. Gordon, Fayette City, Pa.

I am in my ninety-second year. I am in perfect health, and sewing all the time. I purchased a new sewing-machine about five years ago. I sew for the benefit of our Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church. I have pieced twenty-eight quilts in the last two years, for which I received five dollars each. My greatest achievement was in piecing what is called an Album Quilt, soliciting names, accompanied with a donation, on which up to date I raised one hundred and seventy-five dollars. I was in my eighty-eighth year when I began piecing. I do all kinds of plain sewing, and, indeed, some fancy. Since piecing the Album Quilt the society received two hundred and thirty-two dollars, and since that time I have paid in one hundred and forty-five, on other sewing. I have on hand at

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this time a quilt for the benefit of our ladies' Bible class, on which up to date I have raised sixty-six dollars. I am called the champion money-maker in our Society!

What I enjoyed most in life was to make my home happy and attractive for my family. I had seven children, always did my own work, never was sick, never had a pain in my life, never even had a headache, never suffered any of the ills my sex complain of. My hearing and eyesight are perfect. I never use my glasses except when I sew or read. My hair is as brown as it was twenty years ago, with scarcely a visible gray hair.

In my eighty-fifth year I cut two lower teeth, which are still in my gums. They are small, like a baby's. My greatest enjoyment in life is to improve the time, and I always have something before me to do. It keeps me young. My regret is that I can't accomplish more. In my younger years, the cares of my family occupied my time. I never kept help. I have been a widow over thirty years, and I make my home with a married daughter. I attend Sabbath School morning and evening, church service every Sunday, midweek prayer service, Aid Society, and missionary society, and walk three squares going to and from the church. I am called the "Mother of the Church," and jokingly spoken of as a freak. I am the only one of my father's family living. There were eight of us. All died in their sixties and seventies. Father died in his seventy-eighth year, mother in her seventy-sixth. In the entire connection I had two cousins who lived to my age.

TENTH PRIZE

J. Y. Powell, Chillicothe, Mo.

I was born in Wayne County, Ohio, September 29th, 1834. In 1835, with my parents, I moved to Cass County, Indiana. In 1865 I came to Missouri. I am a surveyor and civil engineer. In 1880 I was elected Surveyor of Livingston County, Missouri. Since then I have been continually employed as County Surveyor or deputy. I have surveyed and calculated areas of many thousand acres of land and have surveyed on railroads in Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas. Since becoming an octogenarian, I have surveyed many lots, and laid out many additions, one of which is just completed. One large survey in three additions was made and plotted last week. The Surveyor should be a man of strict integrity and sobriety, for he fills a very responsible and important position. All property owners must depend upon him to establish their landmarks, which were held sacred. It is the most important and responsible office in the county, as much labor and care in accurate measurements and calculation are required.

In youth my enjoyment was living in a log cabin, covered with clapboards and weight poles, sleeping between buffalo robes, on a puncheon floor, before the fire. The cooking was all done in the fireplace. I much enjoyed eating roasted potatoes, lye-hominy, and buckwheat cakes with maple molasses.

I am a vegetarian, and practise hygiene. I cleanse my face, inside and out, before and after eating, and I still have my natural teeth. I have not had a doctor in our house for over fifty years.

My greatest enjoyment has been in having true friends, and I love honest toil and am grateful for my good health, which is the greatest earthly blessing.

My garden plot is sixty feet square, which I always spade, and raise a fine garden. I mow my own lawn, build my own granitoid walks, do my excavating, and wheel the earth where needed. I have an air-pressure water-system and with a hand pump I do my own pumping, and assist my wife at the wash-tub.

My regrets are few. When I hear a shyster attempt addressing judge and jury, I regret that I never studied law. When at college I resolved never to treat a classmate, or anyone else, to anything that would intoxicate; and I would never accept a treat. To this I have strictly adhered. I have never squandered a dollar for whiskey, tobacco, gambling, or in any other immoral way. I am a Swedenborgian, in favor of Prohibition and Woman Suffrage. I belong to three branches of the Odd Fellows, and endeavor to live up to its principles.

My greatest helps in life have been regularity, punctuality, integrity, honest industry, true friends, a kind and loving helpmate, who has shared all my cares since January 19th, 1862, and my trust in God.

ELEVENTH PRIZE

Joseph Charland, Winona, Minn.

Looking back from my ninety years along the dim vista of half-forgotten things, some milestones stand out in bold relief, some are half effaced, and some cannot be recalled by fickle memory at all.

Since I was eighty, what have I achieved? Happiness, the rounding out and crowning of a happy life by making my children, my grandchildren, and their children happy, so happy that when it shall be said of me, "God's finger touched him and he sleeps," I hope that tears of genuine regret will follow me to the silent city of the dead where I may sleep in perfect peace by the side of one whose taking from me a half-century ago, and whose place I never filled, constituted my great regret in life.

What do I enjoy most? My pipe and my garden. My pipe for thought and silent self-communion, and my garden with its never-ending joys; the vegetables that seem to know me; the flowers that nod their dewy heads to me in the early morning sunshine; the bees and the butterflies that flit from bud to bloom. Their language is familiar to me, and we all laugh together when the children come romping out and tearing down through the paths.

And what has helped me most? There is only one thought answering that: my church — my religion. Many years I tramped eight miles on Sunday morning to attend my church and never once thought it anything but pleasure and comfort and help, and now that I am nearer the end of life, I enter the reverend portals every morning to thank God for the privilege of having lived in this beautiful world. I will be ninety-one years young the twenty-seventh of this July.

Cleveland Moffett gets more letters in our care than any other contributor. Why? Because his articles are sound, and true, and valuable. He has another great series under way

Big Things

[*Continued from page 30*]

upstairs and flung herself across her bed and cried her heart out. In all her exceedingly sheltered life no man had ever before taken the trouble to tell her the truth about herself. She turned the knife in the incision with a species of exultation. She refused to go down to lunch on the age-old plea of a headache and spent the afternoon in her room grubbing in the drawer of her desk. She read over pages and pages of manuscript — the two stories that she had sold and the accumulation that she had not. Between eighteen and twenty-three she had written a certain amount of stuff, crude but not altogether bad. In her twenty-third year she had achieved her two successes. It was now, in the light of L. Tarleton's disgust, incredible even to her, that she had failed to follow up such a lead.

And for what had she thrown away her chances — ! For a few cups of tea — a few handfuls of cards — a dinner-dance or two — the attention of a few men who meant nothing in the world at large, not even effort. The classification is Anita's own. She came to it after weary hours. Also she decided that she had been selling her birthright, and she looked up in her Browning with a sort of mordant satisfaction the poem beginning, "Just for a handful of silver he left us ——"

"I thought you were one of us," L. Tarleton had said.

L. Tarleton's golden eyes had looked into Anita's soul. I am not pretending that otherwise the miracle would have been wrought.

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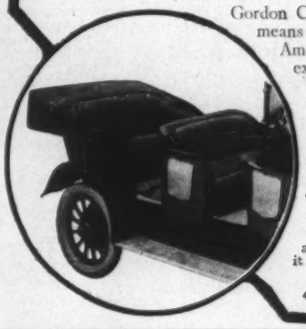

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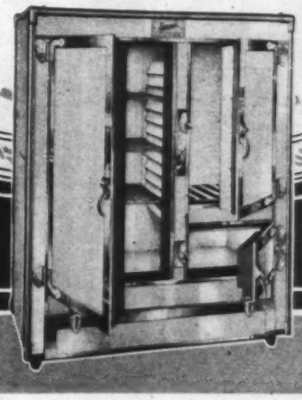

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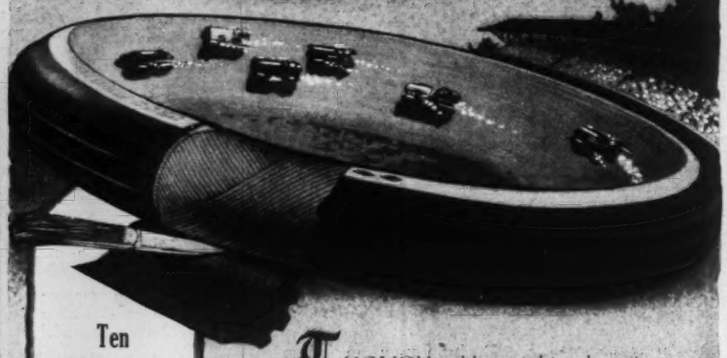

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story. She had been at the dinner-table but not of it and she had later broken an engagement to go driving with the nice young man of that unhappy Sunday-night supper. At ten, she sat down to her desk and dipped her fountain-pen — Anita always dipped her fountain pen whether it worked or not — and at twelve she was still writing, with a good deal of ink on her fingers and a number of loose sheets beside her on the floor. It had taken her seven pages to make a start. She went to bed at one, because her mother came in to ask if she was out of her mind; but she began again next morning, directly after breakfast, and at twelve that night she drew a line beneath the last inevitable word.

On the following day, which was Wednesday, she typed the manuscript on the machine in her father's office, and sent it off to *MacClean's*, accompanied by four two-cent stamps for return if unavailable.

Then Anita sat down to pray. She knew it was a good story because she had felt it breathe as she wrote it, but the way of a maid with a man is as nothing to the way of an editor with a masterpiece; so Anita prayed. Between prayers she went on writing — it is a disease that grows by what it feeds on — and the circles under her eyes deepened a little, and she missed three dances in succession. But she finished a second story.

Four weeks and a half from the day she had sent it out, *MacClean's* accepted Anita's story.

"There is certainly some awfully nice feeling in it," the editor wrote Anita. He was a man with a clever heart. Anita felt justified in accepting his criticism. She made one appeal in response.

"Could you possibly have it illustrated by the man who did the pictures for 'Blue Roses'?" "Blue Roses" had meantime appeared and the heart-stealing reality of *Rosie* and *Jim* had sent Anita's hands to her eyes and stifled the breath in her throat.

The editor returned:

"We had already thought of L. Tarleton for your new story. He seems to be doing some very nice work. The story has been copied and goes to him today."

Then indeed Anita took her courage in her hands and waited. The heart had gone out of her breast. This world was dull and the next was doubtful. Three days she worked on a recalcitrant hero whose gray eyes longed to be gold. She knew that the words she set down were good, for there is no ink so sympathetic as your own tears; but on the afternoon of the fourth day she felt the fountain-pen grow stale in her fingers, and she put on a hat — a soft gray hat, and a gray woolly coat — and went out for a walk.

Her feet took her to Indian Hill, of course. They had taken her there more than once since that morning in October. It was December, now, and the sky-line was gray and vague. The little lake shimmered not at all and the woods beyond the pasture were black.

Anita stood beneath the ancient oak and although suspense stretched her soul on the rack, her eyes and lips were warm.

L. Tarleton found her there. He came quickly up the side of Indian Hill and around the big tree and put out his hand with an awkwardly endearing gesture.

"Will you shake hands with me?" asked L. Tarleton, baring his head to the December chill. "I came on the three-twenty train and your mother told me you had gone for a walk."

"How did you know where to find me?" asked Anita. She did not shake hands with him. I think she was afraid of his touch.

"I didn't know," said L. Tarleton — "I hoped."

He waited a moment and Anita waited. A twig snapped in the tree above them and crackled at their feet. It made a nervous little sound in the stillness.

"I — I wanted to ask you to help me with this," said L. Tarleton suddenly. He took the story which *MacClean's* had accepted out of an inner pocket. Anita burned, visibly.

"How — how could I help you?" she said.

"I want to know if it comes true," said L. Tarleton.

"Why, a story doesn't have to come true — does it?" asked Anita, "to be a good story."

"*You* know this is a good story," he told her. He tried to see her eyes, but Anita looked away from him. "*I* want to know if it comes true."

His voice was a little unsteady.

"If you knew," he said suddenly, "what you've been to me ——"

"The prettiest dead illusion of your life," Anita reminded him with a quivering lip.

L. Tarleton put the story in his pocket and kept his hand there.

"That, and my dearest dream," he said, very low. He was obviously keeping a hold upon himself. Suddenly he faced Anita with a flame in his golden eyes.

"Why did you write that story?" he demanded.

Anita flung the traditions of twenty-five years and unnumbered generations to the winds.

"To bring you back to me," she said, "and because I couldn't help it."

When he put his arms about her, she shamelessly lifted her face.

"It's like R. K.'s heaven," said L. Tarleton, presently.

"'And each in his separate star shall paint the thing as he sees it —' I'm going to do the pictures for all of your stories, Beloved-est."

"We'll do Big Things," said Anita ardently.

At least in that moment they laid hands on Life, together.

This is the story that Anita wrote.

Young love — it's one of the most fascinating things in the world. There will be plenty of other stories of this calibre in McClure's

Victims of the Law

[*Continued from page 15*]

of it; there is little or no salvation for the victim of the law's spider-claws; the machinery that has convicted must be justified; public confidence in it must not be permitted to doubt; the courts are the bulwark, etc., etc. In ancient times it was an accepted axiom that it was better to let the innocent suffer than to compel justice to admit that it could be mistaken.

In the recent Stielow case in New York State, the prosecutor insisted before Governor Whitman that it would be a mistake to discredit the judgment of the court, and a large element of the community where the murder was committed regarded the efforts of the humanitarians who were seeking the truth as a clique of intruding busybodies who were meddling in affairs which were the exclusive concern of the town-folk.

But I should not have digressed, for these reflections have not to do with the present case. The same band of cattle-rustlers that had been guilty of the first murders, and that were undoubtedly responsible for the murder of the sheriff, had powerful prestige at the State capital. Their object in allowing an innocent man to suffer an infamous death was to set at rest all further investigation. Dead men have no friends. The reward of a martyr is his martyrdom.

So much for the results of inflammatory passion and prejudice on the public mind.

Another and less common form of psychology is the effect on the individual mind of starting with a false premise and building on it a structure of falsehood.

After Leo Frank had been convicted in Atlanta, and after his conviction had stirred not only the State of Georgia but the nation at large, Atlanta's new court-house was "dedicated to justice." Judge Ben B. Hill, who had refused Frank's extraordinary motion for a new trial, but who evidently at the time had in mind the lessonings of the Frank case, charged the new grand-jury not to indict anyone on trivial evidence — that he hoped to see Atlanta's new court-house a real temple of justice.

The first case to come on for trial in the new court-house was that of a young colored boy named Will Russell. The charge was burglary. When the officers brought him into court, the boy protested that he was the wrong party; but the officers laughed at him. The woman whose house had been

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You are sure to enjoy using Resinol Soap, because it is so *exceptionally* pure, cleansing and refreshing. It contains no harsh, drying alkali, and is not artificially colored, its rich brown being entirely due to its Resinol medication, which *doctors prescribe* widely in their treatment of skin affections. *Resinol Soap is excellent for the hair and for a baby's tender skin.* Sold by all druggists. For sample cake, free, with miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. 8-C, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore.

Your Own Private Line Between "Here" and "There"

DO you tire of the same scenes, the same faces? Suffer from the monotony of routine day after day? Yearn for something *different*—out of the ordinary?

Why not change? Go where you please, when you please, rocked in the cradle of comfort — the patented *Cradle Spring Frame;* driven by the safe, swift, silent, strong, sure Powerplus Motor. Go *Indian-ing* on a 1917

Indian Motocycle With Side Car

Far away tours, nearby jaunts — picnics — outings — out of the heat and turmoil of the city into the cool and restful quiet of the green, blossoming, health-promoting sight-lands of Spring and Summer.

Roomy torpedo body of steel construction. Adjustable Axle for varying road treads. Easily handled, wonderful hill-climber, more power than you need, more speed than you'll want to use. Upkeep slight.

Built and backed by the makers of the famous *Indian Big Twin Powerplus* and *Light Twin Motocycles, Electrically Equipped* and ten other 1917 model *Bicycles.*

Send for illustrated and descriptive 1917 Indian Side Car Booklet.

Hendee Mfg. Co., 820 State St., Springfield, Mass.
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If Your Eyes Are Not Normal

there is a perfectly safe and natural way of restoring perfect circulation of blood, which is all that weak eyes require.

It is in the nature of a gentle massage given over the closed lids for five minutes at a time twice a day, and for twenty years this method had been successfully used in correcting eye troubles and bringing back normal eyesight to young and old——

Many of those whom it has benefited had very serious eye troubles too, as is shown by their voluntary letters on the subject.

Just note what leading authorities say on the subject of eye massage—Doctor De Schweinitz of Philadelphia, Professor of Ophthalmology at Jefferson College, has stated that in treating even so serious a condition as dreaded cataract of the eye, massage of the eye-ball "has been followed by improvement in vision and deepening of the anterior chamber." The Medical Record, in treating the same subject, says that "the most feasible plan seems to be properly applied massage."

This system of massage to which we refer is fully explained in a scientific book on "The Eyes—Their Care, Their Ills, Their Cure," which may be obtained free on request from *The Ideal Masseur Co.,* 1968 Broadway, New York City, if you will mention McClure's Magazine.

The most effective helps for our weaknesses nowadays are often the most simple and safe. Hosts of people have saved themselves from the nuisance of constantly wearing eye-glasses by using this massage (or exercise), so it will probably be well worth your while to at least inform yourself further by writing for the little book which treats the subject so thoroughly.

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WHEN A NAIL WON'T DO IT

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robbed identified the prisoner. She declared that if she lived to be a hundred years old she could not forget his face. The officer who arrested the prisoner and who found the stolen goods on him also positively identified the prisoner. Young Russell was convicted and was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. He protested his innocence to the jury, but it was in vain.

Days rolled by, and then a census of the jail disclosed the fact that there was one prisoner too many. He was the real burglar, and his name was also Will Russell. The Will Russell who had already been convicted was held in jail merely as an innocent witness in another case. The officers had gone through the jail when the case was first called and had dragged forth the first Will Russell that was handy. And because the officers produced this particular Will Russell and vouched for him as being the culprit, the witnesses testified that he was the culprit — and they were honest about it, no doubt; but they testified just as positively when the real culprit was later placed on trial, and he got three years.

In the eye of the law, the State's Attorney is as much the protector of innocence as the prosecutor of the guilty. But when a grand jury indicts, he naturally feels that it is incumbent upon him to sustain the indictment and to secure a conviction; otherwise the public may think him incompetent or corrupt. The finding of a grand jury is based only upon *prima facie* evidence — a very dangerous basis of fact. When the grand jury that indicted Leo Frank was considering his case, the fact was concealed from them — probably on the theory that it was evidence in Frank's favor and not against him — that the negro Conley had confessed to the writing of the note found near the body of Mary Phagan. If the jury had known this at the time, it is not unlikely that they would have refused to indict Frank.

Tolstoy has woven around these aberrations and paradoxes of justice his greatest short story.

Aksenof, a fair, curly-headed, handsome merchant, always jolly and singing, bids his wife and children good-by in the town of Vladimir and starts for the fair in another town. On his journey he meets with another merchant he knew, and they take lodgings together for the night. Awakened in the middle of the night, and wishing to take advantage of its cool for traveling, Aksenof rouses his driver, orders him to harness the carriage, and takes his departure. After he had covered some forty versts he stopped for food. Suddenly there arrived a *troika* with an official and two soldiers. The merchant with whom Aksenof had lodged the night before had been found robbed and murdered. The officials searched Aksenof's traveling-sack and brought forth a bloody knife. Aksenof naturally turned pale and trembled from head to foot.

He was sentenced to Siberia. For twenty-six long years he made boots there. Then one day among the convicts to arrive was Semenof; and when Semenof discovered Aksenof and heard his story, he was stricken with remorse and confessed that he had murdered the merchant and slipped the bloody knife into Aksenof's sack. But Aksenof's gentle wife was now dead and his children had prospered and forgotten him; and when his release arrived he was dead — beyond the pale of prison-walls or the gyves of justice.

As if to mock the fiction of this story, there was released a few years ago, after twenty years of penal servitude, an old man who was at last discovered to be guiltless of the murder for which he had been convicted in Pennsylvania. His relatives in the old country were now all dead, and he was wifeless, childless, and friendless. There was some talk of Pennsylvania making financial reparation for the wrong, but the agitation was soon lost in the gulf of things that had fresher interest for the public.

How far are the newspapers responsible for the ebullitions of public feeling? A great deal, I think — and yet they are not to blame. Take it by and large, the newspapers of the country are exceedingly cautious and circumspect in such matters. In intense public crises it is impossible for the newspaper men to escape the general contagion. They are peculiarly susceptible to the news value of such things; that is one of the gages by which their editors judge them; and, considering this fact, they are commendably cautious. But there are exceptions. In the Theodore Durant case in San Francisco they ran riot. In the Frank case in Georgia a like condition prevailed until the momentum of public opinion alarmed them; and then they were as silent as the grave. They were caught between contending tides of public feeling, and whichever way they leaned they were anathema. There were some frightful journalistic injustices committed in that case. One Southern newspaper said:

"It is impossible for the public to learn through the newspapers what was brought out in the trial, because the two days in which the public and the press were excluded from the court were the days when the convincing evidence was adduced." And then followed what should have been an unprintable story of what was supposed to have taken place during those two days. The statement of that alleged evidence convicted Frank in the mind of any reader of that newspaper. But the thing never happened; there was no such testimony; there was nothing upon which such a story could have been even mistakenly predicated. There was not a day nor an hour during the entire trial when the audience or the newspaper men were excluded from the court-room. The trial was had not only in the presence of a packed court-room but within view of the crowds surrounding the court-house which saw the proceedings through open windows. Such stories were but a part of the campaign of slander which started with the arrest of Frank and left the State of Georgia and adjoining States awash with its mire.

WHAT is the remedy? I think it lies wholly in the hands of prosecuting officials. They largely control the sources of news up to the time of trial. Nothing should be given out that is not absolute fact; and always it should be borne in mind that it is the jury and not the public that is to try the accused. The atmosphere of the community when surcharged is bound to find its way into the jury-room. If it is bad ethics for the attorney for the defense to try his case in the newspapers, equally ought it to be bad ethics for the State.

Prosecuting attorneys are usually elective officers. It is human nature for them to curry favor with the public and to make of their office a stepping-stone to higher honors. I think that prosecuting attorneys, even if they were to be the single exception to the elective rule, should be appointed with an eye to their ability, learning, fairness, courage, mental balance, and above all, to their freedom from demagogy. They have it within their power to hold public sentiment within bounds; but they are too often popular idols, mere weathervanes of public sentiment; and their pride sometimes estops them from admitting their mistakes.

Then there are two things that ought absolutely to go — the bargained exchange of one life for another on perjured testimony, or testimony that is very likely to be perjured; and the infamous third degree. It is a relic of barbarism, a substitute for torture. There is only one instance I can recall where a man forfeited his own life rather than betray another, and the people of Tennessee erected a monument to his memory. The law contemplates the absolute freedom from physical or mental annoyance of the prisoner; he or she is presumed innocent until proved guilty; and yet prisoners and witnesses are man-handled and tortured until they "come across." One of the witnesses against Frank, a colored woman, was thrown into jail without any authority of law, and "sweated" until she made the affidavit the officers wanted. When she would fall asleep at night, they would immediately wake her up, and by this exquisite form of torture achieved their purpose. A woman in Newark, N. J., recently awaiting in jail her second trial for the murder of her husband was subjected to insult by one of the Board of Freeholders. This man evidently thought that as long as this woman was confined in the jail, she was a common mark for the ribaldry of officials.

There will be more true stories of this kind by Mr. Connolly, and others. Do you like human-interest stuff? Then read McClure's. "How I Broke My Husband," by Anna Steese Richardson, is one of the best. It's coming soon

"Horsepower"—What Does It Mean?

By Waldemar Kaempffert

OF course it has something to do with horses — that term "horsepower" used so glibly in talking of automobile engines. But what? Assuming that your thirty-two horsepower engine really does the work of thirty-two horses, how do you know? How does the company that made the engines know?

If you want to find out why you mention horses in the same breath with engines you must go back a century and a half — back to James Watt's rather primitive mechanical day, back to the day when there were no locomotives, much less automobiles. When Watt invented the steam engine he also had to invent a way of selling it. Nearly every power appliance of his time was driven by a horse. What could be more natural than to compare his engine with the horse — the most familiar power-generator in use? What could be more convincing than to tell a prospective customer: "This steam engine will do the work of fifty horses?"

Watt's first task was to find out just how much work a horse could do. The function of any power-generator, animal or engine, is to haul or lift — both more or less the same thing. When a variety hall Samson announces that he is the champion strong-man of the world, he has to prove his claim by asserting that he can lift a weight of so many hundred pounds and challenging the Achilles who shares public admiration with him to go and do likewise. Whether you test muscles or engines, the lifting of a weight is an excellent measure of energy expended.

Watt found that the average Cornish mine-horse, used for pumping water, could lift a weight of 150 pounds at the rate of two and one-half miles an hour for ten hours a day. Reduce that to minutes and feet, and your calculation shows that a horse can lift 33,000 pounds a foot in one minute. This then, was Watt's measure of a horsepower — 33,000 foot-pounds a minute. When James Watt guaranteed that a pumping engine of his would develop fifty horsepower, he meant that it would lift fifty times 33,000 pounds one foot in one minute. Modern engineers are not satisfied with Watt's test. It is both too liberal and too stingy — too liberal because a horse can't keep up the pace Watt assumed all day and too stingy because he can do better in a single, favorable minute. But Watt's figure has come down to us, and it is still used for expressing the mechanical capabilities of a swift passenger locomotive, of a giant ocean steamship, and of millions of automobiles.

Notice this in Watt's calculation: — It considers not only the lifting of a weight, but the time in which that weight is lifted. Power means the speed or rate of doing work. When the Samson and Achilles of rival music halls compare their strength, the weights that they may be respectively able to lift do not indicate the power of the two men. The elapsed time must also be known. Samson may lift a hundred and fifty pounds twice as fast as Achilles, and if he does, the palm must be awarded to him. So, when you think of horsepower, think not only of a lifted weight, but of time as well.

To apply Watt's standard, you must consider how your automobile engine operates. Every time an explosion takes place in the cylinder, the momentary expansion produced by the heat generated, pushes on the piston. And since the piston is connected by a crankshaft and other members with the wheels, the automobile is impelled forward. This push against the piston is like the force developed by the straining muscles of a horse.

But what of the distance through which the force acts? That you find in the length of the piston's travel. And the time? That is obtained by counting the number of pushes sustained by the piston in a minute. As for the amount of force or push exerted in a minute, that you get by calculating the area of the piston. You have everything now to determine the power of your engine — force, time and distance. All you have to do is to multiply together force (pounds per square inch), piston area, distance (stroke) and number of explosions in a minute and to divide the result by 33,000 in order to obtain the horsepower of your automobile engine. The calculation is simply a problem in arithmetic, you see, and not nearly so complicated as double-entry bookkeeping.

Now, a calculated horsepower is not the same as the horsepower actually developed. The trouble is that not all the force applied to the piston in 3,000 pushes a minute (the number of explosions) is delivered to the rubber-tired wheels. When two pieces of metal rub against each other you have friction. To overcome friction force must be expended. So, part of the energy developed by the explosions in the cylinder is used in simply making many rubbing surfaces slide on one another. Then, a good deal of the heat of expansion, caused by the many explosions, is lost in heating the water that keeps the engine cool, as well as in radiating out into space. There's no way of stopping the loss of that heat or energy. Add to that great loss, the force used up in actuating a score of auxiliary devices such as valves, pumps, and fans, and you can see why it is impossible to utilize the energy stored up in gasoline to the theoretical utmost. Even if there were no heat losses, no friction, no fans and pumps and valves to drive, you couldn't deliver to the wheels all the power that your figuring makes you believe you ought to obtain. You have to lift pistons and rods into operative positions. And there's no way of fooling gravitation.

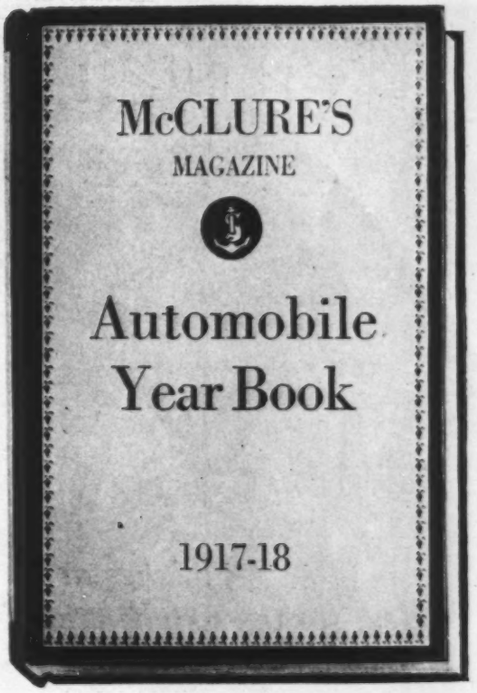
When an automobile manufacturer guarantees that his engine will develop fifty actual horsepower, how does he know? Does he compare the engine's actual performance with fifty real horses that he keeps on hand for the purpose? Not he. Still, he does something very similar, but with far greater accuracy. When a grocer weighs out five pounds of flour he does not have to balance the flour against a real five-pound weight. He can make the flour pull on a spring of known strength, and the spring in turn causes a pointer to swing on a graduated dial so as to register accurately the amount of pull in pounds. An automobile engineer arrives at the horsepower in a similar convenient way. He knows exactly how much current he ought to obtain from that dynamo at a given speed.

Granted that a gasoline engine is actually the equivalent of thirty, fifty, or a hundred horses, why is it that it can't always drive a car out of the mud?

Have you ever seen a trolley car's wheels spinning on the tracks and the car standing quite still? And have you seen how a handful of sand, sprinkled on the rails, will enable the wheels to grip the steel so that the car moves on? When horses pull an automobile out of the mud, their legs obtain a purchase on the ground. The motor of a trolley car or the engine of an automobile has no legs. It is not intended to grip anything, but simply to generate power. The real road-grippers are the wheels. If they will not grip, the engine cannot help them. When you are stuck in the mud, your engine is still capable of delivering all the horsepower guaranteed by the manufacturer. You must either provide the wheels with a gripping surface — or get a horse.

MR. KAEMPFFERT will be glad to answer automobile questions that readers of McClure's may ask. This service is free. But it must be understood that, for obvious reasons, Mr. Kaempffert cannot give his opinion of well-known cars or pass upon the merits of competing products. He will give the names of manufacturers of different types of cars and accessories, leaving the final selection to the reader himself.

With technical questions on the maintenance and operation of an automobile, the reader is given the greatest latitude. The monthly automobile articles must do more than simply provide interesting reading matter. They must set you thinking — set you to asking questions. They must be of help to you.



It's new—have you a copy?

IN a suburban home near New York City recently four people referred to the new McClure Automobile Year Book for information, four or five times during the evening. Perhaps you do not realize *how often* the subject of various makes of cars comes up for discussion in the home. In the McClure Year Book all the important makes of pleasure and commercial vehicles are shown and specifications given. There are nine big features in this book as follows:

158 Pleasure cars illustrated and specifications given.

55 Commercial vehicles illustrated and specifications given.

"Getting the Most Out of Tires"—on authoritative article by Waldemar Kaempffert.

Table of Tire Sizes—and Inflation Table.

"Automobile Rheumatics"—an article on automobile lubrication.

"The Care of a Motor Car"—a short article giving advice for the car owner or prospective car owner.

Table of American Speedway Statistics.

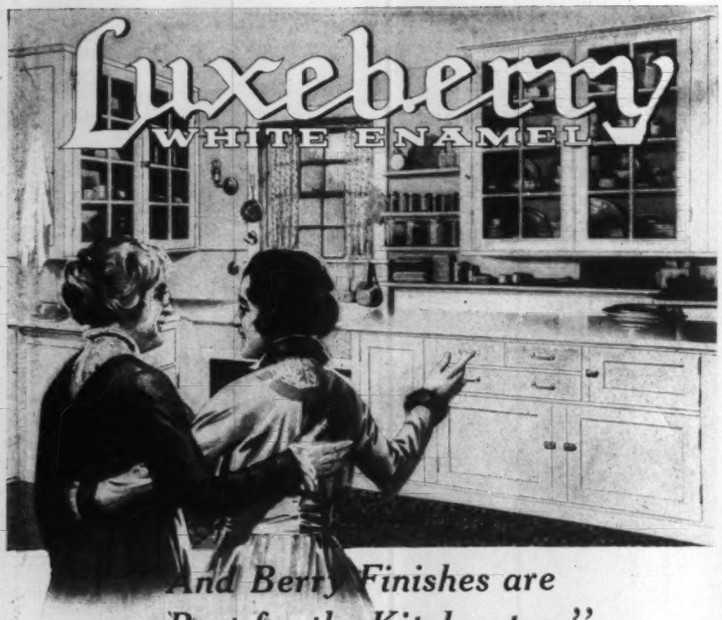
Table giving Horse-Power Rating.

List of important makes of Automobile Tires.

The McClure Automobile Year Book is bound in stiff board covers, size 5½ x 8 inches, and contains 284 pages. It is sold for fifty cents, even though a great many people claim it is worth twice that amount. It may be purchased only through the McClure Automobile Department, and will be mailed, prepaid, to any one sending fifty cents in stamps, check or post-office money order. Address all communications to

McClure Automobile Department

Berkeley Building, 25 W. 44th St. New York City



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Summer — *Continued from page 22*

afterward?" she ventured, feeling it would break her heart if she missed it.

He consulted a time-table, found a ten o'clock train and reassured her. "The moon rises so late that it will be dark by eight, and we'll have over an hour of it."

Twilight fell, and lights began to show along the shore. The trolleys roaring out from Nettleton became great luminous serpents coiling in and out among the trees. The wooden eating-houses at the Lake's edge danced with lanterns, and the dusk echoed with laughter and shouts and the clumsy splashing of oars.

Harney and Charity had found a table in the corner of a balcony built over the Lake, and were patiently awaiting an unattainable chowder. Close under them the water lapped the piles, agitated by the evolutions of a little white steamboat trellised with colored globes which was to run passengers up and down the Lake. It was already black with them as it sheered off on its first trip.

Suddenly Charity heard a woman's laugh behind her. The sound was familiar, and she turned to look. A band of showily dressed girls and dapper young men wearing badges of secret societies, with new straw hats tilted far back on their square-clipped hair, had invaded the balcony and were loudly clamoring for a table. The girl in the lead was the one who had laughed. She wore a large hat with a long white feather, and from under its brim her painted eyes looked at Charity with amused recognition.

"Say! If this ain't like Old Home Week," she remarked to the girl at her elbow; and giggles and glances passed between them. Charity knew at once that the girl with the white feather was Julia Hawes. She had lost her freshness, and the paint under her eyes made her face seem thinner; but her lips had the same lovely curve, and the same cold mocking smile, as if there were some secret absurdity in the person she was looking at, and she had instantly detected it.

Charity flushed to the forehead and looked away. She felt herself humiliated by Julia's sneer, and vexed that the mockery of such a creature should affect her. She trembled lest Harney should notice that the noisy troop had recognized her; but they found no table free, and passed on tumultuously.

PRESENTLY there was a soft rush through the air and a shower of silver fell from the blue evening sky. In another direction, pale Roman candles shot up singly through the trees, and a fire-haired rocket swept the horizon like a portent. Between these intermittent flashes the velvet curtains of darkness were descending; and in the intervals of eclipse the voices of the crowds seemed to sink to smothered murmurs.

Charity and Harney, dispossessed by newcomers, were at length obliged to give up their table and struggle through the throng about the boat-landings. For a while there seemed no escape from the tide of late arrivals; but finally Harney secured the last two places on the stand from which the more privileged were to see the fireworks. The seats were at the end of a row, one above the other. Charity had taken off her hat to have an uninterrupted view; and whenever she leaned back to follow the curve of some dishevelled rocket she could feel Harney's knees against her head.

After a while the scattered fireworks ceased. A longer interval of darkness followed, and then the whole night broke into flower. From every point of the horizon, gold and silver arches sprang up and crossed each other, sky-orchards broke into blossom, shed their flaming petals and hung their branches with golden fruit; and all the while the air was filled with a soft supernatural hum, as though great birds were building their nests in those invisible tree-tops.

Now and then there came a lull, and a wave of moonlight swept the Lake. In a flash it revealed hundreds of boats, steel-dark against lustrous ripples; then it withdrew as if with a furling of vast translucent wings. Charity's heart throbbed with delight. It was as if all the latent beauty of things had been unveiled to her. She could not imagine that the world held anything more wonderful; but near her she heard someone say: "You wait till you see the set piece," and instantly her hopes took a fresh flight. At last, just as it was beginning to seem as though the whole arch of the sky were one great lid pressed against her dazzled eye-balls, and striking out of them continuous jets of jeweled light, the velvet darkness settled down again, and a murmur of expectation ran through the crowd.

"Now — now!" the same voice said excitedly; and Charity, grasping the hat on her knee, crushed it tight in the effort to restrain her rapture.

For a moment the night seemed to grow more impenetrably black; then a great picture stood out against it like a constellation. It was surmounted by a golden scroll bearing the inscription: "Washington crossing the Delaware;" and across a flood of motionless golden ripples the National Hero passed, erect, solemn and gigantic, standing with folded arms in the stern of a slowly moving golden boat.

A long "Oh-h-h" burst from the spectators: the stand creaked and shook with their blissful trepidations. "Oh-h-h," Charity gasped; she had forgotten where she was, had at last forgotten even Harney's nearness. She seemed to have been caught up into the stars. . . .

The picture vanished and darkness came down. In the obscurity she felt her head clasped by two hands; her face was drawn backward, and Harney's lips were pressed on hers. With sudden vehemence he wound his arms about her, holding her head against his breast while she gave him back his kisses. An unknown Harney had revealed himself, a Harney who dominated her and yet over whom she felt herself possessed of a new mysterious power.

But the crowd was beginning to move, and he had to release her. "Come," he said in a confused voice. He scrambled over the side of the stand, and holding up his arm caught her as she sprang to the ground. He passed his arm about her waist, steadying her against the descending rush of people; and she clung to him, speechless, exultant, as if all the crowding and confusion about them were a mere vain stirring of the air.

"Come," he repeated, "we must try to make the trolley." He drew her along, and she followed, still in her dream. They walked as if they were one, so isolated in ecstasy that the people jostling them on every side seemed impalpable. But when they reached the terminus the illuminated trolley was already clanging on its way, its platforms black with passengers. The cars waiting behind it were as thickly packed; and the throng about the terminus was so dense that it seemed hopeless to struggle for a place.

"Last trip up the Lake," a megaphone bellowed from the wharf; and the lights of the little steamboat came dancing out of the darkness.

"No use waiting here; shall we run up the Lake?" Harney suggested.

They pushed their way back to the edge of the water just as the gang-plank lowered from the white side of the boat. The electric light at the end of the wharf flashed full on the descending passengers, and among them Charity caught sight of Julia Hawes, her white feather askew, and the face under it flushed with coarse laughter. As she stepped from the gang-plank she stopped short, her dark-ringed eyes darting malice.

"Hullo, Charity Royall!" she called out, and then, looking back over her shoulder: "Didn't I tell you it was a family party? Here's granpa's little daughter come to take him home!"

A snigger ran through the group; and then, towering above them, and steadying himself on the hand-rail in a desperate effort at erectness, Mr. Royall stepped stiffly ashore. Like the young men of the party, he wore a secret society emblem in the button-hole of his black frock-coat. His head was covered by a new Panama hat, and his narrow black tie, half undone, dangled down on his rumpled shirt-front. His face, a livid brown, with red blotches of anger and lips sunken in like an old man's, was a lamentable ruin in the searching glare.

He was just behind Julia Hawes, and had one hand on her arm; but as he left the gang-plank he freed himself, and moved a step or two away from his companions. He had seen Charity at once, and his glance passed slowly from her to Harney, whose arm was still about her. He stood staring at them, and trying to master the senile quiver of his lips; then he drew himself up with the tremulous majesty of drunkenness, and stretched out his arm.

"You —, you —, bare-headed — you!" he enunciated slowly.

There was a scream of tipsy laughter from the party, and Charity involuntarily put her hands to her head. She remembered that her hat had fallen from her lap when she jumped up to leave the stand; and suddenly she had a vision of herself, hatless, dishevelled, with a man's arm about her, confronting that drunken crew, headed by her guardian's pitiable figure. The picture filled her with shame. She had known since childhood about Mr. Royall's "habits;" had seen him, as she went up to bed, sitting morosely in his office, a bottle at his elbow; or coming home, heavy and quarrelsome, from his business expeditions to Hepburn or Springfield; but the idea of his associating himself publicly with a band of disreputable girls and bar-room loafers was new and dreadful to her.

"Oh —" she said in a gasp of misery; and releasing herself from Harney's arm she went straight up to Mr. Royall.

"You come home with me — you come right home with me," she said in a low stern voice, as if she had not heard his apostrophe; and one of the girls called out: "Say how many fellers does she want?"

There was another laugh, followed by a pause of curiosity, during which Mr. Royall continued to glare at Charity. At length his twitching lips parted. "I said: you —!" he repeated with precision, steadying himself on Julia's shoulder.

Laughs and jeers were beginning to spring up from the circle of people beyond their group; and a voice called out from the gangway: "Now, then, step lively there — all *aboard!*" The pressure of approaching and departing passengers forced the actors in the rapid scene apart, and pushed them back into the throng. Charity found herself clinging to Harney's arm and sobbing desperately. Mr. Royall had disappeared, and in the distance she heard the receding sound of Julia's laugh.

The boat, laden to the taffrail, was puffing away on her last trip.

XI

AT two o'clock in the morning the freckled boy from Creston stopped his sleepy horse at the door of the red house, and Charity got out. Harney had taken leave of her at Creston River, charging the boy to drive her home. Her mind was still in a fog of misery, and she did not remember very clearly what had happened, or what they said to each other during the interminable interval since their departure from Nettleton; but the secretive instinct of the animal in pain was so strong in her that she had a sense of relief when Harney got out and she drove on alone.

The full moon hung over North Dormer, whitening the mist that filled the hollows between the hills and floated transparently above the fields. Charity stood a moment at the gate, looking out into the waning night. She watched the boy drive off, his horse's head wagging heavily to and fro; then she went around to the kitchen door and felt under the mat for the key. She found it, unlocked the door and went in. The kitchen was dark, but she discovered a box of matches, lit a candle and went upstairs. Mr. Royall's door, opposite hers, stood open on his unlit room: evidently he had not come back. She went into her room, bolted her door and began slowly to untie the ribbon about her waist, and to take off her dress. Under the bed she saw the paper bag in which she had hidden her new hat from inquisitive eyes. . . .

She lay for a long time sleepless on her bed, staring up at the moonlight on the low ceiling; dawn was in the sky when she fell asleep, and when she woke the sun was on her face.

She dressed and went down to the kitchen. Verena was there alone; she glanced at Charity tranquilly, with her old deaf-looking eyes. There was no sign of Mr. Royall about the house and the hours passed without his reappearing. Charity had gone up to her room, and sat there listlessly, her hands on her lap. Puffs of sultry air fanned her dimity window curtains and flies buzzed stiflingly against the bluish panes.

At one o'clock Verena hobbled up to see if she were not coming down to dinner; but she shook her head, and the old woman went away, saying: "I'll cover up, then."

The sun turned and left her room, and Charity seated herself in the window, gazing down the village street through the half-opened shutters. Not a thought was in her mind; it was just a dark whirlpool of crowding images; and she watched the people passing along the street, Dan Targatt's team hauling a load of pine-trunks down to Hepburn, the sexton's old white horse grazing on the bank across the way, as if she looked at these familiar sights from the other side of the grave.

She was roused from her apathy by seeing Ally Hawes come out of the Frys' gate and walk slowly toward the red house with her uneven limping step. At the sight Charity recovered her severed contact with reality. She divined that Ally was coming to hear about her day: no one else was in the secret of the trip to Nettleton, and it had flattered Ally profoundly to be allowed to know of it.

At the thought of having to see her, of having to meet her eyes and answer or evade her questions, the whole horror of the previous night's adventure rushed back upon Charity. What had been a feverish nightmare became a cold and unescapable fact. Poor Ally, at that moment, represented North Dormer, with all its mean curiosities, its furtive malice, its sham unconsciousness of evil. Charity knew that although all relations with Julia were supposed to be severed, the tender-hearted Ally still secretly communicated with her; and no doubt Julia would exult in the chance of retailing the scandal of the wharf. The story, exaggerated and distorted, was probably already on its way to North Dormer.

Ally's dragging pace had not carried her far from the Frys' gate when she was stopped by old Mrs. Sollas, who was a great talker, and spoke very slowly because she had never been able to get used to her new teeth from Hepburn. Still, even this respite would not last long; in another ten minutes Ally would be at the door, and Charity would hear her greeting Verena in the kitchen, and then calling up from the foot of the stairs.

Suddenly it became clear that flight, and instant flight, was the only thing conceivable. The longing to escape, to get away from familiar faces, from places where she was known, had always been strong in her in moments of distress. She had a childish belief in the miraculous power of strange scenes and new faces to transform her life and wipe out bitter memories. But such impulses were mere fleeting whims compared to the cold resolve which now possessed her. She felt she could not remain an hour longer under the roof of the man who had publicly dishonored her, and face to face with the people who would presently be gloating over all the details of her humiliation.

Her passing pity for Mr. Royall had been swallowed up in loathing: everything in her recoiled from the disgraceful spectacle of the drunken old man apostrophizing her in the presence of a band of loafers and street-walkers. Suddenly, vividly, she relived again the horrible moment when he had tried to force himself into her room, and what she had before supposed to be a mad aberration now appeared to her as a vulgar incident in a debauched and degraded life.

While these thoughts were hurrying through her she had dragged out her old canvas school-bag, and was thrusting into it a few articles of clothing and the little packet of letters she had received from Harney. From under her pincushion she took the library key, and laid it in full view; then she felt at the back of a drawer for the blue brooch that Harney had given her. She did not dare to wear it openly at North Dormer, but now fastened it on her bosom as if it were a talisman to protect her in her flight. These preparations had taken but a few minutes, and when they were finished Ally Hawes was still at the Frys' corner talking to old Mrs. Sollas. . . .

She had said to herself, as she always said in moments of revolt: "I'll go to the Mountain — I'll go back to my own folks." She had never really meant it before; but now, as she considered her case, no other course seemed open. She had never learned any trade that would have given her independence in a strange place; and she knew no one in the big towns of the valley, where she might have hoped to find employment. Miss Hatchard was still away; but even had she been at North Dormer she was the last person to whom Charity would have turned, since one of the motives urging her to flight was the wish not to see Lucius Harney. Traveling back from Nettleton, in the crowded brightly-lit train, all exchange of confidence between them had been impossible; but during their drive from Hepburn to Creston River she had gathered from Harney's snatches of consolatory talk — again hampered by the freckled boy's presence — that he intended to see her the next day. At the moment she had found a vague comfort in the assurance;

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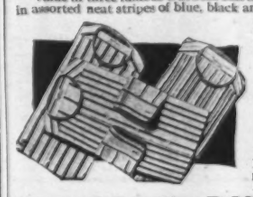

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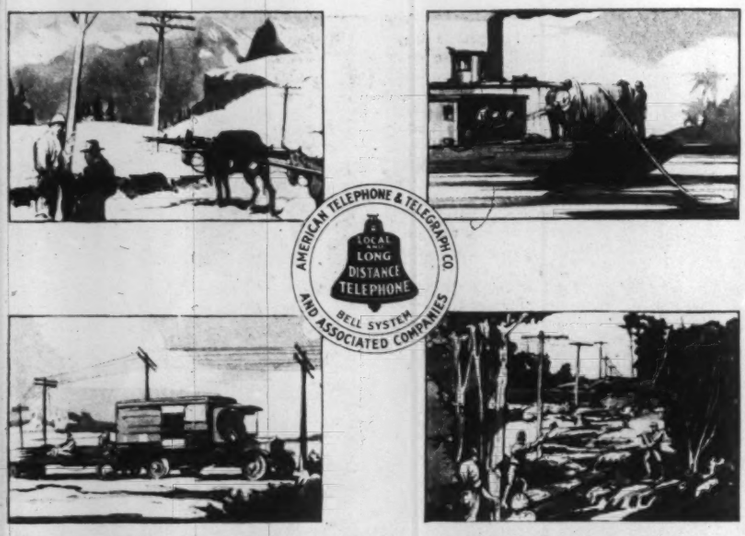

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but in the desolate lucidity of the hours that followed she had come to see the impossibility of meeting him again. Her dream of comradeship was over; and the scene on the wharf — vile and disgraceful as it had been — had after all, shed the light of truth on her minute of madness. It was as if her guardian's words had stripped her bare in the face of the grinning crowd and proclaimed to the world the secret admonitions of her conscience.

She did not think these things out clearly; she simply followed the blind propulsion of her wretchedness. She did not want, ever again, to see anyone she had known; above all, she did not want to see Harney. . . .

She climbed the hill-path behind the house and struck through the woods by a short-cut leading to the Creston road. A lead-colored sky hung heavily over the fields, and in the forest the motionless air was stifling; but she pushed on, impatient to reach the road which was the shortest way to the Mountain.

To do so, she had to follow the Creston road for a mile or two, and go within half a mile of the village; and she walked quickly, fearing to meet Harney. But there was no sign of him, and she had almost reached the branch road when she saw the flanks of a large white tent projecting through the trees by the roadside. She supposed that it sheltered a traveling circus which had come there for the Fourth; but as she drew nearer she saw, over the folded-back flap, a large sign bearing the inscription: "Gospel Tent." The interior seemed to be empty; but a young man in a black alpaca coat, his lank hair parted over a round white face, stepped from under the flap and advanced toward her with a smile.

"Sister, your Saviour knows everything. Won't you come in and lay your guilt before Him?" he asked insinuatingly, putting his hand on her arm.

Charity started back and flushed. For a moment she thought the evangelist must have heard a report of the scene at Nettleton; then she saw the absurdity of the supposition.

"I on'y wish't I had any to lay!" she retorted, with one of her fierce flashes of self-derision; and the young man murmured aghast: "Oh, Sister, don't speak blasphemy. . . ."

But she had jerked her arm out of his hold, and was running up the branch road, trembling with the fear of meeting a familiar face. Presently she was out of sight of the village, and climbing up into the heart of the forest. She could not hope to do the fifteen miles to the Mountain that afternoon; but she knew of a place half-way to Hamblin where she could sleep, and where no one would think of looking for her. It was a little deserted house on a slope in one of the lonely rifts of the hills. She had seen it once, years before, when she had gone on a nutting expedition to the grove of walnuts below it. The party had taken refuge in the house from a sudden mountain storm, and she remembered that Ben Sollas, who liked frightening girls, had told them that it was said to be haunted.

She was growing faint and tired, for she had eaten nothing since morning, and was not used to walking so far. Her head felt light and she sat down for a moment by the roadside. As she sat there she heard the click of a bicycle-bell, and started up to plunge back into the forest; but before she could move the bicycle had swept around the curve of the road, and Harney, jumping off, was approaching her with outstretched arms.

"Charity! What on earth are you doing here?"

She stared as if he were a vision, so startled by the unexpectedness of his being there that no words came to her.

"Where were you going? Had you forgotten that I was coming?" he continued, trying to draw her to him; but she shrank from his embrace.

"I was going away — I don't want to see you — I want you should leave me alone," she broke out wildly.

He looked at her and his face grew grave, as though the shadow of a premonition brushed it.

"Going away — from me, Charity?"

"From everybody. I want you should leave me."

He stood glancing doubtfully up and down the lonely forest road that stretched away into sun-flecked distances.

"Where were you going?"

"Home."

"Home — this way?"

She threw her head back defiantly. "To my home — up yonder; to the Mountain."

As she spoke she became aware of a change in his face. He was no longer listening to her, he was only looking at her, with the passionate absorbed expression she had seen in his eyes after they had kissed on the stand at Nettleton. He was the new Harney again, the Harney abruptly revealed in that embrace, who seemed so penetrated with the joy of her presence that he was utterly careless of what she was thinking or feeling.

He caught her hands with a laugh. "How do you suppose I found you?" he said gaily. He drew out the little packet of his letters and flourished them before her bewildered eyes.

"You dropped them, you imprudent young person — dropped them in the middle of the road, not far from here; and the young man who is running the Gospel tent picked them up just as I was driving by." He drew back, holding her at arms' length, and scrutinizing her troubled face with the minute searching gaze of his short-sighted eyes.

"Did you really think you could run away from me? You see you weren't meant to," he said; and before she could answer he had kissed her again, not vehemently, but tenderly, almost fraternally, as if he had guessed her confused pain, and wanted her to know he understood it. He wound his fingers through hers.

"Come — let's walk a little. I want to talk to you. There's so much to say."

He spoke with a boy's gaiety, carelessly and confidently, as if nothing had happened that could shame or embarrass them; and for a moment, in the sudden relief of her release from lonely pain, she felt herself yielding to his mood. But he had turned and was drawing her back along the road by which she had come. She stiffened herself and stopped short.

"I won't go back," she said.

They looked at each other a moment in silence; then he answered gently: "Very well: let's go the other way, then."

She remained motionless, gazing silently at the ground and he went on: "Isn't there a house up here somewhere — a little abandoned house — you meant to show me some day?" Still she made no answer, and he continued, in the same tone of tender reassurance: "Let us go there now and sit down and talk quietly." He took one of the hands that hung by her side and pressed his lips to the palm. "Do you suppose I'm going to let you send me away? Do you suppose I don't understand?"

THE little old house — its wooden walls sun-bleached to a ghostly gray — stood in an orchard above the road. The garden palings had fallen, but the broken gate dangled between its posts, and the path to the house was marked by rose-bushes run wild and hanging their small pale blossoms above the crowding grasses. Slender pilasters and an intricate fan-light framed the opening where the door had hung; and the door itself lay rotting in the grass, with an old apple-tree fallen across it.

Inside, also, wind and weather had blanched everything to the same wan silvery tint; the house was as dry and pure as the interior of a long-empty shell. But it must have been exceptionally well-built, for the little rooms had kept something of their human aspect: the wooden mantels with their neat classic ornaments were in place, and the corners of one ceiling retained a light film of plaster tracery.

Harney had found an old bench at the back door and dragged it into the house. Charity sat on it, leaning her head against the wall in a state of drowsy lassitude. He had guessed that she was hungry and thirsty, and had brought her some tablets of chocolate from his bicycle-bag, and filled his drinking-cup from a spring in the orchard; and now he sat at her feet, smoking a cigarette, and looking up at her without speaking. Outside, the afternoon shadows were lengthening across the grass, and through the empty window-frame that faced her she saw the Mountain thrusting its dark mass against a sultry sunset. It was time to go.

She stood up, and he sprang to his feet also, and passed his arm through hers with an air of authority. "Now, Charity, you're coming back with me."

She looked at him and shook her head. "I ain't ever going back. You don't know."

"What don't I know?"

She was silent, and he continued: "What happened on the wharf was horrible — it's natural you should feel as you do. But it doesn't make any real difference: you can't be hurt by such things. You must try to forget. And you must try to understand that men . . . men sometimes . . ."

"I know about men. That's why."

He colored a little at the retort, as though

it had touched him in a way she did not suspect.

"Well, then . . . you must know one has to make allowances. . . . He'd been drinking. . . ."

"I know all that too. I've seen him so before. But he wouldn't have dared speak to me that way if he hadn't . . ."

"Hadn't what? What do you mean?"

"Hadn't wanted me to be like these other girls. . . ." She lowered her voice and looked away from him. "So's't he wouldn't have to go out. . . ."

Harney stared at her. For a moment he did not seem to seize her meaning; then his face grew dark. "The damned hound! The villainous low hound!" His wrath blazed up, crimsoning him to the temples. "I never dreamed — good God, it's too vile," he broke off, as if his thoughts recoiled from the discovery.

"I won't never go back there," she repeated doggedly.

"No —" he assented.

There was a long interval of silence, during which she imagined that he was searching her face for more light on what she had revealed to him; and a flush of shame swept over her.

"I know the way you must feel about me," she broke out . . . "telling you such things. . . ."

But once more, as she spoke, she became aware that he was no longer listening. He came close and caught her to him as if he were snatching her from some imminent peril: his impetuous eyes were in hers, and she could feel the hard beat of his heart as he held her against it.

"Kiss me again — like last night," he said, pushing her hair back as if to draw her whole face up into his kiss.

[*To be continued*]

Mary Roberts Rinehart will begin her great mystery serial about the time Mrs. Wharton's novel ends. The two biggest fiction writers of America

Don't Growl—Kick!

[*Continued from page 23*]

results, and probably bring you better ideas of the company and service about which you are complaining.

One of the greatest difficulties corporations have to deal with nowadays is lack of general understanding of their complicated systems and organizations. Misunderstandings arise because the man in the street does not know what lies back of his telephone, his electric fan, his monthly commutation ticket, his water meter. Least of all does he know that ingenious safeguards have been devised to protect him against errors and injustice.

A clerk living in a city suburb had a party-line telephone at home — that is, a telephone on a line used by several other subscribers. Suddenly he began to find long distance connections charged on his bills, though he had never had such service. Some years before, this had happened, while he lived in another neighborhood. He had assumed then that the company was squeezing money out of him unjustly, and that he stood no chance fighting a big corporation. So his way of dealing with the problem had been direct and simple — he moved away and beat the telephone company! Now the company was robbing him again, apparently, and he was afraid to protest, on account of the past. He paid the bills several months, and worried about them.

One day, downtown, at lunch, he was introduced to a telephone man, the manager of a big exchange. After lunch, a party went with him to see what the inside of a telephone exchange looks like. And what he saw was astonishing. Like most people, he had thought of "Central" as the whole telephone company, and mentally pictured her as chewing gum, and gossiping, and taking her own time about answering calls. One thing in all the equipment struck him as particularly fair — the way they counted each subscriber's messages automatically, and the care that was taken to prevent errors.

"Say, there's one thing I wish you'd explain to me," said the clerk, taking the manager aside. Then he told him all about those messages for which he was paying at home.

"Somebody on your party line is crooked," said the manager. "We'll be glad to look into that."

A watch was set, and every message originating on that party line traced to the proper subscriber by electrical means. In a few days the company had proof that long distance messages from one telephone were being charged to another. Ultimately, the dishonesty was run down, and the thieving subscriber made to pay for all messages he had had in the past. The company adjusted matters with the innocent clerk, and this action led him to pay his telephone bills of several years before.

In both cases his troubles were due entirely to keeping silent — a letter with the facts, sent to the company, would have secured the same investigation and adjustment.

Your complaint to the electric light, gas, telephone or express company will probably touch some kink in service that has been standardized in the same way. It may be a new experience to you but it is an old one to these companies, and methods of investigation have been made almost automatic. Corporations in the public service field operate on such a slender margin that even the saving of a two-cent stamp in sending you a receipt each month is an item in net profit. So they have been compelled to build service on a basis of good average performance. The average is maintained so well that probably but two or three customers out of a thousand will have reason to complain each month. When these customers do complain, however, the company can afford to go to considerable lengths in investigating, because either the service is really at fault, or the customer has run onto something he does not understand, and it is worth while to enlighten him.

The investigation can be made very thorough, for the company has elaborate records and equipment to make it so. You may take your telephone off the hook a thousand times, and know nothing of the way each message is kept track of by "Central." But if a question of fact about one of your messages came up in court, the company's records would be first-rate evidence, and have been used in that way with startling effect. So with the express company. The driver hurriedly scribbles a receipt for your package, and it looks very vague. But if anything happens to your shipment, these hasty scrawls make it possible to trace it clear across the continent, even though it is an item that brings the company hardly a nickel profit.

You think your electric light bill is too high this month — it does not seem possible that you used ten dollars' worth of current in January. You say so in a letter. The electric light company does not maintain that you burnt that much "juice." It takes the stand that you appear to have done so, according to its best devices for measurement, but it will investigate. Then the machinery it brings to bear may give you a liberal education in the art of keeping track of trifles.

First, there will probably be a meter test. Only one meter out of five about which people complain in New York City is found to be wrong, and only one of those five is running fast, against the customer — the other four are slow, against the company! If there is doubt about the test, the customer can appeal to the Public Service Commission. If the meter is correct, then the difficulty will be traced further. The company can attach a special meter so delicate that it records every incandescent light turned on, day or night, and give the hour, and the length of time it burnt. This will often furnish a clue to wasted current — servants have been careless in leaving lights on, or the scrubwoman in an office building will light a whole floor while she empties the waste-baskets. The gas and electric light companies deliver their commodities to your premises, measure them as they go in, and are then more or less helpless in the way you

Cheese Pudding—Mix together in a basin ½ lb. grated cheese, 2 tablespoons bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon flour, 1 teaspoon **Lea & Perrins Sauce**, salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup boiling milk, 1 teaspoon butter and 2 well-beaten eggs. Mix and pour into buttered fireproof dish and bake 15 minutes in moderate oven.

Ham and Tomato Sandwiches—Pound ¼ lb. chopped cooked ham with ¼ lb. cold cooked chicken or game; add 4 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon **Lea & Perrins Sauce**, salt and pepper to taste. Rub through sieve and spread between slices of buttered bread, with a layer of thin slices of skinned tomatoes. Trim sandwiches and cut into neat shape.

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use them. Your fixtures are defective, perhaps, and cause waste. You blame the company for such waste, without thinking of this fine line of ownership, and the company can only help you locate the trouble and give advice for prevention. But it is willing to go to considerable lengths in that, because its moderate banker's profit depends on getting you back into the majority of satisfied customers.

Ten or fifteen years ago there was real indifference in the matter of complaints on the part of many corporations. But the corporations have paid for their sins in state regulation, ill-will, hostility. Today, they are anxious to be good. Indifference to complaints was largely poor organization, anyway. Now they are organized to handle trouble. The dissatisfied customer, formerly a nuisance, has been turned into an asset. When he learns how fair a corporation can be, he tells others. The corporations are not only working hard to create good-will through courteous handling of complaints, and the correction of misunderstandings, but are taking steps to inform the whole public about their methods, thus forestalling unfounded complaints.

A gas company in the Middle West took advertising space in the daily papers some months ago and announced that it would answer there, day by day, any questions the public wished to ask about its methods. With a business serving eighty per cent. of the homes in its community there were many opportunities for misunderstanding. The company would clear up any knotty point that the public raised, and answer all criticisms.

Letters began to come in immediately. Many of them were of the anonymous growling kind which appear in newspapers. Indignant Taxpayer got right on the job, and wanted to know why the company's stock was watered, why it charged eighty cents a thousand cubic feet for gas when it was a notorious fact that gas could be made for twenty cents a thousand feet — and so on, and so on.

Indignant Taxpayer's letter was printed, just as he wrote it, and then, in plain business terms, the company replied. To show its financial standing it gave a statement of stock issued, capital paid in, actual physical value of plant, and so forth — a complete answer to the watered stock myth. In the matter of twenty-cent gas, it explained how different qualities of gas were made, how the standard was regulated in that city by state law, and how the twenty-cent article, a water gas, giving only a blue flame, could be used for little else than manufacturing purposes.

What this corporation did, really, was to stake out a twenty-four-foot prize ring in the newspapers, and offer to meet all comers. Indignant Taxpayer climbed into the ring instantly, full of battle — for years he had been simmering with anonymous animosity against the gas company. The company parried all his solar-plexus blows, and foul punches, and then gracefully permitted him to leave the ring with his life, his dignity, and his good looks. The public stood by, acted as referee, enjoyed the show, and incidentally learned a lot of useful facts about the gas business.

It pays to kick!

Americans are apt to be lax about it. They submit to what looks like injustice. It may be only a mistake. They suffer silently, in the belief that an individual stands no chance of being heard by a corporation. Then, when things seem to be getting too bad, they bring into existence something like the state regulating bodies that have been formed the past decade, and employ them to adjust little private troubles at perfectly stunning public cost, matters that might be adjusted just as well by asking the corporation about it — matters that, very often, the corporations are now trying to get into the open, and clear up to everybody's satisfaction.

In effect, much of our public service regulation amounts to bringing up forty-two centimeter guns to knock down a pig-sty. What we need is a disposition to take up the small troubles ourselves, and do our share toward correcting the routine of a complicated scheme of material existence. The corporation is ready to co-operate in most cases. If it isn't, then there are the forty-two centimeters and the high explosive shells.

Julian Street knows Palm Beach. He went there not long ago, and was struck by the extravagance of the American people, particularly in these days when our country is on the brink of war. He has written of it all for McClure's, and his vivid, penetrating article will open the June number. Wallace Morgan has drawn the pictures — and you know what that means. There isn't a better illustrator in America. Also in June, a charming short essay by Hildegarde Hawthorne — "Stolen Evenings"

Be a Superlative!

by **Fred C. Kelly**

NOTHING pays better dividends than being The Best at something.

If you are known as the best shoe salesman in town, or the best trombone player, or the best livery-stable man, you will do twice as well, and make twice as much money as the man who is Almost As Good.

Take, for example, baseball. A while ago a certain American League player was given a salary of $15,000 a year. The owners of the team were willing to pay that because they regarded this man as the greatest living ball-player. They wanted to be able to say that they had the Very Best. And, what was more important, they wanted to have a player that the crowds would pay money to see perform. It is something to know that you are watching a man who draws the highest salary because he is the Best There Is.

There is really a fascination about looking at anything that is the best, even if it is only a dog. Or even just hearing about it. The other day a man said to me: "I went to a dog show and saw the highest-priced dog in the world!"

It gave me a thrill to think that of all the dogs in the world there was one that had been singled out by mankind as worth more money than any of the others. This dog was so good, either in behavior, appearance, or both, that somebody was willing to pay more for him than for a thousand mere average dogs. It occurred to me that it would be fine to be the Most Expensive Dog. He ought to have the satisfaction of knowing that he is the best of his race.

But to get from dogs back to baseball: On this team with the Best Ball-player, are several players almost as good as he is. In fact, the line of distinction between him and some of the others is often a thin little line. Everybody knows they are almost as good as he is. But not quite as good. Every little while one of these slightly lesser lights says to himself, or maybe to the manager:

"If he gets $15,000 a year, then I am worth at the very least $10,000. For anyone will admit that I am almost as good a player as he."

But it is quite possible that this man who is almost as good is not worth to the management more than $5,000. He can't bring money into the box-office. He is simply one of many ball-players who are only a little short of being as good as the best.

But there is only one Best. And he is the boy that draws the fancy salary.

It is true in every line. The best is worth twice as much as the one only a wee notch behind the best.

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"Take 'Im Out!"

[*Continued from page 32*]

at once. To Adam and George, "Fred" seemed strangely familiar, both in face and actions.

"I want you to meet my husband. George, this is Fred McCann, a Waco boy that went to school with us," said Lily Simpson. "And Mr. Jinkinsen, Mr. McCann."

Mr. McCann greeted the men cordially and turned back to the girls.

Adam, pop-eyed, looked at Simpson.

"*Spike* McCann!" Adam gasped.

"I knew he came from Waco, but I never thought about Lily——"

"I heard you both were in New York," Mr. McCann was saying to the young women, "but I didn't know where. Gee! I'm glad to see you. It's been years——"

"How are things with you, Fred?" Blanche interrupted.

"Great!"

"What are you doing?" inquired Mrs. Simpson. "Will you be in New York long?"

Adam looked at Simpson and both felt queer. Spike McCann's picture had been in almost every newspaper in the land at least once a week for the last three years! *What was he doing?*

"Still in the hardware business?" Blanche wanted to know. "The last I heard of you, you were clerking for the Waco Implement Company."

Simpson tried to edge in to break up the conversation. Adam suggested weakly that they'd all better be getting along as it was growing late.

"Quit hardware," Spike grinned. "Playing a little baseball now."

"*Lil-y*," put in George, mortified. "This is——"

"That's so," exclaimed Blanche. "I remember you were pretty good on the high-school team. You were the batter, or something, weren't you?"

"Pitcher," Spike laughed.

"But what business are you in?" Mrs. Simpson persisted.

"Baseball business. I'm a pitcher. I'm the fellow that throws the ball up for the batters to hit. I've been rather successful in putting them where they want them."

"Isn't that splendid!" exulted Blanche, vaguely.

"You're a professional player?" said Mrs. Simpson. "Well, well! You'll be glad to know George and Mr. Jinkinsen. They're baseball fans. You three could have a great time together."

Never in their lives had George and Mr. Jinkinsen seen women make such fools of themselves.

"Mr. McCann," declared George loudly, "is the greatest pitcher in the business. He——"

"Well, well!" said Mrs. Simpson. "That's fine. What do you hear from Waco?"

Spike was having a lot of fun. He was genuinely glad to meet friends from his home town and he didn't give a hoot whether they knew anything about his baseball record or not.

"Did you know that Nellie McIntosh married Henry Masters, at last?" asked Blanche, eagerly.

"After all these years!" Spike cried. "No! And did you hear about the big fire? And did you know they are going to build a new opera house?"

"Hadn't heard a word about it," said Mrs. Simpson. "But I did hear that the Dowlings aren't happy and that everybody's expecting Mrs. Dowling to get a divorce, though goodness knows I don't think Mr. Dowling's to blame. Look at the way that woman always was going up to Dallas to theatres and things! And the Rowans had twins!"

"You don't tell me!" said Spike, enthusiastically.

Adam and George stood one side, swallowing hard.

"I think we'd better be getting on," said Adam plaintively to the girls.

Mr. Simpson thought so, too.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Simpson. "Come right along with us, Fred. Come on up to supper. We live only a couple of blocks down the street."

"Yes, do," urged Blanche. "We can have a fine time talking over all the news from home."

Adam's heart sank. What chance did he stand with Miss Dovey now?

"I can't," he heard Spike McCann saying. "But we'll be glad to come over soon. We've just moved into an apartment around the corner and I'm busy getting things straightened out."

"We?" said Blanche. "Are you married, Fred?"

"Sure."

Adam pulled down his cuffs and felt his tie.

"I've been married three years. You knew Mary Marvin, didn't you?"

"Mary Marvin?" said Blanche thoughtfully.

"Not that pretty little Marvin girl that was in the eighth grade?" asked Mrs. Simpson.

"Same one," said Spike, proudly.

"My!" sighed Mrs. Simpson, "how time does fly. Can't you both come over to dinner tomorrow night at seven o'clock? We live at the Palm Beach apartment. You can almost see it from here. It's right behind that tall apartment with the cigarette ad on it."

Spike said he'd be tickled to death.

"I'm mighty glad I saw you folks," he said. "We'll be there. Good-by, Lily. Good-by, Blanche. Good-by," he nodded to the likenesses of stone images that once had been Messrs. Jinkinsen and Simpson.

"He's one of the finest fellows you ever would want to meet."

It was Mr. Jinkinsen speaking. Around him were gathered those of Mr. Kopplebaum's young men who were not actively engaged in smoothing down wry collars and telling customers that the coat sure hung nobby.

"Who's that and what of it!"

Mr. Jinkinsen turned pale. It was Mr. Kopplebaum himself. The other clerks, who knew that the rules forbade these fanning bees, stepped hastily away.

"Er, how do you do, Mr. Kopplebaum?" stammered Adam. "I was just telling about meeting Spike McCann."

"Huh," grunted Mr. Kopplebaum. "Friend of yours?"

"I just met him, Mr. Kopplebaum."

"Huh!"

Evidently Mr. Kopplebaum had never heard of Spike McCann.

"He's a baseball pitcher." Adam didn't know why he had the courage to speak to Mr. Kopplebaum, who had never said a word to him, except on business. Probably he was frightened, caught gossiping in working hours, and was just confessing all. "He's a baseball pitcher," Adam repeated. Mr. Kopplebaum didn't seem to understand. "He throws — baseball — you know. Didn't you ever see a baseball game?"

"Me! See a baseball game!" Mr. Kopplebaum thundered. "Man alive! My son is a catcher in the Three-Eye league. *You* know Spike McCann? I suppose you're going to eat dinner with him next week?"

"No, sir," said Adam humbly, still bewildered. "This week."

"Huh! You know what, young man? You better get to work." He smiled. Mr. Kopplebaum could be sarcastic when he chose. "Better get to work. So you're going to take dinner with Spike McCann? Don't leave too early. I want you to stay to measure King George. He's coming in to buy a suit this afternoon."

"Yes, sir," said Adam, "I'll try to serve him well."

"Aghh!" said Mr. Kopplebaum.

EVERY player likes to talk baseball, and in Adam Spike McCann found a young man of no little learning upon the subject of the nation's pastime. Mrs. McCann and the girls quickly renewed an old acquaintance, the McCanns having no other friends in New York, and within two weeks the six were traveling in a bunch. And four soon were plotting to marry off the other two. It's a way young couples have.

The vote stood five to one in favor of it. Blanche was taking only a mild interest in Mr. Jinkinsen, but propinquity, Spike had heard, is the splice of life, and they all thought that if they kept Adam and Blanche together enough, there'd be a wedding soon.

Spike was the first to see that the system was all wrong. The more Adam saw of Blanche the more he talked about the movies and he never seemed to get things right.

Spike took Adam aside one day.

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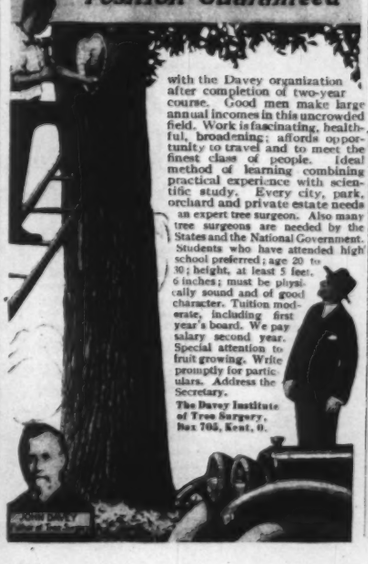

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"You want Blanche, don't you?" he said.

Adam wondered how in the world Spike knew, for Adam had never told a soul.

"Your ideas are wrong," advised Spike. "Don't try to play her game. Make her play yours. Get her interested in baseball."

"Fat chance!" said Adam. "Look how it is with her whenever your wife or Mrs. Simpson try to get her to go to a game. Blanche has never seen one and never will, and until she gets a look at one she won't know what it's all about. And, anyway, she works every afternoon."

"Next Sunday," said Spike, "the Giants and Yanks are going to play a game for charity and they're going to take some moving-pictures out there. It's a pipe. She'll go to see that."

That was how it happened that Blanche and Adam, the Simpsons and Mrs. McCann went in a body to the Polo Grounds the next Sunday. There were motion-pictures taken — part of a regular photodrama — before the game started, and Blanche was glad she had come. Spike was in uniform, but he did not pitch. Nick Cullop worked for the Yanks against Tesreau. Blanche learned from Mrs. McCann and Adam the rudiments of the game and showed great interest. By the sixth inning Blanche was asking Adam questions. In the eighth she was heard to exclaim:

"Oh, it must be *won*-derful to know so much about baseball!"

She took especial interest in Roger Peckinpaugh. Roger was a favorite of Adam's and Blanche soon heard all about him.

"Yes, but why do they call him Pecking Paw. Is he an Indian?"

"No. It's the name he was born with," Adam explained.

"I asked you a serious question," Blanche pouted. "Now you're trying to make fun of me. Nobody was ever born with a name like that."

"Leave it to Mrs. McCann," said Adam. "And Lee Magee out there — his real name is Leopold Hoernschmeyer, or something like that. And the fellow on first base is Wally Pipp!"

"Honestly!" cried Blanche.

Mrs. McCann said it was true.

"Isn't it fascinating!" Blanche exulted. "Now you must teach me the names, so I can remember them."

Up to that point in the game Cullop had been doing well in spite of bad support and the Yanks were in the lead. There is no club the Yankee fans would rather see beaten than the Giants, and Adam was content. Just at that moment, however, with the score close, Kauff sent a sharp grounder to short which Peckinpaugh first fumbled, then threw away. When the ball was recovered, Kauff was on second. A moment later Zimmerman drove a hot one between Peckinpaugh's knees and Kauff scored.

Adam leaped to his feet, forgetting Blanche.

"Ya big boob!" he cried. "Why don't you get a basket!"

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Blanche, standing up beside him.

"Peckinpaugh, the mutt! The rottenest player in the League!"

Now Blanche had just got far enough into baseball to take a great interest in Roger Peckinpaugh. She felt that one of her friends was being abused.

"Mister *Jink*-insen!" said Blanche sharply. "Did *you* hear him, Mrs. McCann?"

"It's all in the game," Mrs. McCann smiled.

Adam sat down, crushed, and Blanche turned to Mrs. McCann.

"But for a gentleman to use such language toward a performer! You said, Mr. Jinkinsen, that this was as orderly a place as a movie theatre. You said there were no rowdies at baseball games. But it seems to me ——"

"There, there," Mrs. McCann said, and Adam hung his head and chewed his gum sorrowfully.

THE next day the Yankees went on the road and Adam had to fight his battle without the aid of Spike whose advice, Adam admitted, was of great value. All would have been well if Adam had not been carried away by his enthusiasm.

Spike had left Adam a pass for two to the Giants' game on the next Saturday. Simpson didn't like the Giants and didn't want to go, and on Friday night at the store Adam was about to ask one of the other clerks to go to the game with him — when in came Mr. Kopplebaum!

"How's your friend Spike McCann?" scoffed Mr. Kopplebaum.

It was the first time Mr. Kopplebaum had spoken to Adam since that unfortunate occurrence.

"He's out of town now," replied Adam.

"Huh! You're a good liar."

"You mean — you don't believe I know Spike?"

"Sure I don't."

Adam was nonplused.

"Why, why —" he sputtered. He thought of the pass. "Look, Mr. Kopplebaum, here's a pass he gave me. See, it's made out to him. For two to the Polo Grounds tomorrow. He's the only man on the Yankee club that gets passes for his friends to Giant games."

Mr. Kopplebaum was decidedly impressed. He looked at the pass carefully. It was the first one he ever had seen. Like most persons, he had great respect for a free ticket.

"Well, well!" he said apologetically. "You really know him, then?"

Mr. Kopplebaum listened with great interest to Adam's story of the meeting with Spike.

"I got an idea," said Mr. Kopplebaum, drawing out two cigars, one of which he handed to Adam. "You think you could get Spike McCann to have his picture taken in a Kopplebaum suit?"

"I don't know," said Adam doubtfully. "You want to use it in ads?"

"Yes. If you can fix it there's a hundred dollars in it for you and up to five hundred for him."

"Gee whiz! I'll see him as soon as he comes back!"

"Er-um," Mr. Kopplebaum glanced at the pass that Adam still held, "if I see you at the game tomorrow I'll talk to you more about it."

"Would you go with me? This pass is for two."

"I might," Mr. Kopplebaum admitted. "I might, at that."

AFTER the game Adam floated home. The Giants had played Boston. Early in the contest, almost before Maranville began his regular duel of abuse with the fans back of the Braves' bench, Mr. Kopplebaum had begun to be impressed with Adam's genius. Every question in baseball that ever had puzzled Mr. Kopplebaum was answered by Adam. He even made clear the difference between a hit and an error, something, baseball players say, even the official scorers don't know.

Shortly after Heinie Zim was sent to the clubhouse — therefore while the battle still was young — Adam had learned that Mr. Kopplebaum's son, the Three-Eye league catcher, was none other than Jim "Kelly," a promising youngster that had been sold to the Phillies for fall delivery. Adam knew more about Kelly than father Kopplebaum did himself, and it was only a moment later that Mr. Kopplebaum asked Adam what he was getting and said it was too little; to tell the cashier on Monday that Mr. Kopplebaum said to make it thirty.

There is a certain air about a thirty-dollar-a-week man that is not to be found in one who receives only twenty. The cashier was scandalized, and entered the raise in salary and paid it with a reluctance characteristic of cashiers; but Mr. Kopplebaum's promise was kept and at the end of the week Mr. Jinkinsen had acquired a feeling of self-confidence found only in capitalists, .300 hitters and left-handed pitchers.

He felt now as if he were a bit of a cave man, with power to swoop down upon Blanche Dovey, and carry her away. That is, he did when she wasn't around.

He began a whirlwind campaign. He took her to theatres, to movie shows, to restaurants. He found his ability to fashion a merry quip was increasing; he could order from a waiter without cringing, and he was beginning not to fear the hat-check boys. Wealth is a great aid to Cupid.

It was not long until Spike returned, triumphant. He had won seven straight games and New York was preparing to welcome him at the Polo Grounds on Saturday when he was to meet his former teammates, the Red Sox. A player's biggest moment comes when he performs successfully against a club that has let him go. And the Sox would be as happy as Charley Ebbets on a holiday if they could break Spike McCann's string of victories.

Adam took Blanche over to see the McCanns the first night Spike was home. Spike drew Adam aside.

"How you coming with Blanche?" he asked.

"I honestly don't know," Adam admitted.

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"But I'm sort of getting up nerve enough to find out."

Then he told Spike of the raise in salary and of the Kopplebaum proposition.

"I never have done anything like that," said Spike, "and I don't want to. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'd like to help you, and the day you marry Blanche I'll let you photograph me in a Kopplebaum Kollege suit, even if it makes me look as bad as it sounds."

Mrs. McCann and Blanche had drifted into baseball talk and when the men came in Mrs. McCann had almost made Blanche see the importance of Spike's record. Blanche admitted that she thought she would like to see Spike pitch a baseball game, and before she knew it she had promised to get a girl to take her place at the Astor and agreed to go with Adam on Saturday. Spike, of course, furnished the passes.

This was Spike's big day. Whoever it is that gives the presents to ball players had for Spike a loving-cup and a traveling-bag. The other players stood in a semi-circle around the plate with their caps off so the photographers could get good likenesses. Everybody but Spike, for whom the affair was held, thought it was great.

Adam and Blanche, over toward first base, applauded loudly, and the game began.

They were getting along splendidly, the Yankees and Adam, when the eighth inning opened. Blanche and Adam were the first to cheer Spike's every success, and Adam took care to speak now and then in a loud voice so that everybody in the vicinity would know that he was a friend of Spike McCann's. He thought he was impressing the populace, but he wasn't. Nobody believed him.

The Yanks led by three runs, and the Red Sox seemed hopelessly behind. Ruth came to bat and singled over second. Walker forced him and was out trying to steal second. Two down and everything looked serene. But Hooper walked. So did Lewis.

Adam moved uneasily in his seat. "He's losing control of his curve," he muttered.

"What do you mean?" Blanche asked.

"He can't throw 'em the way he could a minute ago. Gee whiz!"

Gardner had doubled to centre, scoring two runs.

"Awful! Awful!" Adam cried.

"Does that make Fred lose?" Blanche asked.

"If that man on second gets in, the score's tied. Don't let him hit it, Spike! Don't let him hit it."

Spike didn't. He threw four balls. It was one of those unaccountable streaks of wildness that strike the best of them.

"The winning run on first, the tying run on second. He's blown. Why does Donovan leave him in? Don't let him hit it, Spike!"

Blanche, clenching her fists, took up the plea.

"Don't hit it! Don't hit it!" she muttered.

"Ow!" howled Adam. Hoblitzel had singled and the score was tied. "He's got nothing left. He's through!"

"Mr. McCann is supposed to make them miss the ball, isn't he?"

"That's what they pay him for."

"Can't they do something to keep the batter from hitting it?"

Adam gave no answer. Cady was at the plate. Donovan had made no move to relieve Spike, although three Yankee pitchers were furiously warming up out in right field. The Yankee fans were shouting incoherently. The Red Sox players on the coaching lines were shrieking taunts on the Yankee pitcher. In the press box, Cap. Huston sat forward on the edge of his chair and wondered who it was told him that running the Yanks would give him a fine rest.

Spike laid one over the plate and Cady set himself and let fly. There was a crack of a bat, a moment of silence, a moment of gasping and a shriek of joy. It was a long drive to left, foul by a foot.

"Cady's gettin' just the stuff he wants," snapped Adam. "Why don't Donovan, for the love o' Mike, take——"

"Cady who?" inquired Blanche.

"The batter. Gosh!"

Another one was to Cady's liking. Again it was foul, a nasty drive just outside of third.

Adam leaped to his feet.

"*Take 'im out!*" he howled. "*Take 'im out!*"

Thirty thousand Yankee fans had been waiting for that suggestion. They had found a leader.

"Take 'im out!" Adam, red-faced, demanded, and thirty thousand voices took it up and thundered, "Take 'im out!"

The avalanche of imprecation that Adam had started rolled over him and he suddenly remembered. Spike McCann, out there, was his best friend. And beside him was Blanche! He had made another exhibition of himself! He turned quickly.

Blanche was on her feet beside him. Surrounded, they were, by fanatical men and women shrieking for the quick disposition of the man who a moment before had been their hero. Blanche seized his hand. She was staring wildly at the diamond.

"Take 'im out!" the thirty thousand were yelling.

"Take him out!" screamed Blanche. Adam was thrilled, all over. He held tight to her hand and side by side they stood and shouted as one, "Take 'im out! Take 'im out!"

Spike McCann calmly caught the ball thrown back by the catcher. There were two strikes and no balls on Cady. McCann waited for his signal, took his place in the box, glanced at the base runners on first and third.

"Take 'im out!" yelled Adam and Blanche hoarsely.

Spike threw. Cady's bat remained on his shoulder as he watched the ball pass. It cut the corner of the plate.

"Yer out!" said the umpire; and the inning was over.

"The nerve of him!" said Adam, in tones of mighty admiration. "Put it over the plate, on two and nothin'! There's a pitcher that is a pitcher. Good boy, Spike! 'At's the stuff!"

And the thirty thousand who had been demanding the scalp of Spike McCann, beat their hands and raised what voices they had left, in paying tribute to a brave man.

ON the next Monday Adam and Blanche were married. Spike was in charge of the party, carrying them in his car for the license and to the church.

The ceremony ended, amid laughing and crying, Spike finally got close enough to kiss the bride and congratulate the bridegroom.

"Fred," said Blanche, gratefully, as she held Adam's hand, "you are responsible, indirectly. It was out at the ball game Saturday that I knew Adam was all right, that he and I thought alike, that he had ideas and that he wasn't as crazy a baseball fan as he seemed to be."

"How was that?" Spike smiled.

"It was when the Bostons began making runs. You were in trouble. They needed only one run to win, Adam said. You couldn't seem to make them miss. Remember?"

"Do I?" laughed Spike.

Adam tried unsuccessfully to pull Blanche away.

"Well, nobody out of that great big crowd seemed to know what to do to stop them. That big man came up and hit the ball twice, and it was foul. It looked as if he was going to knock it hard. Then Adam thought of the way to save you!"

"Adam did!" said Spike in surprise.

"No," said Adam quickly. "She misunderstood. It ——"

"I did not misunderstand," asserted Blanche, looking upon her new husband, fixing her eyes proudly upon the head that held such a noble brain.

"Well?" said Spike.

"Adam thought of a way to save you. *It was to take out the batter!* Adam yelled 'Take him out!' and everybody else yelled it — I yelled, too — and sure enough, the umpire, who hadn't thought of it until Adam suggested it, took him out, and you won the game!"

There was a sparkle in Spike's eyes. Adam hung his head, blushing in shame.

"Thanks, Ad," smiled Spike. "You're all right." And he slapped Adam on the shoulder.

For months afterward, Mrs. Adam Jinkinsen was not entirely cordial to Fred McCann and George Simpson. It never was explained to her complete satisfaction why they left the church in such a hurry and laughed so uproariously when they got outside.

Mr. Beatty has another baseball yarn, "The Gee-Whiz Guy," to appear in July. His battin' average is high

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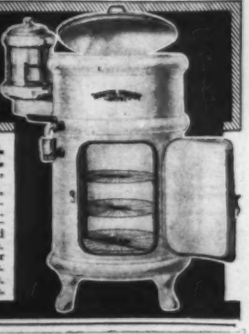

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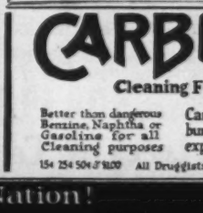

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The Little Fellow

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Editor of McClure's Monthly Financial Department, "Your Money and How to Make it Earn"

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of ten cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. A very attractive library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made because of the great number of inquiries received. Mr. Atwood cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

ALTHOUGH the investment of a large sum of money is not to be undertaken without much care and thought, the difficulties of placing a small sum at interest are of a peculiarly vexing nature. When requests come to this department for information regarding the wisest placement of from $10,000 to $20,000, more time and reflection are required possibly, to frame an answer than when an inquirer seeks light on how to get more than savings-bank interest on $100 and yet have it secure. But the second question is really more serious and involves more responsibility on the part of the writer than the first.

The relatively large investor usually has more knowledge of finance to begin with, and while open to the attacks of financial sharps he is far more certain to be approached by reliable investment bankers as well, than is the small investor. Another advantage he has is enough capital to distribute and average the risk involved in any outlay.

It is the purpose of this article to consider the channels of investment open to the little fellow, the hundred-dollar man—and to consider their advantages and disadvantages as concisely and pointedly as possible, without the usual sermonizing and vague generalities that accompany most treatises on this subject.

It is quite obvious that savings-banks and life insurance meet the need more generally and universally than any other media. Thrift is sure to be discouraged through loss. It is infinitely wiser to spend one's money for pleasures than to lose it through unwise investment. Savings-banks rarely, and life insurance companies almost never, lose the money of their depositors. But while I personally am convinced that life insurance presents far greater savings-advantages than most persons fully appreciate, yet the fact that insurance is primarily devoted to another purpose than saving, prevents it, for the present at least, from becoming a wholly satisfactory investment medium for the "small" man. Savings-banks are objected to by many because of certain inconveniences, despite their security and the fact that they offer advantages which no other medium can hope to offer, such as complete ease of withdrawal. Then, too, there are great sections of the south and west where there are no savings-banks.

Another reason why savings-banks do not more fully fill the need is the relatively low rate of interest they pay. Even the most unsophisticated persons know there are safe bonds to pay 5 per cent and safe enough stocks to pay 6 per cent. "Why should I be content with 4 per cent?" is their query.

In the last fifteen or twenty years there has come into being the business of selling single shares of stock and $100 bonds. For a commission of $1.25 it is possible to buy a single share of any stock on the New York Stock Exchange, and there has been a fairly steady growth in the $100 bond output. But the ratio of these small bonds to those of standard units is still very low, and it still requires much experience on the part of brokers and investment bankers to locate and market such bonds.

In time some Woolworth or Sears, Roebuck, or other merchandising genius, may make a great industry out of single shares and $100 bonds. At present the average small investor hesitates to approach a broker or investment banking house with $100 to spend. He knows, or at least feels, that the profit on his order will hardly pay for postage, stationery, advertising and clerical expenses. It is only fair to say that today few, if any, brokers or investment bankers would fail to give the $100 man good service. They welcome him. But whether they make any direct profit out of him is at least open to inquiry. "I question whether the service they render the small investor is profitable except collaterally," is what the chairman of the educational committee of the Investment Bankers Association recently told the American Association for the Advancement of Science, "in that reputations and connections thus attained can bring the ledgers of these firms other kinds of business that are worth while."

Another difficulty is that the small, inexperienced investor cannot distinguish always between the "truly investment bankers" and the swarms of imitators and fakirs that now infest the land, making a specialty of selling worthless stocks in small amounts. This is especially the case when we consider the partial payment plan, a most ingenious device to make it possible for the small investor to acquire securities. Originally put into operation by responsible Stock Exchange brokers to aid in the purchase of the higher class of railroad and industrial preferred stocks which always enjoy a good market on the Stock Exchange, it is now being copied by literally thousands of mushroom "brokers," men without affiliations with any stock exchange or bankers' association, seeking to flood the country with new, untried, speculative motor and other war boomed shares. Indeed the reluctance, which appeared so obtuse at the time, of the Stock Exchange authorities to countenance the partial payment plan, is now seen to have been born partly at least of a knowledge of this wicked world quite creditable to their intelligences.

The financial department of McCLURE'S Magazine believes in single shares of stock, in $100 bonds, and in the partial payment plan. The direct purchase of stocks and bonds in the standard corporations of the country, the great railroads, public utilities and established industrial plants results in benefits to the buyer in the way of increased income and ready marketability that no other types of small investment can ever hope to rival.

But these types and methods of small investment are being frightfully abused today. Letters reach this office from many persons who have bought on the instalment plan shares in motor companies that have never made a motor, and for whose stock there is no market even on the curb. Once the suspicion enters that the stock is not as good as first represented, the investor shows a tendency to discontinue his payments and lose all. If the small investor only

McClure's Financial Booklet

Seventh Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
Lists of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
Bonds, Stocks, and Mortgages
Lists of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial-Payment Plan
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Care for Securities and Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
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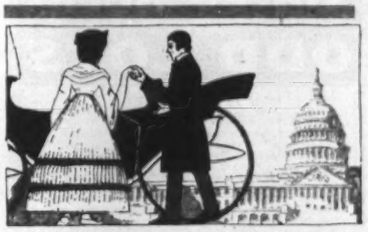

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will investigate the broker and the stock before entering upon these contracts, instead of afterwards, he will find the purchase of a few good shares of stock or a $100 bond, either outright or by part payment, the most satisfactory of all investments. My point is that here is a field which cannot be entered blindly, the way one can join a great savings-bank, an insurance company or the Postal Savings Bank.

The greatest need, as I see it from reading many letters from small investors, is to educate them up to the point of consulting their local bank officers before investing. No man or woman has a right to invest in bonds or stocks until after a bank connection has been established and a business acquaintance with an officer formed. In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases a five-minute talk with him would prevent the purchase of worthless stocks or association with even more worthless brokers. But this is by no means all.

Bank officers and directors are constantly buying for their banks or for themselves, their large customers, friends, relatives, and business associates either bonds or stocks or both. It is a regular, often daily, business with them and they are glad to send along with their orders instructions to buy securities for their smaller depositors. Particularly is this true of banks and trust companies in the smaller cities and towns.

A large and important group of small investments is provided by the various co-operative savings schemes. The investing public does not know enough about these organizations. I refer to the building and loan associations, the savings and loan associations, the co-operative banks of Massachusetts and the credit unions. These are forms of co-operative borrowing and investing organizations, providing shares in small sums which usually pay interest at 5 per cent or 6 per cent. Essentially all such concerns are designed for adoption by small local groups or communities, neighborhoods and fraternal, business or religious associations, where members are known to each other.

There are 65,000 credit unions in the world doing something like seven billion dollars of business a year. But they are nearly all in Europe, and it is possible that our people are too individual, independent and lacking in co-operative instinct to adopt the credit union extensively. But the building and loan has been very successful here. We have more than 6,000 of them. Perhaps the Morris Plan and the various penny provident societies and vacations funds should be placed in the same general class as the credit unions and building and loans, as far as investment principles are concerned. Most of them offer a high average degree of safety, fairly high interest returns and convenience in putting small sums at work. But all are essentially local in character. Each must be investigated and each must stand on its own feet. Herein they resemble bonds and stocks and brokers. In neither of these two great branches of investment is it possible to jump in thoughtlessly the way you can with most savings-banks, insurance companies and of course the Postal Savings.

The simple truth is that safety and a high income never go together for the little fellow without some effort at inquiry on his part.

As yet no one has developed enough genius to sell safe investments with a fairly high interest return in very small and convenient form, involving no risk or trouble on the buyer's part. Perhaps that is too much to expect.

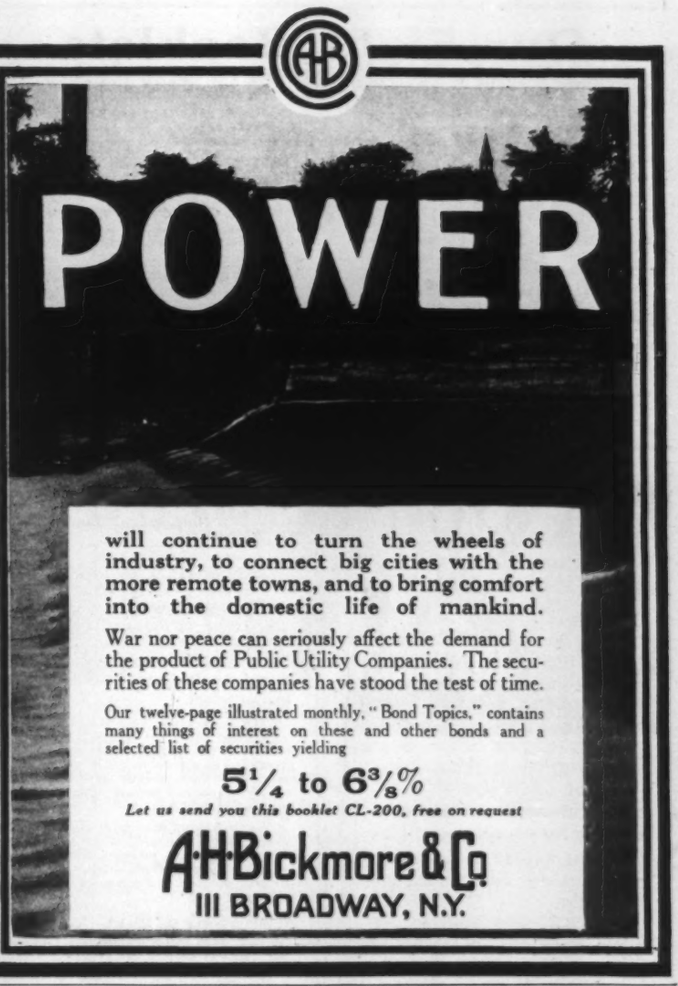
Books About Stocks and Bonds

Albert W. Atwood has written a book entitled "How to Get Ahead." No saner or more enlightening book outlining the principles of saving and investment has ever been written. Its object is the practical one of explaining actual workable methods. This remarkable book has just been published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company and can be obtained through your retail bookstore. The price is $1.25.

Exceptionally complete annual reports showing the progress made by Standard Gas and Electric Company and Northern States Power Company will be sent to investors by H. M. Byllesby & Co., Managers and Engineers, 202 South La Salle Street, Chicago, and 1202 Trinity Building, New York.

Investors are invited to send their names and addresses for insertion on the mailing-list of The Tillotson & Wolcott Company, Cleveland. This house specializes in 5 to 6 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds secured by improved industrial and commercial property in Cleveland and vicinity.

Investors who write to A. B. Leach &



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No. B-12.—"The Partial Payment Plan"
How you may invest while you save, adjusting purchases of securities to your income.

No. D-12—"Odd Lot Investment"
How you may buy as little as one share of stock for cash.

No. E. 12—"Odd Lot Trading"
How you may trade in New York Stock Exchange Securities in amounts of less than 100 shares.

No. F-12—"Investment for Women"
How any woman in receipt of a regular salary can use her savings to acquire standard securities.

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How business is conducted on the Curb Market, with comment on the character of different classes of Curb shares.

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"The Premier Investment" is the title of an excellent booklet [free] on Municipal Bonds published by the Municipal Bond House of William R. Compton Co., of New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati.

Sheldon-Morgan & Company, 42 Broadway, New York, publish an interesting book, D-2, explaining their plan for the purchase of standard securities in any amount.

The National City Company recently issued a booklet [free] containing the official list of bonds legal for Savings Bank and Trust Fund investment in the State of New York.

"Bond Topics," published monthly by A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York, contains many interesting discussions on bonds in general, with particular references to Public Utility Bonds. Copies free.

"How to Invest in Standard Securities by the Partial Payment Method" will be sent upon request by Harris, Winthrop & Co., 15 Wall Street, New York.

Hartshorne & Battelle, 25 Broad Street, New York City, will send upon request booklet K-10, describing a number of new foreign securities.

The Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., furnishes weekly reports and charts which help its subscribers to anticipate the larger movement in security, commodity, and labor prices.

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The "Seal of Safety" is the newest booklet issued by S. W. Straus & Co., describing the merits of first mortgage serial real estate bonds. This house also publishes the "Straus Investors' Magazine," issued monthly, in the interest of sound investment. "Sound Investment Bonds," another Straus booklet, traces the history of real estate bonds back for nearly three thousand years, and pictures an interesting mortgage of the ancient Babylonians. All of this literature will be sent on request to S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago.

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A booklet has recently been issued by The F. B. Collins Investment Co., Oklahoma City, Okla., which gives valuable information to prospective investors in Farm Mortgages.

"A Long Look Ahead" is the title of an analysis of present market conditions with predictions as to the course in the future, which has been issued by John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York. Illustrated by a chart which outlines the logical trend as influenced by prospects of peace, effects of war destruction and possibilities of peace profits, it affords a basis for clear thinking which is designed to clarify the opinion of the individual investor. Copies sent on request.

"Booklet T," issued by E. J. Lander & Company, Grand Forks, N. D., tells about 6 per cent. farm mortgages on rich agricultural lands in the Northwest.

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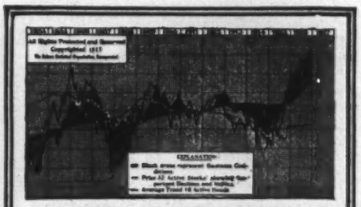
No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McCLURE'S until after careful investigation by trained experts of the personal integrity of the advertiser and of the soundness of the proposition. While we cannot guarantee the result in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by us is evidence of the strongest character that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.



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The Red Ride

[*Continued from page 26*]

"However they got the news, this is a raid from over the river. Look out, boy!"

A bullet spatted against the cell wall over Charlie's head, coming through the window. Bill and Charlie both replied to it, by the sound of the shot, judging as best they could where to aim. Bill waited a minute, watching as much of the havoc in town as he could see without exposing himself at the window. Then Van and Burton began shooting out in the office, and he went back to help defend the main point of attack. The glass from the windows, splintered on the floor, crunched under his boots as he walked.

There was no further battering of the door, but a desultory firing was kept up, aimed at the windows in the hope of hitting someone by chance. But the lights of the burning buildings revealed the besiegers to those within the darkened jail, and the toll the rangers took was greater than bargained for, evidently. For in a little while the snipers withdrew and went off to help loot the stores and dwellings of those who were Americans or accused of favoring too warmly the land of their adoption.

Within the jail the three rangers itched to be out there in the thick of the fighting; but Burton had no stomach for it, and besides, their first duty was to hold their prisoners. They waited — an hour, it may have been, though it was more likely to have been less.

Charlie Horne, fidgeting up and down the corridor, came at last to Bill and begged to be let out so that he could see what was going on, and whether their horses were all right. They had been stabled in an old adobe shed near the jail, he said, so they would be handy. And he thought they ought to make sure of their safety as soon as possible. He had brought Bill's horse in to town, he said, because he had half expected that Bill would be in on the evening train — having heard from the postmaster that Bill had completed the case which had called him away.

Bill did not want Charlie to walk out into a probable trap, and said so. Bill argued that the extreme quiet of that neighborhood was probably a trick to get them outside where they could be shot down from ambush. In the middle of the argument someone came beating at the door, and the shrill, excited voice of a woman pleaded to be let in. The four looked at one another questioningly. It might be a trick to get the door opened. It might be, and yet there was in the voice a convincing note of anguish.

"Let me in! Oh, my God, let me in to my boy! They — they've taken Margy — oh, *let me in!*"

Trick or no trick, they could not let her plead there unanswered. It was the voice of Mrs. Dallam, and Bill himself drew back the bolts and opened the door, pulling her inside by the arm. It was a surprise to him that he had not been greeted by a volley of shots.

Mrs. Dallam brushed them aside unseeingly and made straight for the room where Fred lay. "They've taken Margy!" she shrilled when she had the door open. "They've gone off with her — oh, Fred, can't you stop them?"

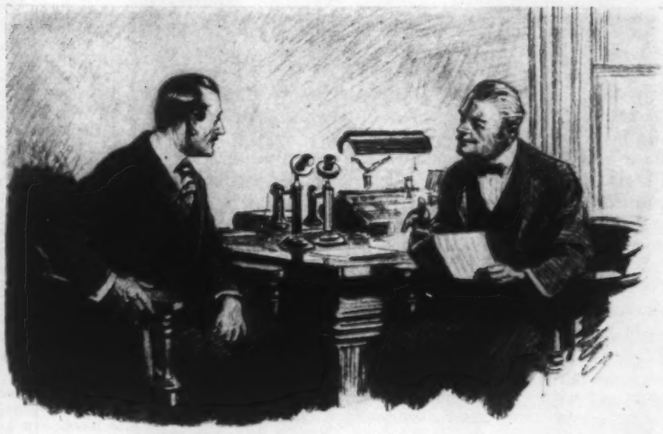
"Me stop them!" Fred jerked his shackled wrist desperately. "Talk to them men out there! Who took Margy? Where did they take her to?"

"Oh, I don't know!" His mother slumped down beside the cot, crying and wiping her eyes on her bonnet strings. "We was going home — and we'd got 'most to the fork in the road, and a lot of men on horseback met us and circled all around us and made us stop. And they pulled Margy out of the buggy and lifted her on a horse — and they took Nellie right out of the shafts, Fred, and led her off, harness and all! They left me in the buggy and rode off — some going back with Margy, and most of 'em coming on to town. And I've been hiding out there ever since, on the edge of town, watching for a chance to tell you. Oh, my God, such savagery! Seems like it's the last days of destruction, as the Bible prophesies! Horror upon horror — I had to step over three dead men to get to the door! And that poor girl in the hands ——"

The Kid cast a round-eyed, imploring glance at Bill, and Bill reached for his rifle. "What direction did they take with the girl, Mrs. Dallam?"

The sharpness of his tone pulled the old

"But," said the railroad president to the government auditor, "haven't you forgotten something?"



THE auditor, representing the United States Government, had been making a valuation of the entire railway system.

He had figured the cost of replacing its tracks; the value of its engines and cars and terminals; the value of its franchises and rights of way and good will.

He gathered the figures together and laid them on the railway president's desk.

"But," said the president, "haven't you forgotten something?"

"I think not," the auditor answered.

"How about our employees?" the president asked. "Have you valued them?"

The auditor was nettled. "Of course not," he replied, "why should I?"

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The Dangers of Stomach Acidity and Fermentation

By R. N. Lockwood

EUGENE CHRISTIAN

If I were asked to sound a health warning that would be of the greatest possible benefit to mankind, I should say emphatically—"Beware of acid stomach." For acid stomach is the cause of fermentation, which, bad enough in itself, is the forerunner of a hundred ills that sap the energy and vitality of its victims. I venture to say that 90 per cent. of all sickness starts with acid stomach.

Nature provides hydrochloric acid as one of the digestive fluids, but too much of this acid causes fermentation, hurries the food out of the stomach and carries the acid all through the body. As a consequence, poisons (toxins) are formed which are absorbed into the blood, causing autointoxication, nervousness, mental depression and countless ills of which this is but the beginning.

Every one of the vital organs in time becomes affected—the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the intestines, the nerves and the brain all decline, for the stomach is the Power Plant of the body. Even the teeth are affected by acid stomach, for the gums recede, and Pyorrhoea will be the result.

Stomach remedies only neutralize the acid because they are stronger than the acid. This ultimately ruins the lining of the stomach. The acid being neutralized is absorbed into the blood only to come back to the stomach in greater quantities at the next meal.

How much more sensible would it be to attack this disorder at its source. Instead of attempting to neutralize acid after it has formed, why not prevent it from forming in the first place?

Superacidity is caused by wrong eating, and the remedy must be found in the field of the cause—in eating correctly.

The individual sufferer from indigestion, acidity, fermentation, gas and such disorders has not carried his experiments with food very far. If he had he could easily cure himself, as Eugene Christian, the famous food scientist, has proved beyond all doubt.

The reason which led Eugene Christian to take up the study of food in the first place was because he himself, as a young man, was a great sufferer from stomach and intestinal trouble.

So acute was his affliction that the best specialists of the day, after everything within their power had failed, gave him up to die. Educated for a doctor himself, Christian could get no help from his brother physicians.

Believing that wrong eating was the cause and that right eating was the only cure, he took up the study of foods and their relation to the human system. What he learned not only restored his own health in a remarkably short space of time, but has been the means of relieving some 25,000 other men and women for whom he has prescribed with almost invariable success, even though most of them went to him as a last resort.

Christian says that all stomach and intestinal disorders—with their countless sympathetic ills—are caused by wrong selections and wrong combinations of food, and that right combinations of food will positively remove every stomach and intestinal disorder by removing its causes.

No one would think of putting salt into an open wound, and yet we do worse than that when we keep putting irritating, acid-creating food combinations into our stomachs, already surcharged with acid.

The word diet is one which has an unpleasant sound—it makes us think of giving up all the things we like for those we have no taste for. But Eugene Christian's method is entirely different—instead of asking his patients to give up the things they enjoy, he prescribes menus which are twice as enjoyable as those to which the patient is accustomed.

Christian believes in good foods deliciously cooked—the kind all of us like best and which may be obtained at any home store, hotel or restaurant. He says that most of the things we eat are all right—but that we don't know how to combine or balance them.

Often, one food good in itself, when combined with another equally good food, produces an acid reaction in the stomach; whereas either of the foods alone or eaten in combination with some other food would have been easily and perfectly digested.

Unfortunately, each food we eat at a meal is not digested separately. Instead, all of the foods we combine at the same meal are mixed and digested together. Consequently, if we eat two or more articles at the same meal which don't go well together, there is sure to be acidity, fermentation, gas and all kinds of digestive trouble.

At Eugene Christian's New York Office there is a constant stream of men and women who go to him for treatment after having tried everything else and rarely are they disappointed in the outcome. Some of the results he has attained read like fairy tales. I know of a number of instances where his rich patrons have been so grateful for their restoration of health and energy that they have sent him checks for $500 or $1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying it.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally, that he has written a course of little lessons which tell you exactly what to eat in order to overcome the ailment which is troubling you.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering all conditions of health and sickness, including stomach acidity, constipation and all intestinal disorders, from infancy to old age, and for all occupations, climates and seasons. They also tell you how to reduce and how to gain.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered and clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will remove the causes of your disorder the day you receive the lessons, and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. 105, 450 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit $3, the small fee asked.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

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woman away from her half-hysterical lamenting. She lifted her lined face, swollen now with weeping, and looked at him dully.

"They went south — the road south of the Peak," she said. "Maybe to the border — they were all Mexicans — oh, Fred, why did you ever mix in with them? Give them an inch and they take a mile ——".

Bill did not listen further. He looked at Van standing in the corridor doorway, and for answer the Kid began to refill the magazine of his rifle.

"I guess we've beat 'em off from the jail," Bill said to Burton as he passed him. "But if there's any more trouble, keep the door locked, and don't open it unless you know who it is. Make him speak. Keep that woman here for a while."

He went out with Charlie and Van treading close on his heels. Before the jail five dead Mexicans sprawled as they had fallen, but the three rangers gave them no more than a hasty glance as they passed. The sky still glowed with the light of fires now dying down from their first fierce blaze, but they heard no shooting. Out on the edge of town, toward the south, came the lessening hoofbeats of many galloping horses. The raiders were leaving Cobra as they came, under cover of darkness. By dawn they would be across the river, and then who could prove their crime against them?

Charlie led the way to the adobe where the horses had been left for the night. By a freak of chance they were there, overlooked or ignored by the raiders. The three saddled hurriedly and led out the horses quietly, still on their guard against a surprise attack. But nothing moved near them. Farther up in the town they heard a woman scream swift, incoherent sentences blurred by the distance. It sounded like a prayer or a curse upon those who had brought her so much horror and grief, but they did not ride that way.

BILL left the main road and went across to the depot, where a light burned dimly. The three rode up to the window, and Bill called to the operator whose shadow bulked large on the wall within.

"Come out and take a message," he commanded. "From Ranger Gillis to Captain Oakes at Ysleta. Say that an American girl has been kidnapped and carried south by Mexican bandits, and that Rangers Gillis, Van Dillon and Horne are starting in pursuit. Say we intend to keep going till we rescue the girl."

Before he had finished, the operator — a pale, pessimistic young man who, being afflicted with a chronic indigestion, thought ill of the world and all the inhabitants thereof — had raised the window and was leaning out with his arms folded upon the window-sill.

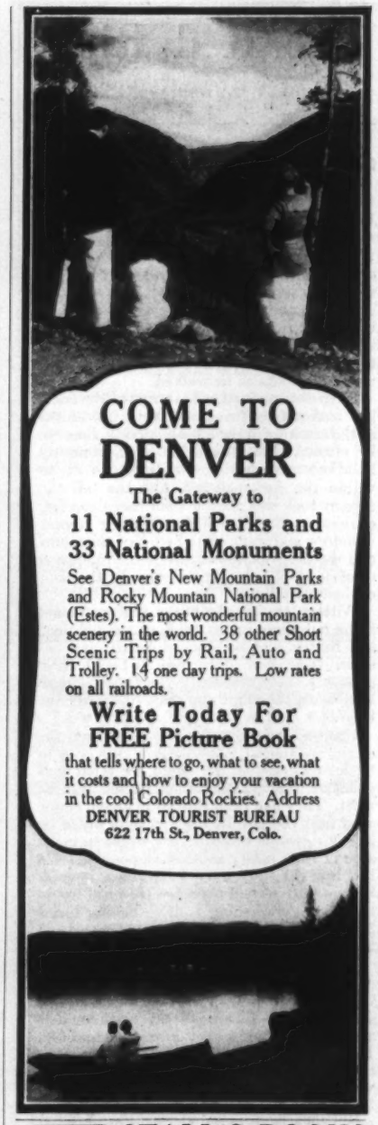
"They cut the wires," he said sourly, "just where they run into the office. I can't get Captain Oakes nor anybody else till I get the connection established. I'm tinkering at it now, but before they thought about doing it, I'd sent out a general alarm all up and down the line. I said the whole Mexican army had invaded the town — and it looked like they had, at that. El Paso got it and Del Rio and San Antone and Austin — and the Ranger captain was asking about you fellows and if you were here, when four greasers piled in and cut the wires for me. They stayed out on the platform till just about ten minutes ago, when the whole bunch pulled out of town."

"Well, as soon as you get the line working, you tell the Captain we're on the trail. Say they didn't get our prisoners — we held them off from the jail. Better get help for Burton — he's over there alone."

He wheeled and galloped away, Charlie and the Kid riding close on either side, and presently they were breathing the tail-end of the dust cloud kicked up by the raiders in their flight to the river.

That was a ride! To the border they rode on the heels of the bandits, and dawn found them at the river bank. The guard there had been bound and gagged throughout the night, and the telephone wire cut lest he should free himself somehow and send forth a warning. They stopped long enough to release him and to listen to anything he might be able to tell them. But the guard could tell them nothing except that a woman had screamed for help when a party passed the little station. That was sometime during the night — just when, the guard could not say. Lying bound and gagged in the dark, as he had lain, one loses count of hours. They ministered to him hastily and went on.

As they splashed into the shallow ford they were seen from the farther shore. A bullet spatted into the water twenty feet ahead, throwing up a tiny geyser where it



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sank. But they did not stop. Another and another fell like hailstones, and through the widening circle of ripples that they made the three rode on across. Straight at the snipers Bill led the way, for that was the surest way to put them to flight. As they plunged up the bank into Mexico, four riders burst from the willow fringe and fled before them. Two of the four began suddenly to wabble in the saddle. One pitched headlong, the other lasted for a few rods farther before he lost his hold and fell.

The three rangers passed them, riding hard in pursuit of the two. Far ahead was the dust-cloud of the main band toward which the two were lashing their half-starved ponies, too scared to try another shot. They never reached the dust-cloud. Bill and Charlie were too well trained in the art of shooting true from a running horse to let that happen, and although the Kid was younger in the service he had practised faithfully and was not to be overlooked in a running fight — or any other kind of fight, for that matter.

"I'll bet they took her to that ranch where they've been hauling the guns," Charlie hazarded.

"Probably did. Anyway, this bunch is headed that way, and they must be going to join the rest. We're overhauling 'em, too."

LITTLE by little they neared the gray haze that had been rolling along the trail ahead. Their horses were fresh, for one reason, and they pushed them along as fast as they could without winding them. The company ahead threw back no rear guard — they were on Mexican soil and they felt safe. If they looked back and glimpsed the three riders coming up from behind, they probably mistook them for those who had been left at the river bank to discourage pursuit across the ford. It would never occur to them that three Americans would ride into Mexico in pursuit of thirty.

"Fill your magazines, boys," Bill said, when bobbing heads began to show above the dust. "We can't make anything by hanging back, and the harder we rush 'em the easier they'll get rattled and run. From now on we've got to be ridin', shootin' fools that won't stop for anything."

"You're right," little Charlie Horne chuckled. "Sane and safe ain't in our dictionary no more. How yuh comin', Kid?"

"Me? I've forgot how to spell anything but the word shoot!" Van made bold reply, throwing a cartridge up into the chamber so that there would be room for one more in the magazine. "Say, I scraped all them loose shells off the table into my pocket when we left the jail. So if you fellers run low I can stake you to some."

"My belt's full," said Charlie. "Say, how close do you reckon we'll get before them burro-headed hombres read our brand?"

"Dunno — the closer the better. If we can get right up on 'em before they see who we are, they'll stampede all the easier."

Hat-crowns bobbing in the cloud became heads and shoulders. Dimly they could see the horses loping heavily, as tired animals will. One figure swung about and looked back — and three rifles were ready to send him death for the glance. But, half-blinded by the choking dust, he could not see them clearly and he merely waved them on. His friends, the snipers, he must have thought them. They pricked their horses to a little faster pace, and when the fellow looked back again he could see the color of their faces, the mounts they rode, the star that gleamed when the wind caught Bill's coat front and flipped it back.

He gave a shout: "*Texanos!*" and fired backward wildly before he lunged ahead.

Instant confusion caught the galloping group. Heads turned, hoarse voices shouted. Bullets came whimpering past the three. But the crowd did not make a stand, for all that.

"Now let 'em have it, and keep going!" Bill cried, and fired twice. He emptied one saddle and set another rider drooping forward, hands clenched upon the big, awkward pommel of his Mexican saddle. Charlie and Van, firing at almost the same instant, could not tell which of them had hit the man who pitched from his horse.

The bandits spurred forward, shooting back as they rode. But with their excitement and the confusion all around them, they did not hit anything but Mexican soil. The three who came whooping up in the dust-cloud that rolled after and around them, had to combat only the aversion of their horses to bullets zipping over their heads. They were cool, because the fight was of their seeking. They hit. They hit so often that they left a straggling line of dead or nearly dead to point the trail for those who might come after.

The Mexicans fled before them, making only occasional half-hearted attempts to fight them off. Perhaps they believed that the dust hid others and that these three who rode and shot with such terrific precision were merely the advance. And whatever their belief might be, there was that innate fear of the Texas Rangers to keep them going.

"They're heading for that ranch where they had the guns, sure as you live," Charlie panted when they neared a group of low, conical hills that stood out grotesquely on the barren plain.

"That's where they aim to make a stand," hazarded Bill, groping with one hand for more cartridges from his belt. "And that's where we're going to have our work cut out for us, too," he added grimly, shoving shell after shell into the magazine. "Be careful of your ammunition, boys — don't waste a single shot. We're going to need all we've got when we get up against a doby-wall fight."

"If my glasses told the truth the other day, we won't need to get up against a doby wall," Charlie declared. "Way I saw the place, that little peak you see straight ahead stands just west of the corrals and buildings. My idea, Bill, would be to circle around and climb that hill. If I ain't badly mistaken, we could shoot right down into them."

"We'll try it — but wait till we chase the bunch into cover. We don't want them climbing up one side while we climb the other — sabe? Haze 'em through the gate, and then swing off."

They did that. The band lashed their ponies faster as they neared the safety of the ranch and their fellows. Half a dozen ponies galloped with empty saddles, which emphasized the haste of the others. At the gate of the adobe wall that partly surrounded the ranch buildings there was a jam. Something like twenty men were trying to ride abreast where only two might pass through at one time.

The rangers slackened their speed and fired pitilessly into the jumble — every shot a reminder of the homes that had been wrecked in Cobra, the lives that had been taken wantonly. Red-handed from murder and looting and the burning of homes, these had fled like the cravens they were; fled from three men who stood for law and justice. And to these three they paid the law's penalty for the horror they had wrought, and for the kidnapping of Margy Wheeler.

"My God, I wish I had as many arms as a devil fish, and guns for all of 'em!" Charlie Horne gritted, handling his hot rifle gingerly.

"Yes!" the Kid made answer. "When you think of Margy ——"

"Don't think — *shoot!*" Bill took careful aim at the hindmost rider and sent him through the gate in a heap. "Now, make for the hill."

They gained the top, leaving their winded horses on the side away from the buildings and climbing the steepest part of the peak afoot. They crawled to the very edge where it slanted steeply down to the ranch, and looked over. Down below them the corral where Charlie had seen the burro train loaded with guns buzzed now like a disturbed beehive. Fifty men, the rangers estimated offhand, ran here and there. Voices rose in argument and expostulation. Two men were being carried into the flat-roofed adobe building farthest from the hill, and one of them screamed when a bearer stumbled.

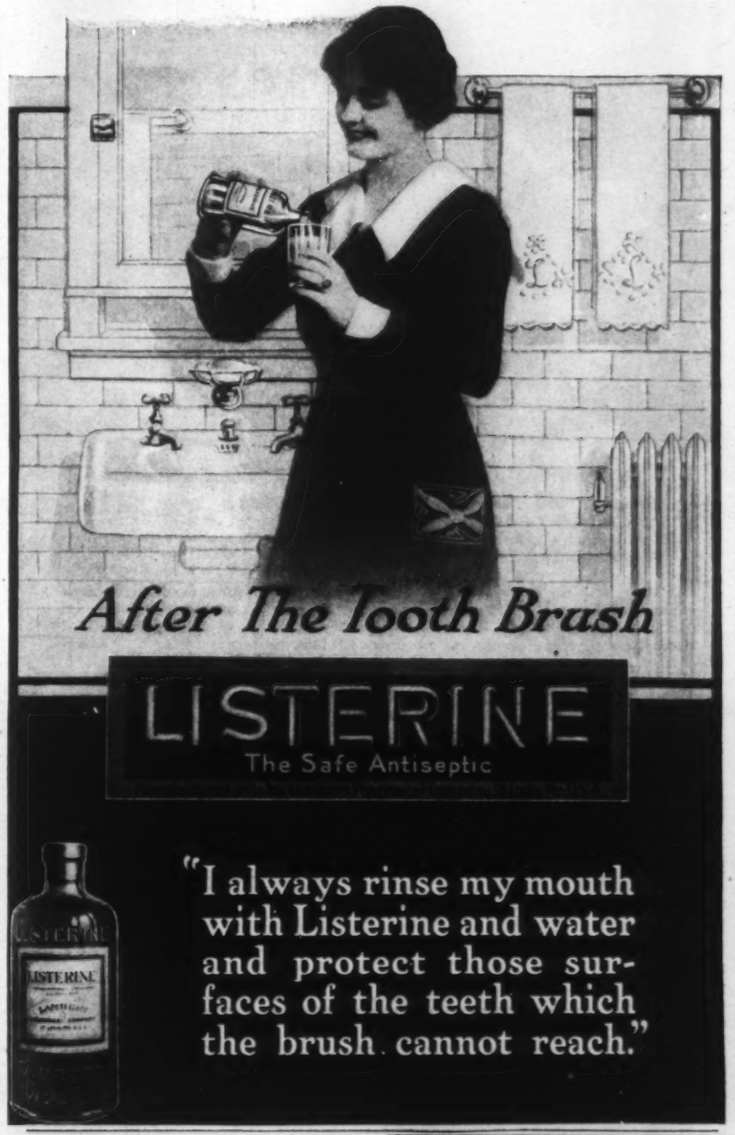
"How much ammunition you boys got left?" Bill asked abruptly, after he had studied the scene below them. "We've got to hold the fort till help comes. If we turn tail now, they'll be on our heels like a pack of coyotes after a sick cow. How much you got, Kid?"

The Kid ran investigative fingers along the thimbles of his belt, moving his lips while he counted. "I've got 'most all my forty-fives left, and about thirty for my carbine."

"And I've been going slow and shooting when I thought I could hit," Charlie stated complacently, "so now I'm near forty ahead uh the game."

"Well, here's a box that ain't been tapped." Bill took it from his pocket and set it on a flat rock beside him. "All right. You and the Kid pick them fellers off the roof, where they've stached themselves to snipe us if we get close enough. See that one laying facing down the trail? You take him, Kid. And Charlie, there's two for you, over on the far side. I'm going to see nobody gets out the gate to come up here. And I needn't tell you," he added meaningly, "there's not much ammunition left in my saddle-pockets, so be darned sure you don't miss!"

Brutal it might seem on the face of it.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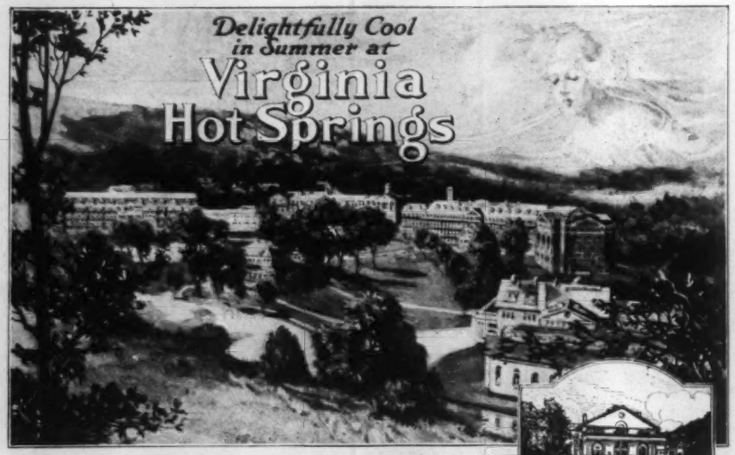

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But it was war of a kind, and war is always brutal. The Kid did not miss; neither did Charlie. A yell went up from the scurrying crowd in the corral, and dark faces were turned toward the hilltop. Consternation sharpened the voices that rose in a jumble of threats, commands and unheeded advice. The boldest mounted and made for the gate — these Bill claimed for his own. Bullets spatted against the hillside near the three, but they had chosen their position for just that move, and their gray hat-crowns, visible to keen eyes from below, gave no indication whatever as to the exact whereabouts of the owners. They had been careful on that point, and had placed their hats with deliberate intent to deceive. Their bare heads they kept out of sight behind little, piled-up barricades with peepholes between the rocks.

After a brief spell of hurrying distractedly here and there and firing wildly at the hilltop — Bill's hat tilted sharply backward from the impact of a bullet — the corral emptied magically of horses and men. The buildings must have been pretty well packed when they all got under cover. The firing became an occasional shot whenever there seemed a target to aim at.

"Saves ammunition," Bill remarked laconically after an hour or two of this intermittent shooting. "They can't get out unless they burrow under the hill. We've got 'em ——"

"And what are we goin' to do with 'em?" Charlie grinned.

"We've got 'em till dark," Bill finished calmly. "After that — you never can tell."

"And 'prayer-meetin' ain't out till the preacher goes home,'" Charlie added whimsically, quoting Bill's pet saying. "It's a long while till dark."

"Lend me your glasses a minute, Bill," the Kid asked after another period of watching and firing whenever anything moved below. "I seen something ——" He adjusted the lenses hastily to his eyes and focussed them on the squat house with its blue-painted, four-paned windows overlooking the corral and therefore facing the hill. His hands trembled a little while he looked. "It is," he ejaculated suddenly. "I thought it was her — and she's there, Bill! You look. She's standing kinda back from that window, looking up this way. It's Margy, all right!"

Bill looked, and then Charlie took the glasses. Charlie, being last, did not tell the Kid that he had seen an evil-faced Mexican grasp the girl and fling her away from the window with such force that she fell. "She's left the window," he said and returned the glasses to Bill with a glance of warning. "She'll be all right till we can get her outa there," he added with more certainty in his tone than there was in his heart.

"She'll beat it, if they give her any chance in the world," the Kid tried to hearten himself. "She's got faults — but she's got brains, too, and nerve."

THE sun drew higher and higher, till the heat among the rocks was stifling. Margy Wheeler was seen no more at the window. There was no water to be had, and no food. Hunger and thirst began to harry those three up on the peak who were holding more than ten times their number penned in the ranch buildings. Once the monotony was broken by another attempt on the part of a few bolder spirits to dash out of the corral and into the open, that they might come up on the rangers from the rear. They did not get outside the gate. Not all of them got inside the building again. Two crawled in, keeping close to the adobe wall. Two more lay where they had fallen. The rangers shot straight. They could not afford to let the enemy climb that hill.

The sun stood straight overhead, and the three lay there among the rocks with bloodshot eyes staring along their rifle barrels, while their backs smarted under the blistering heat. They might have crept down to their horses and, keeping the hill between the ranch and themselves, reached the river unscathed. But the idea never occurred to one of them; a white girl was down there, penned in that adobe hut with the flat roof.

The situation was in their own hands until dark. After dark — who could tell? The alarm had been sent all up and down the line, to El Paso, to Del Rio, to San Antone — so the operator said. Captain Oakes had gotten word and had asked for news of his three men who should be in the thick of the fight. Captain Oakes knew — and so they were not altogether hopeless as they lay there among the rocks and counted their cartridges more anxiously than they would ever count dollars, however poor they might be; and wriggled their sun-blistered shoulders; and licked their cracked lips; and let no Mexican poke his head into their sight and withdraw it unharmed.

"If they caught that ten-thirty train from El Paso," Bill remarked once when the sun had slid so far over to the west that it was shining now from behind them, and the corral below them lay half in shadow, "if they caught that they ought to strike Cobra about two. But don't count on it. We've got to take it for granted we're playing this out alone."

"Don't hurt a feller to have hopes," the Kid grunted, squirming over to where a bit of shade offered him slight comfort. "I'm down to five shells besides what's in the magazine, Bill."

"Well, you ain't needing any right now," Bill retorted gruffly. "Must be asleep down there."

"Waiting for dark," Charlie guessed imperturbably. "But we can hear 'em climbing, unless they come barefooted. That is, if the darned wind don't come up."

The Kid's face turned wistfully toward the north. "Del Rio might of done something," he grumbled. "What's the matter with their sheriff down there?"

Bill looked at him with softened eyes. "We're in Mexico, Kid. Only a Ranger would have the gall to cross the river without orders." True or not, Bill believed it so completely that he had dismissed Del Rio from his mind the moment they three had splashed through the ford.

"They're crawlin' outa their holes," Charlie announced, and fired down at a venturesome foe that started to skirt the corral fence on the inside. "We've got to show 'em we're on the job. And — say, listen! How'd it be to work our horses around on the west side the hill, and then when the bunch leaves the ranch after dark, why, we hot-foot it down and come up to the buildings from the other direction? Maybe we could get the girl and beat it before they got next to our play. How about it, Bill?"

"We can try it," Bill agreed, after a minute of thinking the plan over. "It's a cinch we can't stay here more than a couple of hours longer. You go down and move the horses, Kid. Take them to the foot of the hill, and leave them as close to the ranch as you can and keep 'em outa sight. We'll stay here as long as we can see the gates."

The Kid started to obey, but within five minutes he came scrambling back. "There's a bunch riding up from over that way, Bill," he said, flinging his hand out toward the northwest. "Quite a lot, from the dust they're kickin' up. If you come over this way you can see." The Kid's eyes were very big and very round, and his voice had a slight tremor in it.

Bill went to take a look. He came back sober faced, pushing the glasses into their case.

"Can't make 'em out," he said. "Too much dust. It's a bunch of riders, and they ain't on any trail. Our best bet is to stay where we are. You go down, Kid, and lead the horses in behind that hump of rocks to the right of where they are now, so they'll be outa sight of that bunch coming up."

When he had gone, Bill turned his glasses anxiously upon the trail which stretched back to the boundary line. "It's funny nobody's showing up," he confided to Charlie, while he scanned the country to the river and beyond. "Not a sign of help, boy."

Charlie, squinting along his rifle barrel, bent his forefinger upon the trigger and made no answer. A man had foolishly shown himself at the corner of the house down there thinking that the shadows would hide him.

Bill crawled back to where he could see the approaching body of men. He did not like the look of that ball of dust which the west wind rolled steadily ahead of the riders who made it and hid them from his sight. From the direction of Obayas they came; another party of the bandits who had raided Cobra, he guessed them to be; a party that had taken to the hills, perhaps, and crossing at Obayas, were now coming into the rendezvous at the ranch.

The Kid, having hidden their horses, came climbing back, his dragging feet betraying the utter weariness his tongue would have stoutly denied. "Something's due to pop pretty quick, now," he observed stoically. "The question before the house is: us or them?" And he added plaintively, "Gee, I wish I had a drink!"

The sun dropped behind the hills so suddenly that it seemed to have slipped and fallen. In the dusky shadow of the corral forms moved cautiously — but the bullets came questing down from the hilltop and sent the figures scurrying back to shelter. On the flat the dust cloud rolled closer, split suddenly at the very base of the hill and went

speeding around upon either side. The Kid, who had been sent back to watch the approach, reported this new move excitedly to Bill. Bill went to see for himself.

The two groups swept around the hill at a gallop, closed in with the ranch buildings between them. As they neared they began to shoot — and the Kid gave a sudden whoop. "'S our men! It's the captain — I'll bet a dollar it's the captain!" He clapped Charlie Horne painfully upon a sunburned shoulder. "Gee, it *is* our men! Darn it, I knew they'd come!"

"Look at the white cloth go up, would yuh!" Charlie Horne's voice caught the excitement. "Lord, them greasers have sure got a bellyful now, all right! Look . . ."

"There goes the girl — they've turned her loose!" Bill's voice cut in hoarsely. "Well, let's be going, boys. I guess we're through up here."

Lots of yarns of the West are to appear in early issues of McClure's. The author of "The Straight Road" is writing a fine serial of California for us. A novel with a vital theme

KAMP — *Continued from page 19*

you make anything out of that?" he repeated, in a loud voice.

Of course I could make something out of it. To me it was blazingly illuminating. But I lied to the man who loved the truth too well. "No, I don't understand it at all," I said.

So Bellamy Kamp came back to live with us. He sold the furniture of the house in West Eleventh Street, sub-let the house, gave up his fashionable practice and, every day, he traveled down to Cherry Street. There was need of him that summer. Early in August came the declaration of war in Europe, and soon the unemployed by the thousand clotted the streets. Bellamy gave of his money with a generous hand — but of himself he gave little. He made a brave attempt to play his game of pretending that things were as they always had been. But it was a failure. From the first it was a failure. The spirit had been snuffed out of the man. Cherry Street was quick to see the difference. No longer was Bellamy greeted with that quick obedience, that implicit faith, devotion and homage which had formerly been given him. Doctor Forth, inadequate as he was, was now the man to whom they went with their troubles.

I would come home in the afternoon from my own work and find Bellamy sitting by the window, still and listless, his gaze on the forlorn, sun-baked backyards and chimneypots. It infuriated me. "Good God, man, buck up!" I cried, more than once. "You've got no right to quit this way. You've got no right to let that woman make a wreck of you. She's not worth it. There's your work down there in Cherry Street and you're making a botch of it. You've led those people to expect things from you and you're not giving them. It's like making promises and breaking them. It's like offering bread to a starving man and then withholding it."

All I could get out of him was an indifferent, "Oh, let up, Henry! I'll be all right in a little while."

He seemed happiest when we took long walks together in the evening, swinging up the Avenue in step, after the tide of traffic had died away, when the Avenue was a long, cool river of wide pavements, where the soul could expand and the spirit find freedom. It was then — and then only — that he talked to me of Althea.

"I can't get over her note," he said. "I can't puzzle out what she meant by saying I asked too much of her. . . I tried to be satisfied with so little. Where did I fail, Henry?"

So that awful summer — awful in so many ways! — dragged by. And fall came with its crisp ardor. By that time we were hardened to the thought of war. Confidence had been reborn. All America had started manufacturing for the Allies — manufacturing and manufacturing! The hordes of idlers were swept back into the mills of industry. Only Bellamy remained shut off from the reawakened vigor and hopefulness which animated men, threw them back into their normal carelessness of living. Bellamy, however, sat alone — brooding, brooding always. If I didn't find him at home in my room, I was apt to discover him in the Brevoort at a table, dreaming over a cigarette and a highball. I tried to persuade him to go away, to take a trip somewhere so that he might forget himself. But he clung to New York as if some desperate hope lingered within him.

In February Althea returned.

It was one blowy, snowy night that Mother Baker's bell rang and there she stood framed in the open doorway. I don't know how she found that Bellamy had returned to us. Perhaps it was a hazard on her part. Perhaps it was I she was seeking for news of him. Anyway, when we rushed down the stairs, Bellamy pell-mell first, I following, there she was. The Great Dramatist had staged the thing well. The wind howled and great blotches of snow fell over her. Her hands were gloveless and red; her amber hair was disheveled beneath the cheap and tawdry hat she wore, and her great green eyes were like pools sunken in the white oval of her face. When she saw Bellamy she fainted and he, springing forward, caught her in his arms.

Mother Baker's was a maelstrom of commotion. Everyone ran everywhere for hot-water bottles, for hot water, for whiskey, for lemons. But when Bellamy had carried her upstairs to his room and laid her on his couch a great quiet descended upon the house.

He was kneeling beside the couch where she lay, still unconscious, and he had unbuttoned her coat so that the roundness of her full throat was revealed.

He looked up at me, his face alight with tenderness and pity — and love!

"Leave me alone with her, will you please, Henry?" he asked.

I went into my own room and tried to read, but it was the merest pretense. It was about an hour later that Bellamy came in very softly, his voice hushed. "She's all right now," he whispered. "I managed to get her into bed. She's sleeping quietly."

"What are you going to do with her, Bellamy?"

He stared at me, puzzled. "What am I going to do?"

"You are not going to take her back, are you?"

He laughed, a low, gurgling chuckle. "What do you expect me to do? Throw her out into the street again? Send her forth to further misery and suffering?"

I flushed angrily. "Of course I don't expect you to do that. But I expect you to have some consideration for yourself. She has already broken you. If you take her back now it will only mean that as soon as she is well she will leave you again. You must face the truth at last, Bellamy. God forgive me for the lies I have told you! This woman is not worthy. You are not the first man in her life. She does not care for you — nor for any one man long. She will take what she can of you, and then go forth again — breaking your heart again, wrecking your faith once more."

"What do you advise me to do, Henry?" he asked. .

"I advise you to see that she is well cared for — that she receives every comfort. Give her whatever money you wish, Bellamy. Give her all your money, if you wish. That does not matter. But do not give her yourself again."

He did not answer for a while. He lighted a cigarette and puffed it slowly, deliberately. When he looked up his rugged face was almost beautiful. "How little you know of it, Henry!" he said, smiling. "What a short distance your vision travels! It isn't of her I am thinking. It is of myself. It is of needs deep within myself — needs that demand her. Oh, don't you see, my boy, that it isn't her love for me that I need — it is my love for her. Being loved — that is a glorious thing! But it is not the most glorious! Loving — that is it — pouring out your soul in love and service and devotion to someone else."

There was a slight sound from the next room, and he hastened back to her.

Down in Cherry Street, Bellamy Kamp has regained his old friends and patients — and more. Down there he is no longer a god to them, a being from another world to be worshiped. He is one of them.

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Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please inclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

Why Brown Rice Costs More Than Polished

HAVING been interested in what I have read concerning the relative food values of polished and natural brown rice, I wrote to the Great Valley Mills, Paoli, Pa., mentioned in McClure's for December, asking them to send me a sample of their product and give me their price for it. I am surprised to find the latter to be 12½ cents per pound, while the best polished rice is 7½ cents. It was my impression that the difference in preparation consisted merely in omitting the polishing process, in which case one would expect the unpolished article to be the cheapest. I am wondering now whether a special treatment is required to produce the natural rice, which justifies the higher price, or whether this is due to what I consider one of the causes of present high prices, the fact that people pay whatever price is asked, and the dealers knowing this simply make up prices. I would like information as to whether there is any special treatment in the production of natural brown rice which changes its chemical products and its food value.

F. H., Tennessee.

Why does natural brown rice cost about 5 cents more per pound than the polished rice?

As you know there are several grades of rice on the market, the round grain Japan and Blue Rose Rice which is much cheaper than Honduras Rice. When the term "best polished rice" is used, we assume that you mean Fancy Head Rice. This rice costs, wholesale, from 5 to 5½ cents per pound, delivered in carload lots, and we do not think it possible for this rice to be sold by the retailer at 7½ cents per pound. The rice you refer to must be of the round grain type of which good grades can be bought, wholesale, at from 4 cents to 4½ cents per pound. This round grain rice does not make a satisfactory brown rice. In general, brown rice would sell in the bulk at a lower price than white rice, but our American Rice contains many defective grains, owing to the irregularity of the ripening of the grains, and the presence of wild or red rice which infests many of the Louisiana and Texas rice fields. When the rice is milled and the bran removed, all defects disappear, and the rice is white and clean. It is impossible to remove any of the defects when finishing the rice in the natural brown state. For this reason extraordinary care must be exercised in selecting brown rice. It must be of the best quality obtainable. Further, owing to the fact that brown rice is very susceptible to weevils, it must be sterilized before packing. The result of all of this is that natural brown rice is costing as much, if not more, than white rice of the same high grade.

Double Dope

I WOULD thank you for your opinion of the medicine called Chewalla, invented by a woman and put up in New Orleans. It costs $1.50 a bottle, and the label says, "For rheumatism only;" "Alcohol not over 66%;" "Opium 1.8 grain per fluid ounce." A brother writes me that he is taking it for rheumatism, and it stops the attack in from 12 to 24 hours, but makes his head feel very badly and upsets his stomach. It has worried me, but he declares the doctors he has seen do not give the relief that this preparation does. Thank you for your kindness. *A. M., California.*

We have never examined Chewalla. The name is dreadful, and the composition as you state it is even worse. Almost twice as much alcohol as is contained in ordinary whiskey, and morphine enough to make a dope fiend of a saint are present. As a cure for rheumatism it is absolutely worthless. There is no doubt that it will deaden the pain and give a brief stimulation, but the reactive effect must be a great deal worse, and the sufferer slips down a little deeper, making his recovery more difficult. No wonder his head aches and his stomach rebels. Sufferers from rheumatism are often frightfully imposed upon. As you probably know, this disorder is likely to come from some source of infection; teeth, tonsils, etc. To dope the patient with alcohol and opium is certainly not less than criminal.

A Rich and Nourishing Food

I AM writing to ask your opinion of peanut butter. My son is using it on bread nearly every day. Is it harmful in any way? I think he eats at least one sandwich each day. Will appreciate your kindness greatly.

E. M. D., New York.

Peanut butter is a valuable food, rich in fat and protein. A good variety has a fuel value of about 2800 calories per pound. It is a concentrated food, and to be effectively assimilated should be eaten with something to give it bulk. Spread on whole wheat bread it makes a particularly happy food combination. Let your son eat freely of it, if it agrees with him.

Bleach the Flour and Color the Sack

I AM interested in the questions concerning food and drugs in McClure's, and would be glad of a little information: Are the majority of the different brands of bread and pastry flour bleached at the present time, and, if so, is it not unwholesome? Why are so many paper flour sacks colored blue inside? As flour draws dampness, it seems to me that the use of colored sacks should be forbidden. I have refused to buy sugar at stores when they keep it ready wrapped in red paper sacks. Perhaps I am notional. *S. A. S., Indiana.*

We do not believe that the majority of breads and pastries throughout the country are made with bleached flour. Unfortunately, a few of them are. Such breads or pastries are made by irresponsible bakers or housewives who ignorantly or otherwise act as stumbling blocks to the Pure Food Movement. The housewife can easily control the situation, since it is necessary that bleached flour be labeled as such before it can be legally sold; she can then refuse to purchase it. The conscientious baker never uses it; an unprincipled baker will do almost anything. Bleached flour is certainly unwholesome, and its sale ought to be absolutely prohibited instead of legally permitted by the Federal government. Look for the label!

It appears that flour sacks are colored blue partly for artistic effect, and partly because this color, in a measure, forms a safeguard in handling the sacks. When a blue-lined sack is torn its condition is readily detected. On account of the great scarcity of blue dye, sacks are now being put out in grays or yellows, and in many cases uncolored.

IMPORTANT: If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., with your name and address plainly marked. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.

Interesting News from the Food World

by **Mabel Dulon Purdy**

Keeping Up the Supply

SURELY it is reassuring to feel that, in spite of unfavorable weather conditions during 1916, resulting in smaller yields in certain important food crops, a general shortage in food production is not really to blame for the present food crisis.

Available figures covering the years since 1900, show that the population has increased, in that period, thirty-three per cent, and that notwithstanding this growth, the production per capita of a majority of our important foods — with the exception of meats and dairy products — has either remained the same, or increased. Specifically, the production of sugar seems to head the list, having increased from six pounds per capita in 1899 to almost twenty pounds in 1915. The production of poultry, potatoes, eggs, apples and other orchard fruits has increased just enough to keep the per capita production from falling below the old level. Oranges, lemons, and grapefruit show an increase of one hundred per cent, or over. While definite figures for vegetables, other than potatoes, are lacking, the great variety of green goods in our city markets now throughout the entire year indicates that the area of supply has been greatly extended. Since the quantity of fruits and vegetables used is very much larger today than formerly, and their consumption now more generally considered a significant part of the regular diet, their increased production is correspondingly important. The slight decline in grain crops should not be alarming. Their tremendous importance alone insures a constant watchfulness and study on the part of our Government authorities, and the progress already made toward extending the acreage devoted to crop raising, with an aim at "stabilizing" our production is, to say the least, encouraging. While dairy products have also shown a tendency toward the down grade, dairy farming is said to be on the increase in almost all parts of the country, the food value of dairy products is becoming more generally appreciated, and more satisfying results are looked for. Meat production is a more difficult problem, but the marked decline of recent years has resulted in serious study on the part of the authorities to remedy conditions. Efforts to increase the meat output by combating disease and improving stock raising by better feeding and breeding, are apparently meeting with success.

According to the United States Department of Agriculture, "With all the agencies now available for improving agriculture there is ground for optimism as to the ability of the nation not only to supply itself with food but increasingly to meet the needs of the world."* Give the farmer his just profits—and there must be food enough!

Wasted Fish

THERE are just as good fish in the sea, today, as ever were caught, and quantities of it are available in some good form throughout the country. Fresh fish, salmon and halibut from the Pacific Coast, "millions of pounds," annually, it is quoted, can now be shipped three thousand miles to market and sold at reasonable prices. Packing houses established in the fishing centers of the East are mailing cod, mackerel, herring, lobster, shrimps and crabmeat "direct to the consumer"—wherever a letter can reach one this fish will go.

Fresh herring, tom cod, haddock, and quantities of less well-known sea food — hake, tilefish, skate, cusk, and others — are almost always to be found in city markets at an average price of ten cents a pound, but they are purchased largely only by the immigrant population. An attempt within the last year to supply the people of New York City with excellent varieties of fish for as little as five cents a pound is said to have failed because there was no demand for it.

Goose fish, and such shell fish as the periwinkle and the conch, have no market value in this country at all, not because they are not edible, but because we do not know enough to ask for them. For the same reason tons of wasted sea mussels, a good food containing somewhat more nourishment than oysters and clams, lie stale and dead along the Atlantic Coast. Our Government has estimated that this country uses fish amounting to only two per cent of the average diet — as opposed to thirty-seven per cent for meat and dairy products. Yet we break under our food bills — and this at a time when the Canadian Government is reported as saving thirty-five hundred dollars a day by serving a fish ration to their soldiers in England, in place of a portion of the usual meat ration, a substitute which roused the envy of their British brothers.

****"Life-Preservers"**

THIS is a new name, and it is a clever one, for those very minute, curiously indefinite, and yet vitally important food substances, now commonly known as vitamines, which have recently been giving both food chemists and ordinary people so much to puzzle over and talk about. Just exactly what the nature of these accessory elements is, what their real function may be, and how and to what extent their real value may be impaired or neutralized by the various methods of handling and preparing our many different food products are still open questions. That the vitamine constituents are essential to life, that they occur in some form and proportion — although infinitesimal — in probably almost all natural foods, and that no amount of food, however pure, nourishing, or otherwise properly balanced or well prepared it may be, can make up for a lack of these life-giving elements in our diet, seem to be the only generally positive facts concerning them. In other words, without vitamines — starvation, disease, death!

For the benefit of those who want to know and need to know, but have little time to dig for facts, why not extend the use of this new name "life-preserver" to include those foods which, in the light of present knowledge, are peculiarly rich in the life-preserving elements — such as fresh fruits and green vegetables, milk, butter, cheese, whole cereal foods, beans, peas and other legumes, eggs and fresh meat?

As found on the average home table or restaurant bill-of-fare, "life-preservers" are, perhaps, best represented by green salads, raw fruits, uncooked milk, cream, brown bread with butter and a piece of cheese, unpolished rice and other coarse cereals, bran, bran muffins and wafers, potatoes baked or steamed in their jackets, fresh meat, fish and eggs not overcooked, new green vegetables of all kinds. The man — or woman — who values his body, and appreciates the greater power, efficiency, and earning capacity of health over disease, will make it a point to see that some one food, at least, from the above list is present in his diet every day. Since, in cases, heat is believed to destroy the effectiveness of the vitamines, preference should be given to an uncooked food. And further, because there are apparently several different kinds or types of vitamines, each serving some different purpose in body growth and regulation, and occurring more or less abundantly in our different foods, exclusiveness in selection should be guarded against. Fortunately, however, where a healthy appetite exists, it naturally craves foods containing the necessary vitamines. Where this can be satisfied, possible lack of the life-preserving element in our food need not cause concern. It is largely in cases of necessarily restricted feeding, or perverted taste, that the life preservers can be dangerously slighted.

A raw apple eaten with the skin left on, oranges, grapes and similar fruits, a dish of lettuce or raw cabbage, cream, butter, cheese, a glass of fresh milk, properly prepared whole cereals or some other bran product — these are true "life preservers." In our daily grind and hurry, let us not forget them!

* From the Annual Report of the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. January, 1917.

**Keith: Journal of Home Economics, Dec., 1916.

Questions regarding any phase of this food article will be answered by the Editorial Department. This service is free to McClure readers

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